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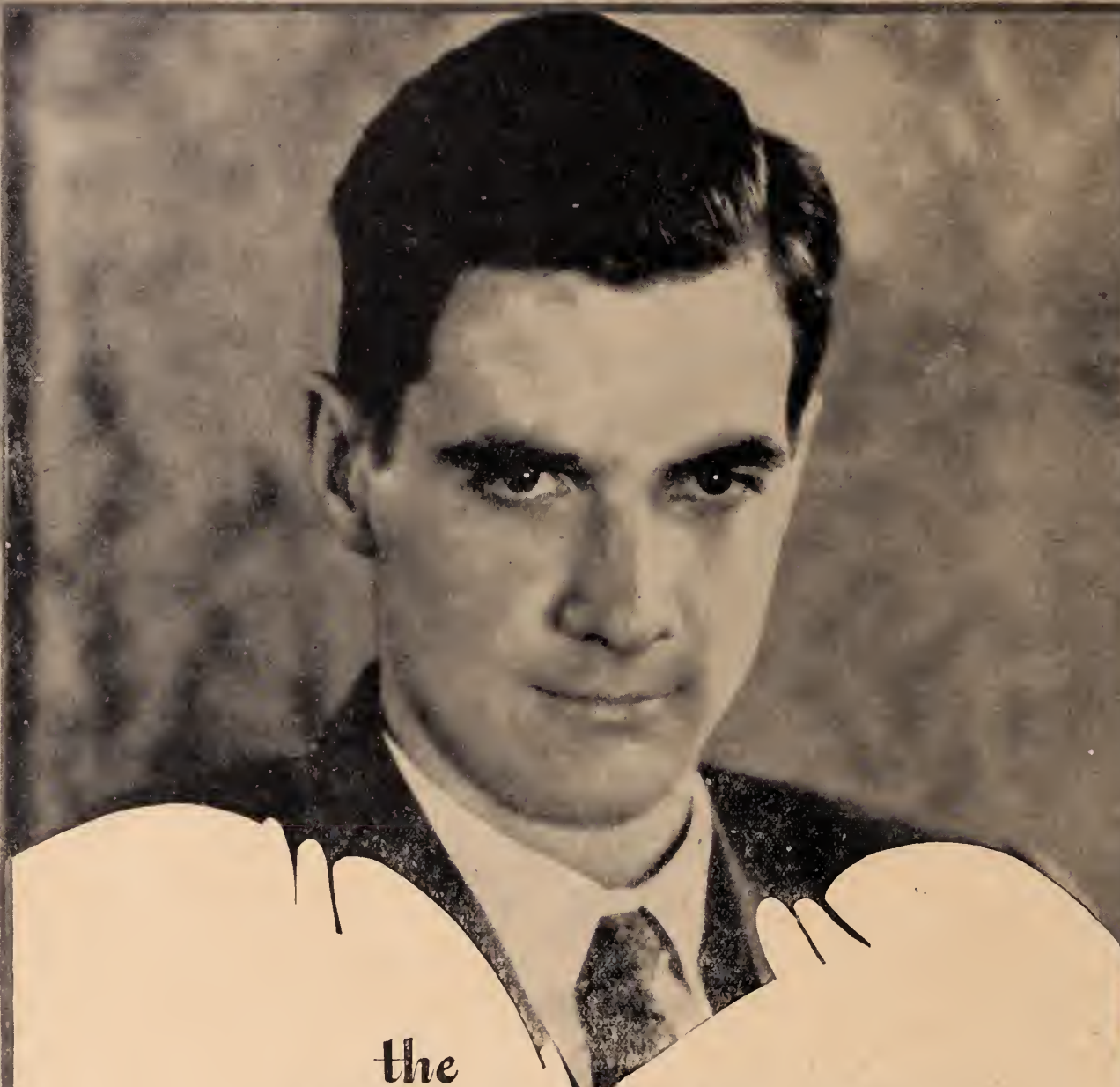
MOVIES

February

**Marlene and
MOROCCO**
Cinema Kisses

Marlene Dietrich
THE GERMAN STAR, PAINTED BY

— **OGREINER**



the
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HELL'S ANGELS

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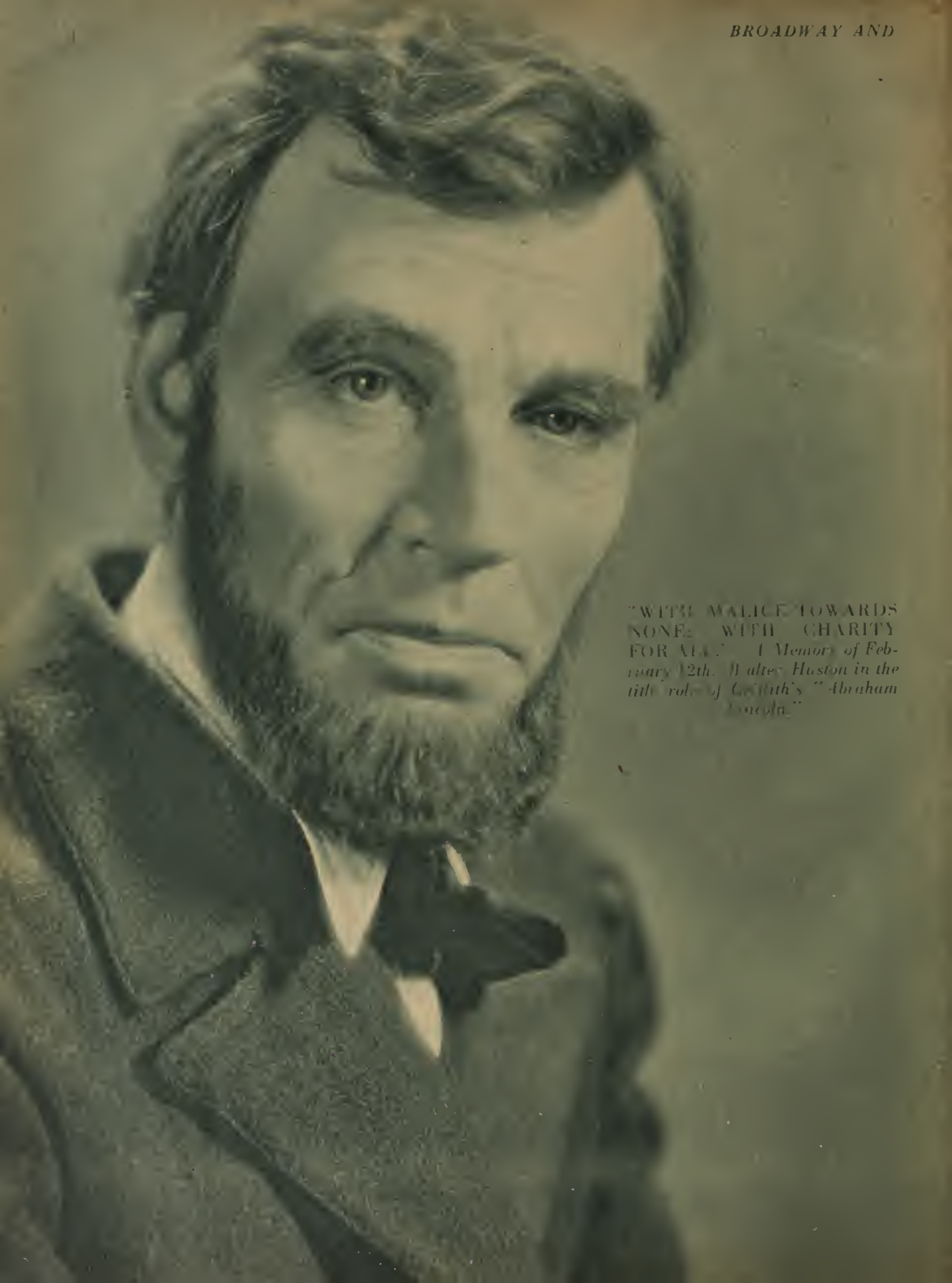
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"WITH MALICE TOWARDS
NONE, WITH CHARITY
FOR ALL." — *Memorandum of Feb-*
ruary 12th. Walter Huston in the
title role of Griffith's "Abraham
Lincoln."



The Man in Manning



W. W. HUBBARD, D. D.

"AND I, John, saw a new Heaven and a new earth." And the former things really had passed away. I refer to the kindly tolerance and Christ-like sympathy we have a right to expect in the words and actions of one of the heads of a great Protestant denomination.

If Bishop William T. Manning desires to use the Episcopal pulpit to cry down the words and deeds of Judge Ben B. Lindsey during the latter's presence in a house of worship; if he chooses, like Peter, to "stand afar off" while the learned Jurist is struck down from behind by ushers and imported detectives; if he protests not when a worthy American citizen is ejected from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and kicked, slugged and manhandled; that is *his* business.

I have occupied the pulpit in the church of a denomination much larger than that represented by the Bishop; I earnestly pray that such a scene might not be enacted again as was witnessed on a Sabbath day in New York City.

But it is our business, and the business of the world of the stage and screen, when Bishop Manning delivers an unprovoked attack upon the American theatre. As an institution, yes, even of religion, the theatre existed a long time before Christianity. We resent, therefore, the statement by the Episcopal Church head that New York's stage is in the throes of an "orgy of filth, degeneracy and corruption."

His broadside declared that unless there is an immediate housecleaning from within it *must* come from without. Why "must", Bishop? Permit me to refrain from judging lest I, too, be judged; but it is interesting to note, for example, that since the advent of the motion picture I can name several so-called ministers of God who have died on the gallows or gone to their eternal reward from the seat of an electric chair. I can recall no single actor or motion picture star.

"Something must be done to end the vile and filthy plays which now disgrace our stage. . . Their dull, disproportionate and inartistic dwelling upon matters of sex are a sin against Art as well as against decency and God.

"Although the true remedy is to educate the taste of our people, this does not mean we are to sit still and let matters take their course."

I pause to admire the Bishop's sagacity in the business of building the Cathedral. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were contributed by actors, theatre-goers, actresses, motion picture patrons and their kin. Reversing an old adage, it seems safe to beat the horse in the stall, once the stable door has been locked.

Let me close with a plea, not for the so-called Christian tolerance, but for the honest-to-goodness, common sense brand of tolerance which should be the mental and spiritual lot of all of us with this quotation from Justice Holmes of the U. S. Supreme Court.

"If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate. I think that we should adhere to that principle with regard to admission into, as well as to life within, the country."

—WALTER W. HUBBARD, D. D.

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WALTER BYRON
Columbia Pictures Star.



JEAN ARTHUR
Paramount-Publix star.



MARLENE DIETRICH;—three studies
of the great German actress.

MARLENE

and "MOROCCO"

By Dr. Abbuh Randlaw. Part 1

"DEUTCHLAND Uber Alles." It's been some time since that cry has rung across the lots of Hollywood and proclaimed the finding of a great German star, such as Camilla Horn or Emil Jannings. And the influx of foreign actresses was supposed to stop with the universal adoption of the "talkies".... But it hasn't ceased.

Every once in a while there flies across the Heaven of the Stars a flaming meteor—brilliant in its fiery gold colorings—and zooming towards earth's horizon—there to rest or be lost. The past few years have seen such European names as Lya De Putti, Camilla Horn, Greta Garbo, Pola Negri, Fifi Dorsay, Olga Baclanova, Lotti Loder, Gilda Gray, Vilma Banky, Maria Corda, Lily Damita, Leni Stengel, Yola D'Avril, and others, written in celestial brilliance. From Mexico flash the names of Armida, Dolores Del Rio, Raquel Torres and Lupe Velez to add to our gal-

axy of foreign stars.

But with two noteworthy exceptions the white flame of super-greatness has not continued to burn; the tide of popularity quickly ebbed and they have not starred in more than two or three real successes.

In Marlene Dietrich, Paramount-Publix believes they have a star of great magnitude. And, for a change, the critics are almost unanimous in their agreement. While comparisons are usually odious, the reception accorded the German-born actress in her first American picture "Morocco" is second only to that accorded the great Greta Garbo. There seems to be something of all of the great European stars we have listed in Marlene; but principally she is a cross between Jeanne Eagels and Greta Garbo.

And to Josef von Sternberg alone must go all the honor and glory for her discovery for the American cinematically inclined public. Mr. Zukor owes von Sternberg an undying debt of gratitude for this discovery, as well as for his most capable direction of "Morocco," and of "Dishonored" which follows. For was not (Continued on page 48)



Gary Cooper and Miss Dietrich.

Marlene
in "Mor-
occo."



EDDIE QUILLAN, "*the Philadelphia Kid*"—
and MIRIAM SEEGER—registering anything
but animosity.



By Helen
Harrison

YOUNG A MERICA

in Person

AS American as "Yankee Doodle," as fresh as a college yell, as typical as a raccoon coat—Eddie Quillan, brand new Pathe star and comedian of the Tarkington school of glorified adolescence!

Do you remember "The Sophomore," in which he played the college scapegoat, with charming Sally

O'Neil opposite? He emerged with such honors that now Eddie is in the stellar class and his first starring vehicle is in "Night Work," released recently. He's now appearing in "Big Money" and demonstrating his ability to do a racketeering picture.

Is Eddie high-hat? Is Eddie imbued with an unwar-ranted sense of his own importance? Not on your Photomaton! He's the same old Eddie that played the four-a-days years ago, and who was discovered by Mack Sennett in spite of himself!

It happened this way:

Early in the season of 1926 the Quillans were appearing at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles when Mack Sennett dropped in one night and caught their act. He was much impressed by the quaint clowning of the three Quillan boys and that of Eddie in particular.

Next morning, Sennett sent a message to the theatre asking the three to visit his studio. They obeyed and a screen test was made. When it was shown in the studio projection room, however, the three boys arose and left the Sennett lot very quietly by a side exit. All three were willing to concede defeat without argument, but Sennett thought otherwise. He liked Eddie and was ready to offer him a contract on the spot.

But the Quillans had finished their engagement and departed.

Inquiry among officials of the Orpheum circuit disclosed that the Los Angeles engagement had completed the Quillans' tour of that circuit and their future plans, as to destination, were known only to the family.

Thereupon Sennett engaged detectives to run
(Continued on
page 47)

Fond of 'em?
Eddie Quillan is a
great lover of children.

CINEMA KISSES

By Anita

Delglyn

WHEN it comes to kissing articles, I must beg off on a short resume for this issue, Mr. Editor, because I want to cover the subject in a much better way later on—with even more illustrations. I might even write an article for you on “spanking” as used in the film comedies and as practised (?) by certain stars... As far as “begging off” on the actual kissing—well—I’ve never welched on a bet yet nor do I believe any red-blooded young woman nowadays does.

With that confession off my mind I’m free to state that without the embraces and kisses of the films we’d be lost. I question whether fifteen million of the hundred and fifteen million folks who attend

the movies every week would ever get as far as the box office. I know I’d like to see the line-up of those who would still attend.

One of the most delightful sensations many radio listeners-in have on Sunday evenings is the *Collier’s* hour—and it is made especially enjoyable because of the love stories they always have with their happy endings. And I want to state right here that I have actually “recorded” thrills running up and down my spine, hardened newspaper woman that I’m supposed to be, when the osculatory sound of the happy ending is broadcast.

They say that the Japanese never allow kissing scenes in their pictures, and that the practice is practically “un-social there.” Well, who the h--- wants to be a Jap if that is the case? As long as they lack the supreme demonstrations, by lip expfession, of affection for one another, I think we have no need to fear a war with them—or at least a successful war on their part.

With all of Mr. Hays’ moral codes for the movies, I think he does well to leave the kissing scenes to the director’s imagination and the stars’ enjoyment. I think Fred Scott enjoys his kissing scenes with Helen Twelvetrees, Dorothy Burgess, and others. All singers seem to, especially. And certainly Helen Twelvetrees is no piker when it comes to giving pictorial vent to her feelings in that manner, with Fred or Phillip Holmes. I hope, too,

that the ac-
quisition

Cont’d

on

page

47

Courtesy
of Pathe
Pictures.



HELEN TWELVETREES
and FRED SCOTT, *Pathe*
stars, in an exquisitely beau-
tiful kissing embrace.

Cinema Kisses



Upper left:
The famous
Garbo
and
Gilbert
clinch.



Above: Raymond
Griffith and
Vera
Veronica

Center, below:
Educational
Film
stars



Frankie
Eastman
and
Dorothy
Christy

Below, at left:
Wally Wales and
Virginia Browne
Faire, stars
of Big 4
Pictures



At right:
Fred
Scott and
Dorothy
Burgess,
Pathe
stars.



"THE THREE CHIEFS" — A
colorful study from Raoul
Walsh's recent western
film "The Big Trail."



JOHN
WAYNE and
MARGUERITE
CHURCHILL



GO WESTERN,

Young Man!

"The Big Trail"; the Picture of the Month

RAOUL WALSH, director, again won an elegant pair of gold spurs in the approved western fashion when he completed the production for Fox of "The Big Trail,"—a typically American picture of the early pioneer days and the trek to the western coast.

The adjectives "colossal," "stupendous" and "mammoth" so much used by old time circus press agents could well be applied in this case to "The Big Trail,"—a picture which we hope every schoolchild in the United States and Canada will see. Comparison with "The Covered Wagon," directed by James Cruze, can hardly be avoided—and in this lining up of the two photoplays, Mr. Walsh's production will suffer but slightly on account of the calibre of the actors in the picture. But it will have considerable edge on "The Covered Wagon" in the sheer magnitude and photographic glory of the entire film.

It is not out of place to pause, for a moment, and pay tribute to the excellent way in which the Roxy Theatre in New York City—the world's largest playhouse, presented a prologue to the picture. The entire stage was filled with plainsmen, pioneer-types of women, groups of Indians, etc; but in the big ensemble number we find the settlers marching towards the audience—horses, mules, and humans—one vast cavalcade of humanity typifying in no small way the power of that movement westward. The movement of the horses and mules was, as our readers will guess, done on treadmills carefully concealed.

J. Wayne

Action scene from "The Big Trail."

"The Big Trail" is from the story by Hal G. Evarts, and in the Fox presentation we find John Wayne, a newcomer to the screen, and Marguerite Churchill in the leading roles—that of Breck Coleman and Ruth Cameron respectively. Credit must also be given to Archibald Buchanan, assistant director—to Lucien Andriot and Arthur Edeson, chief cameramen, and to George Leverett and Don Flick, sound engineers. They are ably supported by El Brendel, Tully Marshall, Tyrone Power, David Rollins, Ian Keith, Frederick Burton, Russ Powell, Chas. Stevens, Louise Carver, William V. Mong, Dodo Newton, Ward Bond, Marcia Harris, Marjorie Leet, Emslie Emerson, Frank Rainboth, Andy Shufford and Helen Parrish.

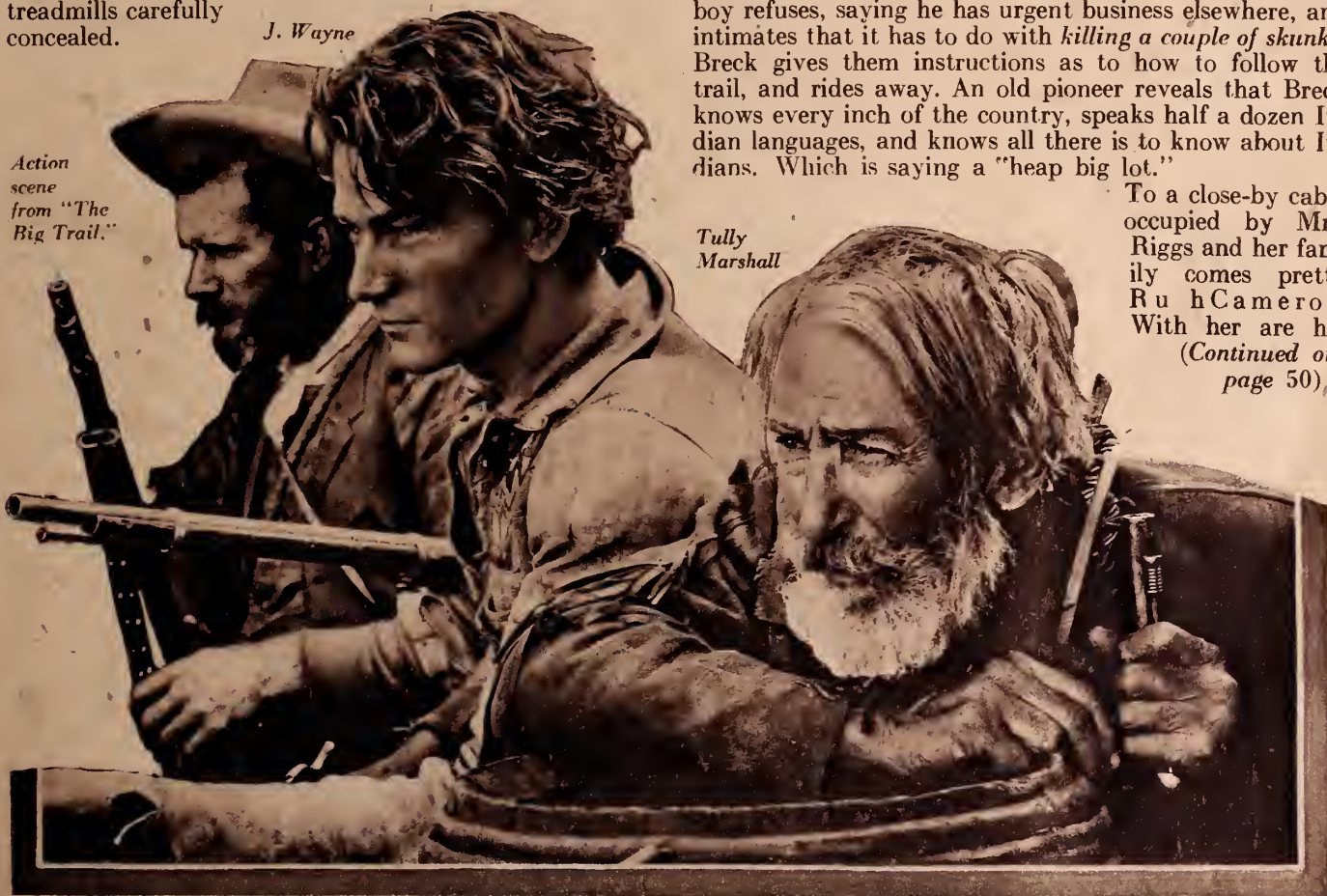
As for the story: Pioneers from every state are gathered on the banks of the Missouri ready to lead their wagon trains into the vast unknown country in search of new territory to settle. Prominent among the group is the Bascom-family, and Pa Bascom addresses the group, tells them of the many square miles of land in store for all and suggests stringing together under leadership.

In the middle of this harangue, Breck Coleman, a handsome young chap, rides into their midst and tells them of a second paradise some 2,500 miles away which they can reach only by crossing high mountains, rivers, and burning deserts. He excites their interest by telling of the giant timber, the verdant valleys, and the plentiful fish and game. Bascom tries to get Breck to lead the train, but the boy refuses, saying he has urgent business elsewhere, and intimates that it has to do with *killing a couple of skunks*. Breck gives them instructions as to how to follow the trail, and rides away. An old pioneer reveals that Breck knows every inch of the country, speaks half a dozen Indian languages, and knows all there is to know about Indians. Which is saying a "heap big lot."

To a close-by cabin occupied by Mrs. Riggs and her family comes pretty Ruth Cameron. With her are her

(Continued on page 50)

Tully Marshall



The DOVE OF PEACE

By Walter W.
Hubbard

Right:
A Car-
icature
of Billie
Dove.



WHEN one inquires in Hollywood as to where the really fine parties are held the home of Billie Dove is invariably mentioned among a few others—for, as hostess, she has the great knack of keeping peace and good feeling reigning among her guests—literally the “Dove of Peace.” It’s small wonder, therefore, why she has won her way into the hearts of producers, directors, cinema executives, and millions of fans. And remember that there are 115,000,000 of those fans attending the movies every week in the year!

Shall I tell you about our lady of loveliness? She was born in New York City and her name

was Lillian Bohney. She could not pronounce Lillian so she called herself Billie. A photographer taking her picture asked her name. She told him. He said, “Anyway, you look like a little dove.” Thus happened the name Billie Dove. The name still clings.

Her parents were of Swiss descent and non-professionals. They lived in an apartment on 114th Street, New York. They sent their daughter to George Washington High School. Because of the perfection of her figure she then posed for artists and commercial photographers. Also took a secretarial course, and is one of a large number who’ve succeeded in screen work after training in art of posing and as a stenographer.

A Follies stage manager saw her picture on a box of merchandise, traced her to her home and offered her a chance to go on the stage. Billie was fifteen then and she was an accomplished dancer. She appeared in “The Midnight Frolic” and sat in a hoop while a man sang to her.

Then came a screen test, and Billie Dove played in “Polly of the Follies” with Constance Talmadge. Then in comedies with Johnny Hines. Next in “At the Stage Door” and “Beyond the Rainbow.” The late Marcus Loew saw the latter picture and signed Billie to a contract and sent her to California. She worked at the old Metro Studio.

Billie rode her bicycle over for her pay check on Saturdays. It was a very modest check. She didn’t do so well and was released from her contract. Freelancing days

followed. Horse operas with Tom Mix. Later came the first all-color picture. “The Wanderer of the Wasteland,” which caused Doug Fairbanks to sign her for his color film, “The Black Pirate.”

Still they said Billie couldn’t act.

Then she married Irvin Willat, who had directed her in “The Wanderer of the Wasteland.” For a short while Billie tasted all of the mental, spiritual, and physical joys of happy, wedded life. . . . But eventually the clouds gathered, as they’re prone to do in Hollywood, and her recent divorce proceedings testify to the fact that all

(Con’d on page 46)

Mildred
Harris

Billie
Dove





BILLIE DOVE— Unquestionably one of the screen's most beautiful women. The shape-ly lines of her body are as beautiful as the charm of her well known smile, and it is small wonder that she is one of Holly-wood's most popular hostesses.





Born in New York City and educated at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. One of America's greatest screen actors. Of Bavarian descent, but particularly "American" in type. "Adios" is his latest picture for First National-Vitaphone.

Richard Barthelmess



Elissa Landi

Born in Venice, Italy. Speaks French, Italian and German as well as she does English, which is saying a lot. Signed for Fox productions after they had seen her in the A. H. Woods' production of Hemingway's novel "Farewell to Arms."

BEAUTY SECRETS

By Dorothy Jordan, M-G-M Star

*Dorothy says
swimming
promotes beauty.*



THE irony of my title "Beauty Secrets" is in the fact that, after all, there are no secrets in beauty culture. There are no mystic mazes through which we must wander, nor preparations with which we must anoint ourselves in order to obtain beauty of face and form.

Note that I refer to the figure as well as to the face—for the greatest lie ever written about women was that beauty was only skin deep. The most beautiful skin coloring in the world—the most unblemished surface of the human body—may house a silhouette that is far from beautiful. The silhouette test will tell at a time when the gorgeous colorings of the skin will not avail. And of course—in this work and play of the movie game, the figure is an all-important consideration.

Poise and posture mean so much to all of us—men and women. I'm prone to think that those of us who aren't blessed with perfect figures, and I use the word "perfect" advisedly for after all none of us are absolutely perfect—either by grace of fortune or by dint of effort—are diligently trying to achieve them. The right diet will take off or put on the required pounds, and exercise will make the body firm and pliant.

But all of this praiseworthy effort will be of little avail if we are lacking in correct posture and a graceful carriage—those two attributes that go hand in hand.

It is worth while to find out just how we rate in this matter of posture. Would you like to test yourself and find out "how you stand?" Here are two good tests, which measure you against a vertical line and in back. The first, or front wall, test, is taken standing in front of a wall.

(Continued on page 46)



DOROTHY JORDAN is a firm believer in exercise daily as a means of retaining a beautiful figure.



NUMEROLOGY

By ADRIENNE PEABODY



Jean Harlow, comely star of "Hell's Angels."

THE Ancient Greeks used the Science of Numbers as a help and guide in their daily affairs. So, also did the Jews in Biblical days, often going so far as to change the name of a dying person, hoping through the new vibration to restore him to life. Your name is an influence that matters!

Shakespeare said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but I doubt it, because the vibration of the word rose is "6" and says something quite different from the daisy which is "22." Through the symbolism of numbers every letter in your name which is also a number according to its place in the alphabet, has a significance of its own. It tells a story as fascinating as the Arabian Nights!

Whenever I hear a name, I know some of the experiences the owner has had in life, and of course mathematically working out the person's chart reveals the story completely. Your name reveals your inner desires, your motives which you do not always give expression to, and what talents you have to express. We all have potential abilities and talents never used, because of some inhibitions or lack of opportunity perhaps. Through your date of birth is found the opportunity you will have in life to express same talents and desires. For instance in the name of

6									
5 1					1 6				
J	E	A	N	H	A	R	L	O	W
1	5	1	5	8	1	9	3	6	5
8 Expression									
3					5				
M	A	R	C	H	3	1	9	1	1
9 Path of Life									
3			3			3			

We find through her "4" Ideality and "8" Expression that she is not afraid of hard work and application. She has such keen judgment, and is so practical,

she can very well manage her own affairs; and if it had been her destiny to be a business woman she could have been successful. But her Path of Life "9" says "a life before the public," and every one of her cycles is a "3" which is opportunity to express herself in some creative work even after she has grown too old to act in pictures. This year 1930 was one of new opportunity for her, i. e. she appeared in "Hell's Angels," the four million dollar picture. She has not reached the peak of her success yet, however, but in her 24th and 25th years she will do her greatest work.

People who come to me are interested in three things, or I might say four! Love, money, health and expression. In these days of the woman careerist, life is most complex. What woman is there, even though she must wage the battle of economic independence, but wants love in her life. The most often asked question of all is, "Will I marry? Is *THE MAN* ever coming into my life?"

He is, for some of you, when you've changed your thinking somewhat. When you put on your rose-colored glasses and do not expect too much from that mate you really need and want. It is a good thing to see clearly, but it does seem to me in the intensive life we lead, the daily grind for existence which most of us go through, some of the romance is lost.

Remember you attract toward you what you vibrate—no more—no less. I hear so often the remark, "but I never meet the right one." Are you sure you don't know him now? And are not passing him by? So many women are looking for Sir Gallahad to come riding by on a white horse, when the clerk in the bank

Cont'd
on page
47

Adrienne
Peabody,
Famous
Numer-
ologist.
Volpe
photo.



Handling STORY MATERIAL

By E. B. Derr

Editor's Note:—Because of the terrific success scored by Ann Harding in "Holiday;" by Constance Bennett in "Sin Takes a Holiday;" by Eddie Quillan in "Big Money;" and by Helen Twelvetrees in "Swing High," "Beyond Victory," "Her Man," and "The Painted Desert;"—we have paused to wonder just what's back of it all. E. B. Derr is comparatively new to the film world; but was formerly an executive *par excellence* in the industrial world. The final analysis of the success of a picture lies in the box office; and while the write-ups and advertising in the fan magazines contribute largely to that box office in drawing power—it is the "Big Money" on admission tickets which counts.

We have been anxious, as have others, to find out if he had a system, and, if so, just what it was. It was all very well, Mr. Derr believes, to *have had* a stock company and cast them, as the parts lay, for the required roles in support of the star, in the now outgrown silent movie. Today, it is his belief, that each part, no matter how large or how small, should be carefully considered and worthily cast. He believes, as do many of the more alert film executives, that only the finest talent should be considered for those who write stories for the pictures—and that the element of chance is thereby relegated to the "irreducible minimum."

The system for handling the stories, we feel sure, would be of interest to our readers, and we have asked Mr. Derr to write his own version of "what makes the wheels go 'round." Just as each legitimate show has been meticulously gone over from its inception—through theme, writing, casting and production, just so are the audible shadows tending toward perfection in all its widely varied branches. The day of "shooting" a film in record time is here—but only after ceaseless and tireless effort has contributed to make it the well-nigh "finished" product it is before even camera is put to scene!

* * * *

NOT only has Pathe built up its story department by signing more than a score of recognized screen

Rita LaRoy, Kenneth MacKenna and Constance Bennett in
"Sin Takes a Holiday."

play writers and playwrights to prepare the thirty special features on its new program, but an entirely new method of handling all story material has been evolved.

Because of the nature of the story some of the parts are comparatively short, as far as actual film footage is concerned, yet we feel that no part in a picture is too short to demand the best in acting, and we feel that every link must be well soldered and carefully polished, if one is to have a smooth, strong chain. A small bit, badly acted, may spoil an entire scene. In the same way each bit of clever work contributes that much to the excellence of the entire production.

By a series of carefully planned and thoroughly executed preparatory steps, the story is turned into scenario form so that when the director finally okays it for pro-

Con'd
on
page
50

E. B.
Derr



FOOD *for* THOUGHT

By Loretta Young; First National Star

UNFORTUNATELY the conception the average person has about Utah is Salt Lake City and a great Church which numbers the vast majority of its communicants as citizens of my home State. I use the word "unfortunately" advisedly, as I refer only to the regrettable fact that much more isn't known about Utah, and, of course, the excellent food it serves in its hotels and its homes.

Every city, town and hamlet big enough to have a postoffice, from Abraham to Zion National Park, knows, for example, that the baked potato for which a neighboring state seems to be famous because of a certain amount of high-powered advertising on the part of a certain railroad, was eaten and enjoyed to a great extent by us long before that publicity campaign.

I'd like to give you an idea of what a Utah dinner reads or sounds like, since, again unfortunately, I can't prepare one for you right now. I've plenty to do in the cooking line for Grant and for our guests, and, judging from the compliments which occasionally stray my way, being busy cooking seems to register with the "customers."

Here's the Utah dinner: Mutton or lamb chops; Hubbard Squash Supreme; Baked Potatoes Utah; Mustard

Pickles; Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce; Lemon Meringue Pie; and Coffee or Tea. That Utah farm potato, baked to a mealy perfection and served with a pat of butter or specially seasoned—is, simple as it seems, one of the last words in culinary art. Here's how it's prepared:

Select four or five potatoes of uniform size, medium or large, scrub with a vegetable brush and wipe dry, grease skins with oil or any fat. A crisp, edible skin results. Place in a moderate oven and bake (350 to 375 degrees F.) until the potato can be pierced with a fork.

Remove from the oven and slice in half lengthwise with a sharp knife. Carefully scoop out potato with a spoon, taking

and whip to a cream. Taste, adding any seasoning taste desires. Fill mashed potato into the shells, piling high in the center. Brush with the egg yolk and sprinkle with grated cheese. Then brown in the oven and serve quite hot. This will serve four or five people.

When prepared by a competent cook, the hard-shelled Hubbard squash becomes a vegetable of melting goodness, and it is small wonder that it is so popular, not only in Utah homes, but nearly everywhere. The small sized squashes yield sufficient for two or three portions; the medium size for six or eight, and the very large ones for the family gathering on New Year's day.

Baked in the shell or steamed to tenderness, the squash, dry and flavorsome, is scraped from the pieces of shell and beaten to fluffiness with lavish seasonings. Then kept very hot until serving time, it is piled roughly into a pretty dish and sent at once to the table. Here's how:

HUBBARD SQUASH SUPREME—Select one medium sized Hubbard squash. Steaming time is 30 to 40 minutes, according to the size of the pieces. Also six cups of mashed or squeezed squash pulp.

One teaspoonful of sugar or more; one teaspoon salt or more; two tablespoons butter; two tablespoons heavy cream; a sprinkle of ginger or pepper (optional). Servings: ten to twelve.

Lacking a hatchet to cut the squash into pieces for steaming or baking, the wise woman asks the marketman to do the cutting for her.

The squash pressed together again and tied securely, will keep several days before cooking.

Remove the seeds and stringy fiber from the pieces of squash and wipe hard shell with a damp cloth. Place pieces, shell down, in the steamer or upon

(Continued on page 50)

LORETTA YOUNG—
(Mrs. Grant Withers),
prepares a home-
cooked "Utah" meal
for her husband and
our readers.

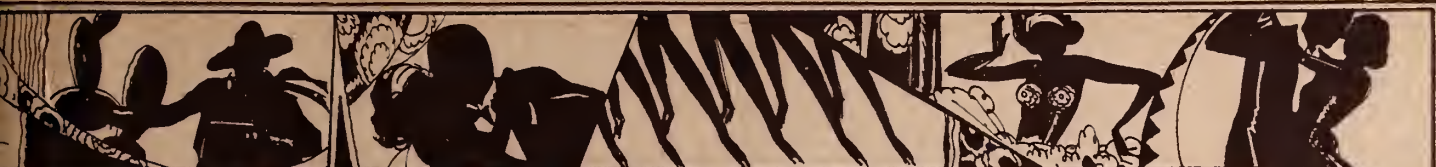
care not to injure the shells. Put potato pulp into a ricer and force into a bowl; add butter, salt, pepper and onion juice or salt and whip together; gradually add hot milk or evaporated milk



WALLY WALES, Star of the Big 4 "westerns" snapped on the lot reading one of his favorite magazines.







CLAUDIA DELL, *shapely*
and talented Warner Brothers'
star, recently divorced.





TOL'ABLE DAVID.—Reported to be a commendable picture, but failure of Columbia to supply the usual press courtesies prevented our critic from reviewing it. Richard Cromwell, Joan Peers, and a competent cast of stars and featured players. Joan is a sweet-natured and talented screen actress



LILLIOM.—Movietone production starring Charles Farrell and Rose Hobart, supported by Estelle Taylor, (wife of Jack Dempsey) Walter Abel, Lee Tracy, James Marcus, Mildred Van Dorn, H. B. Warner, Bert Roach, Lillian Elliott and Guinn Williams. Franz Molnar's drama of life after death.



DU BARRY.—Woman of Passion, they called her, but Norma Talmadge hardly fills the bill. Very poor direction by Sam Taylor of a poor story; presented by Joseph M. Schenck, husband of the leading lady. Supporting her are William Farnum, Ullrich Haupt and Conrad Nagel.



SCOTLAND YARD.—Above we present a clipping from the film starring Joan Bennett and Edmund Lowe—a mystery play ably directed by Wm. K. Howard. The screen play and dialog was well done by Garrett Fort. Cast includes Donald Crisp, George Renevant, Lumsden Hare and Halliwell Hobbes.

DOORWAY TO HELL.—A perfectly acted and directed picture except for the fact that Lewis Ayres should never have been cast in an "Al Capone" role. Below, left to right, Lewis Ayres, Dorothy Mathews and James Cagney, alias Steve Mileaway. Congratulations to Warner Brothers!



THE SIN SHIP.—A Radio picture. R. K. O. may have better luck with their pictures now that they're allied with the dean of 'em all, Pathe. The Sin Ship is a fair job, however—directed by Louis Wolheim who also appears as Captain McVeigh. Good.



KISMET.—One of the finest "talkies" which has ever hit the theatre; worthy and good in every respect—from the shapely Mary Duncan, Loretta Young, and other harem queens, to the superb acting by Otis Skinner and Sidney Blackmer. Reviewed at the Hollywood Theatre on Broadway.



A LADY'S MORALS.—Why M.-G.-M. should have taken this title for such an excellent film, we don't know. Below we see Reginald Denny, as the lover of "Jenny Lind," the Swedish nightingale—a role ably played and sung by Grace Moore. Worth-while cinema.



WOMEN EVERYWHERE.—Alexander Korda, husband of Maria Corda, directed this Fox talkie from the story by Geo. Grossmith and Zoltan Korda. J. Harold Murray, Fifi Dorsay, Mr. Grossmith, Rose Dione, Clyde Cook and Ralph Kellard appear. Fairly good; passably interesting screen material.



ON YOUR BACK.—Below, a "cut" from the Fox film showing Irene Rich and Raymond Hackett. Good screen stuff; intensely interesting. In addition to Hackett and Rich we see H. B. Warner, Marion Shilling, Ilka Chase, Charlotte Henry, Wheeler Oakman, Rose Dione and Arthur Hoyt.



ADIOS.—Marion Nixon, Robert Edeson and Richard Barthelmess shown below in their new film directed by Frank Lloyd for First National. Mary Astor also appears in this Spanish story. The bedroom scene is quite pretty and delicately handled. A commendable and worthy picture play.



WHAT A WIDOW.—William Holden, Lew Cody and Owen Moore appearing opposite that recently divorced star Gloria Swanson. Cody lends French comedy effect to the picture, while Miss Swanson is as beautiful and charming as ever in a variety of new dresses. Satisfactory.



THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.—A nickel nursing and penny pinching policy kept our critics after more-than-frequent requests, from reviewing this picture at the Winter Garden, N. Y. C. A shot from the film appears above. Winnie Lightner was starred in it.



SINNERS' HOLIDAY.—Grant Withers and Evalyn Knapp in an A-1 Warner Brothers' Vitaphone production; competently directed and interesting from every angle. Reviewed at the Beacon Theatre, N. Y. C. A drama of Coney Island life with a mystery plot. A real thriller!



BIG MONEY.—This picture's making big money for Pathe, and it is hoped they won't be soured by their new associations with R. K. O. A comedy, a thriller and a gang war picture rolled into one entertaining film. Eddie Quillan and Robert Armstrong starred.



COLLEGE LOVERS.—Jack Whiting and Marion Nixon (above), are ably supported by Frank McHugh in this rollicking football comedy produced by First National. Unable to get press courtesies to review it, but we hear it was pretty good fare. Marion's always beautiful! Here's luck to them!



UP THE RIVER.—Claire Luce and Humphrey Bogart (above), in addition to Warren Hymer, Spencer Tracy, Wm. Collier, Sr., and others, in a superb Fox film success. From nude studies we've seen of Claire, made in Paris, we know she'll make good in the films.



THE BAD MAN.—James Rennie (not so good as a hero), O. P. Heggie and Marion Byron, (who resembles Mary Brian) lend support to Walter Huston who has the title role. Interesting story of a swaggering brigand who's a sort of Robin Hood. Excellent film.



GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST.—Ann Harding is wonderful in this picture and it's worth the price of admission to lamp her acting. Harry Bannister, friend husband, plays the villain in the manner of an old-time "melodrammer." James Rennie—not good as a romantic leading man.



EAST IS WEST.—In spite of Kate Cameron's criticism in *Liberty*, this picture is good, and will make money for Universal. Lupe Velez, Lewis Ayres, Edward G. Robinson, Mary Forbes, E. Allyn (Fred) Warren, Henry Kolker, Tetsue Komai, Edgar Norton and Chas. Middleton.

ILLICIT.—Natalie Moorhead, Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Blondel (below) in a Warner Brothers' Vitaphone film of life and action. Barbara's figure, (we've seen photos of her in the nude) seems to be better than it was half a year or more ago; she looks much younger.



BARBER JOHN'S BOY.—Phillip Holmes, George Marion and Grant Mitchell, playing opposite the blonde beauty, Lucille Powers, in a clean, home-spun story produced by Warner Bros. A picture of "Main Street"—of track meets and love matches. Entertaining, clean-cut and wholesome.



THE CODE OF HONOR.—Below we present a shot from the film released by Ray Johnson and the Syndicate Pictures Corp'n. Doris Hill, formerly with Paramount—a young and shapely thing—appears in the cast. Joseph Swickard has a part you'll enjoy in this talkie. Fair.



THE OFFICE WIFE.—Below, Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone who conspire to make "Office Wife" the *Cosmopolitan* story, as good as they can. Natalie Moorhead's blonde beauty is also called into the picture; as is Bruce Benedict's superb acting. Reviewed at the Winter Garden.



SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED.—A Tiffany picture directed by James Cruze. Rather good screen stuff. Cast includes Betty Compson, Lee Tracy, Alan Hale, Gaston Glass, Dorothy Christy, Fred Kelsey and others. Has some fine high spots of humor and plenty of action. Meritorious.



BILLY THE KID.—Below we catch Johnny Mack Brown, M.-G.-M. star, as a New Mexico outlaw. Wallace Beery almost steals the show, but Kay Johnson is, as usual, superb in the leading role. She just fits the situation as if she were poured into it.



BROKEN DISHES.—O. P. Heggie and Loretta Young (below) plus Richard Tucker, Emma Dunn, Grant Withers (Loretta's husband), Virginia Sale, Aileen Carlyle and J. Farrell MacDonald appear in this First National Vitaphone production. Entertaining, laughable, and really good.



A DEVIL WITH WOMEN.—No, you don't need to guess again in the picture below—it's Victor McLaglen between, as often seen, two Shebas. The red hot comedy, full of sex and pep, is a Fox picture directed by Irving Cummings. Geo. Middleton, associate producer.



THE THIRD ALARM.—A Tiffany picture starring and featuring James Hall, Jean Hersholt, Paul Hurst, Anita Louise, Hobart Bosworth, Mary Doran, Dot Farley, Nita Martan, Georgie Billings and Aileen Manning. Enough well known screen names, eh? Fairly good!



THE SANTA FE TRAIL.—Rosita Moreno, a comparative newcomer to the screen, proves herself worthy material; looks beautiful, sings delightfully well, and was an excellent foil for Eugene Palette, Richard Arlen and Junior Durkin. Mitzi Green was too tough and sophisticated to be lovable.



FATHER'S SON.—John Halliday, young Leon Janney and a doorman of the circus appear in the "cut" shown above from First National's "boy" picture. Robert Dandridge, a negro boy, does well in the part assigned to him. All in all, a worth-while "talkie."



THE VIRTUOUS SIN.—Somehow the team of Walter Huston and Kay Francis didn't quite "click." They tried hard enough, but Paramount "just missed out." The triangle story of a wife who pays the price to save her Russian officer from firing squad. Husband's part played by Kenneth Mackenna.

SCREEN

Free Photographs.

DOUBLES

What Are Your Talents?

WHEN all of the excitement following the advent of a new foreign star has died down, we still realize that for every European celebrity who "cashes in" on the American movie game and attains stardom, there are scores of others—home bred, who reach the same goal. Like every business in the world, it is *never overcrowded* for those who have talent, ability and perseverance.

To be a screen double sometimes means more hard work, risk and annoyance than that of actually starring in a production. In some instances the double is paid more for the work done than the star is for that particular bit, — especially if the task assigned is dan-

gerous or uncomfortable. There is no easy way to success on the screen—one can't just sit down and read a book and get up from the chair feeling that all knowledge has been acquired.

The history of Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Alice White, and others, is an ever-living example of what toil and perseverance will ultimately mean. To those of our readers who are interested in the movie game, we offer an opportunity for "registration" with this magazine. Your photograph, qualifications, and special information will be filed carefully and the pertinent facts about you and your ability kept always available for casting directors, film company executives, producers, and stage managers.

This is in no sense an employment agency; nor do you have to be a subscriber to the magazine to enter your photographs for "registration," and publication. We charge no fees and accept no percentages when work is secured for an embryo star or "extra." We make no wild promises of success over night; but BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES monthly will live up to every one of its pledges in this "screen double registration." If your photograph is clear, sharp, uncolored—and marked on the back "released for publication,"—it will be used in the magazine.

Due to the tremendous task we have in selecting a representative number of the photographs every month, it is possible that your particular picture may not be published in this issue; possibly it appeared in last month's edition. In any case, it *will be used*. And comment will be made upon each one which qualifies for filing; the comment may not and probably will not appear in the same issue in which the photo appears, but it

Volpe
photo.



Three Marys.
Above, Miss
Mucci; at left,
Miss Dale;
lower right,
Miss
Scanlon.





Types of photographs too small for enlargement. Left to right: Mary Elizabeth Derr, Roberta Olive Casey, Rose Lee Grumble, Blanche Boots, Bessie Andrews, Mary Jean Kenns, Elizabeth Alberta Harrison and Prudence Kinney.

will be in the following or preceeding issues—of a certainty.

All photographs of prospective stars of the stage and screen must be submitted flat; no rolled photos will be accepted nor will tinted and hand colored ones be permitted a filing in our Qualifications Directory. In *no instances* can photographs be returned; if you value them too highly—don't send them in. Stay out!

We do not want tiny, undertimed or overtuned snapshots cut in queer shapes; they can't be used and will not be filed at all. The ideal size, although not required, is three inches by five inches; a profile and a full face—and a card or slip of paper filled out with the information we shall require and which is shown on the blank printed in connection with this article. Mark them for the Editor, in care of this magazine, 9th floor, 101 West 31st St., New York, N. Y. *And write legibly!* Photos containing poorly pencilled and inadequate information will go immediately to the waste paper basket for the simple reason that young people who are careless about their habits of writing or

corresponding *are not the people* we would wish to recommend for positions in the movies.

For instance, among the good photographs received—

profile and full face, was one of Harry B. Alheim who looks enough like Rudy Vallee to be his twin brother. He is slightly younger than Rudy, and possesses an excellent singing voice. He is connected in an executive capacity with Cushman's Bakery, at 1668 Sheepshead Bay Road, Brooklyn, N. Y. His likeness to Mr. Vallee has won the nickname for him in the city, of "Rudy." Has a fine, athletic figure and swims like a fish; dances well.

Harold Laxy, an Iowa lad, looks very much like Ralph Harolde who appeared in the flop "Dixiana." . . . Douglas H. Semple, of San Jose, Cal., is distinctly the Conrad Nagel type; rides, dances, and sings, and has had two years in dramatic stock . . . Tellef Clarence Hoverson, of East Grand Forks, Minn., resembles Phillips Holmes—and weighs 153 pounds.

(Continued on page 34)



Miss Mabelle Clark



Harry B. Alheim, Rudy Vallee's Closest "Double."

Name.....
 Address.....
 City and State.....
 Sex..... Race..... Color and Type.....
 Height..... Weight..... Color of Eyes..... Age.....
 What screen star do you resemble?.....
 Previous theatrical experience if any. Accomplishments such as dancing, singing, horseback riding, etc.....

Make out a standard 3 x 5 card similar to the above fill out and mail to this screen magazine.



Suzette Aubert, "Gerry" Dryden, Vilma Tangas, Josephine Hill and Audrey Carpenter. Photographs by A. Volpe.



"Tony"

Simmons

A good dancer, can sing, rides horseback, and has appeared in school plays and operettas . . . Victor Clunet, of Washington, D. C., is a good looking lad with wavy, blond hair and fine, clear eyes . . . Jack Lewis Lezza, whose picture appeared last month, is of the romantic, brunette type. Tenor voice—weight 185 pounds and over six feet tall. Good looking; dances well; is a musician, and 20 years old. Experience in operettas and dramatic sketches.

H. Reginald Lee, of New York City, is of the dark, athletic, masculine type somewhat resembling Ramon Novarro. Sings, skates, boxes, plays tennis, and has had some experience in acting . . . G. Roy Pattison, piano and radio dealer of Flatbush, Brooklyn, very strikingly resembles the late Milton Sills, as well as two other "he-men" types now on the screen . . . Sidney Halpern, Cincinnati, Ohio man, has had theatrical experience at high school. Dances, rides and generally athletic. Resembles Charles "Buddy" Rogers. Weight, 148 pounds . . . Harry Hull, of Brooklyn, resembles Richard Barthelmess and the late young Mr. Mack who once starred with Norma Shearer . . . Jack Kroviak, Naperville, Ill., resembles John Gilbert and Gilbert Roland. Is of Polish-German extraction; American born. Speaks German and English perfectly; 21

years old. He writes "I have had experience in love and I know I can act it." Has a good voice . . . Joseph Bobernitz, of Bartlett, Cal., frankly admits to no theatrical experience—but he's a Paul Lukas type—an Adolphe Menjou type—and some film company would do well to write to him in care of the Pacific Alkalai Company. Six feet tall and weighs 168 pounds. Dances and rides horseback; thinks he looks like Ronald Colman but more nearly fills the qualifications we have just mentioned. We consider him, if his voice is good, a "find." . . . Otto Eugene Wendley greatly resembles John Barrymore. Weighs 145 pounds; and has



Mary Evelyn Wischam

had three years of elocution and dramatic lessons. Comes from Rochester, N. Y. . . . Robin Clayton Berry, of East St. Louis, Ill., seems to be a "cross" between Richard Barthelmess and Warner Baxter. High school theatrical experience; dances; rides.

Now as for those dear readers of the fair



Eunice

Norseen

sex—and after all they are more important, aren't they? Elfriede Nalphen, a Pittsburgh girl, says she resembles Nancy Carroll. Weighs 98 pounds . . . Mary Mucci, of Chicago, Ill., is a good double for Dolores Del Rio; in face and figure. Speaks Italian, English and French fluently and weighs 125 pounds . . . Rosa Lee Grumble, from Saluda, North Carolina, is a brunette type but resembles Norma Shearer . . . Edith Alberta Harrison, of Chicopee, Mass., looks like Joan Crawford. A professional entertainer, and danced in the stage production "The New Moon." Rides, plays tennis, and plays the piano . . . Mary Jean Kenns, of Hancock, Md., is an olive colored brunette type weighing 105 pounds. Looks like Lila Lee and Bernice Claire in a way. 17 years old; sings and dances . . . Roberta O. Casey, of Pontiac, Mich., reports she looks like Virginia Bruce; a blonde who rides horseback and dances.

Also, a photo was received for filing from Dorothy M. Edich, of Muskegon, Mich., nineteen years of age. Swims, dances, and looks like a cross between Janet Gaynor and Clara Bow. Here's wishing you luck, Dorothy Mae . . . Mabel Lindquist, of Brooklyn, is a beautiful, blonde type, with a charming voice and personality . . . Anna Ward, state-ly and beautiful aviatrix, from Morristown,

Left to right: Sammy L. Graham, G. Roy Pattison, Jonas Rosenfield, Jr., Jim F. Hughes and Donal White Cardwell.



N. J., resembles Rita La Roy, the R. K. O. star, and Anita Stewart. Has a rich, fine voice much like Garbo and Dietrich. A good dancer.

Manilla Davis, West Virginia girl now of New York City—also an aviatrix—somewhat resembles Marjorie White, Fox star. Is a *petite* type; blonde. . . . Elsie Bottan, an Ontario girl, is of the fair type—but resembles Billie Dove and has some of the flattering characteristics of Leatrice Joy. Young, and has had some movie experience. . . . Ruby Lois Crawford, of Houston, Texas, an Irish type, weighs 111 pounds; can sing, ride, dance and swim. Looks enough like Clara Bow to be Clara's younger sister.

A Minneapolis girl, Fern Jeanette Lockreme, eighteen years of age, has had some experience in high school plays and wants to enter a dramatic school. Dances well. Wholesome, "country type" of personality; reddish blonde hair. . . . Elsie Marie Dhooge, of Moline, Ill., weighing 138 pounds, writes that she resembles Winnie Lightner. Dances and sings. . . . Tala Birell, a well known German star, who strongly resembles Greta Garbo, has just been signed up by Carl Laemmle, Jr., for Universal pictures. Greta has many imitators. You would not believe that it was possible for Miss Garbo to stand in line at a theatre, buy a ticket and go in and sit through *Romance* by herself without being recognized. Yet that is what happened.

Making oneself up to look like Garbo has become such a common pastime in Hollywood and so many people have become proficient in the art that there are many girls around here who look more like Garbo than she does herself. As a result, she frequently passes unrecognized, because people always think it's just another imitator. Greta recently found herself in the embarrassing position of having been photographed in the nude by an over-zealous photographer who crashed in on her back yard when she was taking a sun bath.

If your photograph and comment upon the same, does not appear in this issue, it may have appeared in the October or December numbers, or it may appear in the March issue, 1931.

Mabelle Clark, of Virginia, now of New York, looks like Joan Blondell. Is an attractive blonde type; young. Dances well. . . . In some of their photos Sally Starr looks like Janet Gaynor; and at times Katherine Dale Owen resembles Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Eunice Norseen, Scandinavian songbird, resembles Enid Bennett and Alice Terry. A Brooklyn girl. . . . Josephine Hill looks like Constance Bennett and Mary Philbin—strange as that combination may seem. . . . Suzette Aubert, of French descent, resembles the French star Lily Damita. . . .

"Gerry" Dryden, dancer, is a beautiful youthful and talented type of her own, and would make an ornamental addition to the casting lists of any film office. . . . Grace Mills, of Brookhaven, Ga., looks like Clara Bow in her balmy days; a talented, red-haired girl who is already doing work for a small amateur film company in the south, under the directorship of Jon Francis Clemmons. We'd like to have more photos of her; especially in a bathing suit. . . . Another beautiful and talented young actress has been added to Radio Pictures' contract roster. Opportunities are still available every day for gifted men and young women. Rochelle Hudson, 17 year old Oklahoma miss, has been signed by William LeBaron, vice president in charge of production, to a term contract after viewing her screen test and examining her registration cards and information blanks.

Miss Hudson has been on the stage since she was four years old, at clubs, schools and bazaars. She hails from Will Rogers' home town, Claremont, Oklahoma.

The star hunt is on, reports R. K. O. Hundreds of photographs are daily passing across the studio desk of Charles E. Rogers; scores of girls are being interviewed.

Rogers is looking for a "find"—a girl who qualifies as potential star material. She need not be a screen "double," necessarily; but should have ability.

"We have three great stories," says Rogers, "any one of which will make a star of the leading woman."

The stories in which the "right" girl will find herself in a featured role, are Robert W. Chambers' novel and play, "The Common Law;" John Farrow's play, "The Registered Woman;" and a new novel, "Dark Flame,"

all of which Radio Pictures will release. Radio Pictures has no objections to hiring talented, useful and finely-gifted talent if they really and honestly "have the goods;" they are after the best for their new pictures.

Caroline C. Cahoon looks like Jeanette MacDonald; and Leila K. Grove greatly resembles Marion Davies. Leila's from Los Angeles, Calif.

Now to return once more to the so-called "stronger sex," boy types. Jonas Rosenfield, Jr., formerly of Dallas, Tex., but now of New York City, is a handsome clean-cut type of lad—well educated, and the son of a former writer - executive of the old Kalem Film Company. Hobby is amateur movies and out-of-doors life. . . . Sammy L. Graham is another attractive boy; as is Donal White Cardwell. Both will photograph well.

"It takes me back more years than I like to remember," was Vivian Rich's comment recently on a sound stage during the shooting of the first indoor scenes on "Hell's Valley," a Big 4 production which hires "western" types.

Virginia Browne Faire, who is Wally Wales' leading lady, turned to Miss Rich with upraised eyebrows.

"I had heard," Miss Rich elucidated, "of course, that Wally was named 'Wally Wales' because of his resemblance to both the late Wallace Reid and the Prince of Wales, but I hadn't thought much about it. Just a while ago I got a glimpse of young Wales that took me back many years and I had that queer, eerie sensation of reliving those happy, happy years of my life. Now that's what I call a resemblance! That's a real screen double."

So get your photographs ready; fill out the blanks, and send them in. If you don't have a photo, go to A. Volpe, of 1680 Broadway, New York City, and have one made at our expense. Or see Mr. Evansmith at 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., if you live on the west coast. No charge.



Below, left to right: Edith Stottler, Jack Krovick, Derelys La 'Dor, Harry Reginald Lee and Leila Grove. All good "possibilities."





ON THE SPOT.—Edgar Wallace's sensational mystery story nursed to a substantial success by the Shuberts—at the Forrest Theatre, New York City. Crane Wilbur, Anna May Wong—both of whom are movie stars—and Glenda Farrell in the leading roles of this gangster story. Exciting, mysterious, and boisterously good!

Our reviewer hastily described it as "one of the good, satisfying plays to see in case you're visiting Manhattan; a play that keeps you on edge nearly every minute." Anna May Wong is exceptionally good as the Chinese servant girl—her part is, therefore, a hundred per cent. perfect. Crane Wilbur, fresh from his laurels with Elissa Landi in "A Farewell to Arms" gives another creditable and convincing performance in the "upper crust life of the underworld." By all means—go and see it!

NINA ROSA.—Will be reviewed as soon as we have a chance to see it. At present we don't know whether it's bad, indifferent, or good. At the Majestic.

THIS IS NEW YORK.—Presented by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, Manhattan. A new and interesting comedy by Robert E. Sherwood which is attracting attention. Will be reviewed in detail later.

MADE IN FRANCE.—The comedy by Jack Larrie, staged by Dickson Moran at the Cort Theatre, N. Y. C., was not reviewed by us, due, I guess, to money-saving on Annie Oakleys during the depression. We heard from all quarters that it was "punk," and lest we be accused of the sour grapes act—and inasmuch as it concerns a former film star, we're going to "lift" the very able criticism of Robert Littell's from the N. Y. World. Here it is, minus the quotes:

Lya de Putti, the star of "Made in France," which is as sour a piece of garbage as ever drew shrill cackles from the peanut gallery, first became known to Americans for her appearance with Emil Jannings in the UFA film "Variety." Subsequently she answered the call of Hollywood. From which high estate she seems to have descended to the interpreting, with a strrrrong Gerrrrman accent, of the role of a French girl who makes money by accusing American ex-soldiers of being the fathers of her imaginary twins.

"Made in France" is wood alcohol generously flavored with slime. It is, as may be guessed from the theme, a coarse, dingily dirty farce somewhat lower in tone than the story of the woman, her small son and the

two marines from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. And not nearly as funny. It was greeted, by a fraction of the audience, with the kind of laughter that may be heard in the darker corners of Palisades Park.

Three Americans, with their wives or fiancées, return for a house party to a chateau in Bar le Duc, where, during the war, their sick leave was brightened by the promiscuous charms of a French maid. She hurls the non-existent twins at each of them in turn, and causes a terrified flutter in three check books.

This plot is pickled in nine quarts of charmless, nauseating wise-cracks and jokes about infidelity and child begetting that were current among Babylonian salesmen in the pre-smoking-car days of what, audience and all, it would be hard to call the human race.

As for Miss de Putti, Hollywood's loss is, I am afraid, not exactly our gain.



Iris Hald in Shubert's
"Hello Paris."

KALLMAN BENEFIT CONCERT.—An inspirational evening clearly defining the best art concept in a well rounded program. The piano numbers of Mr. Arvid Samuelson were quite the most impressive and individualistic interpretation of all the concert artists we have heard. Choral numbers surprisingly beautiful. It is a rare thing to find amateur talent coached to the art level; and we know something of the labors involved in creating choral groups. Only a finished artist could hope to force the results we found in the direction of these groups by Mr. Samuelson in every respect befitting the best traditions of the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

The Cresendo Club of thirty-eight female voices and the Arion Male Choir of thirty-two male voices in addition to proving a most worthy musical motive in this inspirational evening, were likewise a highly decorative factor in stage ensemble. The numbers and costuming of the Aurora Quartette heightened my impression of an inherent poetic strain in Mr. Samuelson's theory of conducting a programme of this character.

FINE AND DANDY.—One of the best of the comedy revues which has ever hit little old Noo Yawk—presented by Morris Green and Lewis E. Gensler and featuring Joe Cook—a star of the stage and screen. Book by Donald Ogden Stewart; music by Kay Swift; lyrics by Paul James; and settings by Henry Dreyfuss.

Ten scenes of rollicking fun, fancy stepping, and peppy music—and, best of all, Joe Cook's inimitable humor backed by his famous personality and reputation. Dave Chausen, Dora Maughan, Pat Walshe, George A. Schiller, Eleanor Etheridge, and a host of others add to the fun-making and "worth-whileness" of the show running, as we go to press, at Erlanger's Theatre, New York City. Don't miss it—if you can't stand the \$6.60 it's worth to get into the orchestra "fronts"—buy a balcony seat; you can't go wrong.

CAPITOL THEATRE.—Manitowac, Wisconsin's largest and finest playhouse has now gone in for high-grade vaudeville as well as talking pictures. We think it presages, or indicates, a return to the variety idea throughout the country. Always a good show at the Capitol, we hear.

BROADWAY SHOWS absolutely not worth spending any money to see will not be reviewed in the columns of this magazine.



ARMIDA, the
movie star, and LEONARD CEELEY,
in Shubert's musical show
"Nina Rosa."



Mlle. ALDA PERRY in the
Joe Cook show, "Fine and Dandy."



THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue edited by: VIRGINIA BROWNE FAIRE



"Satanic" Criticism

RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.—Was it "Madame Satan" you were referring to in "Movies," when you wrote of "a certain movie actress . . . who is a fine singer and isn't hard to look at" but who "when on the screen . . . is devoid of . . . it?" If it was, I have something to say about the Madame.

One cannot say that that certain actress is devoid of "it". But one can say that she is so fine a player that she is capable of either making herself sexy or sexless. This is proven by her most excellent performance in De Mille's "Madame Satan." Her transformation was portrayed to perfection. Her coldness was ice, and her warmth was fire. But I doubt that risqué jokes made her burn. I am more inclined to believe that it was her acting ability that made her flame.

This star, whom the *Daily News* rudely says lacks "it," was not the only reason for my enjoying so much the picture. The picture was so new, and modern, and so up-to-date that it was ahead of time. The modernistic music and the mechanistic dancing were marvellous. They were so excellent that they held me spell-bound. Truthfully, I had never before been held spell-bound by anything in a moving picture play. Moving pictures had always seemed so unreal, so unconvincing. But the recording and photography of these dancing scenes in "Madame Satan" were so perfect that I did not realize that I was seeing the performers second-hand. They were as real, and produced the same effect on me, as some ballet dancers I once saw at Roxy's magnificent theatre.

And then that masquerade ball on a dirigible—what a novel idea! And how fantastic it was to see costumed ladies and gentlemen descending in parachutes from the sky to places so natural that they appealed both to the imagination and to the sense of humor.

The entire picture is a perfect example of the utmost in a dramatico-farcical hybrid, for there are moments in it when one can laugh heartily at a queer situation that is not too queer to be impossible, and there are moments in it when one can thrill with emotion at a situation that is not too melodramatic to be untrue.

I may seem over-enthusiastic about this picture and its feminine star. But you will readily understand my feelings when I say that I go to the movies so often that almost every picture I see resembles at least one other I have seen before. Therefore, I laud with all my might any picture that is different; for after all, it is only the "different" pictures that attract my attention.

I like your magazine a great deal, but how about taking on a few more proof-readers?—Howard Van Bohemen.



Valiant Vallee

BAYONNE, N. J.—Can't say how much I enjoyed your article on Rudy Vallee in a recent number; and am clipping out the pictures for my scrap-books. I was one of those husbands who had an anti-Vallee complex—and, while this may read like a patent medicine advertisement—after reading your article and listening to him on the radio, I changed my mind.

But I had to read your magazine first to be persuaded to listen in on one of his concerts. He sang plenty of songs that night—gave a performance over some yeast hour which would have taxed the strength and vocal cords of an older and less vigorous man. I thoroughly enjoyed the songs he sang from St. Mary's College, Yale, Fordham and others. But for your monthly magazine I would be one of his "knockers."

—Andrew K. Pavalzek

Thanks, Helen!

WOODRIDGE, N. J.—I have just bought my first copy of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES and enjoyed it very much. I particularly enjoyed the write-up about my favorite, Rudy Vallee, and I hope there will be more pictures and write-ups about him in the future magazines.—Helen M. Kruse.

Eagel's Talents

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Can't understand why someone wrote in the paper the other day, and in a magazine, stating that Jeanne Eagels was as great an actress as Bernhardt or Duse. She probably was great in her day—about the speed of Mae West. But Blanche Yurka, Alice Brady, Jane Cowl, Lenore Ulric and a few others have more talent in five minutes than Jeanne Eagels ever had in her life. To print that Bernhardt-Duse comparison makes them as big a fool as the person who wrote it.—Thomas J. Faust.

Thank You, Oscar!

PORTLAND, ME.—Was looking through your back issues, comparing them with October. Can't decide which number is the better. You surely have brought a new note into the field. Keep up your style and believe me BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES will be counted the leader with movie fans.—Oscar Johnson.

A Free Theatre

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I wonder if any of your readers ever heard of New York's Free Theatre? It is a very unimpressive building at 138 East 27th Street, near Lexington Avenue. One would never imagine a cozy, intimate, interesting interior behind the uninviting front. There is absolutely no charge to see the plays and the playhouse is under the direction of Butler Davenport.

I urge everyone not to hesitate and think it not worth while to visit the theatre because it is free. Go just once. I know each person will be enthusiastic over it. I am very much interested in this movement, for if you have free libraries, free museums, free concerts, then why not a free theatre? It's a logical, evolutionary growth.

—Constant Reader

This Letter Wins \$10.00

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Am still trying to cast off the spell of that *Deutsches Lorelei*, Marlene Dietrich at the Palace. In this materialistic age the new Paramount Star packs a romantic wallop like a female Dempsey. Somewhere Miss Dietrich has learned the rare art of dynamic relaxation. She has that repose so characteristic of the genuine artist. Her movements in and out of the picture are what Byron meant by the "passing of exquisite music." And her eyes—eyes that have been places and done things—have in them all the yesterdays and all the tomorrows of the human race. Incidentally, the new star twinkles more brightly because of the superb direction of von Sternberg who is one of the few cinema directors who realize that if speech is silver in a woman the dramatic pause is molten gold.

All this, Mr. Editor, in the hope that I may infect you with some of my own enthusiasm for the art of Miss Dietrich to the end that you will soon give us in the inimitable columns of the BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES an intimate biographical sketch of this unique combination of Brain, Beauty and Charm, known as Marlene Dietrich. Something like your Jeanette of the Clan MacDonald, which so distinguished your December number is what I mean. Miss MacDonald, by the way, is another artist who brings intelligence to the screen to supplement her natural charm.—Julius Kinfield.

SPLITS and SPLICES



Marie Mosquini—Married.

Ben Lyon, of "Hell's Angels."

PARIS was chuckling, recently, over the report that Prince Serge Mdivani had secretly boarded a ship and was racing to the arms of pretty Mary McCormic, in America—while the prince's wife, the Polish screen star—Pola Negri, told the world she is through with him "for very, very good." Divorces among film stars seem to be as common as tomato soup in the automat.

The fiery-eyed film actress bit off these words about being through with her boy friend quite harshly when she began new divorce proceedings recently against the Georgian prince. Once before she began proceedings, but hearts-and-flowers reconciliation left her smiling happily in the youthful nobleman's arms.

"This time I am through—I shall certainly be happy when I am free," the spitting fire of the flickers snapped. She wore a black sheath frock of velvet and a narrow ermine collar when she appeared in court.

Miss Negri, whose last big picture was "Loves of An Actress," became enraged for keeps when her husband went all the way to Cherbourg in order to help Miss McCormic, the American opera singer, aboard the liner Bremen a week ago.

Mary McCormic, Chicago Civic Opera singer whose name has frequently been mentioned with that of Prince Serge Mdivani, thinks it's "perfectly grand" that Pola Negri has started divorce proceedings against the prince.

Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, who are looking at each other through rose colored specs, are expected to dive into the noose.

Last summer, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon had just stood up before the preacher and Marie Mosquini had officiated as maid of honor. As Bebe started up the stairway of the Beverly-Wilshire she turned and tossed her bride's bouquet in the midst of her attendants. It dropped straight into the waiting arms of Marie, who was thereupon surrounded by a group of chattering felicitators who assured her she certainly

would be married within a year.

"Who, me?" Marie asked with humorous skepticism.

At that time she hadn't even met Dr. Lee De Forest, eminent radio engineer. Now, they're married. Quite secretly they marched to the altar, at Agua Caliente, Mexico, it was learned.

She refused to name the woman when Alice Brady, stage and cinema star, sued her husband, James Crane, son of the late Dr. Frank Crane, for divorce some time back. But Alice met no such chivalrous treatment in a divorce action filed against her recently by Mrs. Donald C. McClelland, daughter of a rich automobile dealer in Detroit, Mich.

Not only did she name the brunette daughter of William A. Brady, noted New York theatrical producer but she went into all the "dirty details" concerning the intimacies she charged against her and McClelland, an actor. Since last November, when her husband left the cast of the Bonselle players at Detroit and went east, his wife declared, he has been using Miss Brady's Manhattan home as his mailing address, and also has made trips with the actress to Philadelphia, Boston and Newport which had nothing to do with their professional work.

The spell Miss Brady exerted over McClelland, almost from the moment she met him, transformed him from a "sweet boy," according to his wife, into a man with a violent temper and a tendency for wild parties with other women.

"There's no use in either my husband or Miss Brady trying to answer my charges," she said. "I have the goods on them." Both Miss Brady and McClelland are now in Atlanta, Ga., the former as the star of a road show and the latter in her supporting cast. Miss Brady divorced Crane, also an actor nine years ago. As correspondent she merely named a "woman in Paris."

The fair Alice, when interviewed at Atlanta, denied recently that there was any basis for charges made by Mrs. Bernice McClelland in a Detroit divorce suit naming her as correspondent.

She said her relations with Donald Cameron McClelland, defendant, in the divorce case, who is playing leads opposite her with a stock company here, had been "professional only."

McClelland came to the stock company a week after Miss Brady began an engagement as guest star. Her contract ends soon.

Miss Brady's statement follows:

"Mr. McClelland is a charming gentleman and a good actor. I do not know Mrs. McClelland. My relations with Mr. McClelland have been professional only. In our profession, traveling about the country, we try to maintain pleasant relations, of course. In this company we have done just that.

"Either Mrs. McClelland is mistaken in naming me in her divorce action, or the charge is an outrage upon me. All I can say is that there is not the slightest foundation for any charge. Until I have seen a copy of the divorce petition I cannot say anything else."

It looks as if the specimen of French "royalty" who's been trotting around with Constance Bennett is going to be given the "bye-byes" by the charming lady who owns the dough bag. A stroke of the judicial pen, as we go to press, starts in motion Gloria Swanson's decision to give legal form to the separation which in fact has divided the beauty of the screen from her French spouse—Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye.

Her divorce complaint awaits only her signature—a signature which may mean that the woman who always gets her man on the screen has decided to make a present of Henri to her blonde rival, Constance.

La Swanson will accuse Husband Hank of desertion.

Since the arrival of the Marquis in Hollywood several months ago he has studiously refrained from placing foot on the threshold of his wife's mansion.

"Life in Hollywood is too hectic to stay married," and "If she wants a divorce, of course, she can have it," said Marquis Henri recently. "Life moves very swiftly here," philosophized the smiling Frenchman, whom Hollywood calls "Hank."

Lola Lane and Lew Ayres, two of our youngest starlets, are seeing each other morning, noon and night. Likewise Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian are telling

(Continued on page 16)

"BOOTS" MALLORY - with Will Oakland's Terrace Club, N. Y. C.; - and below, in oval: Marie Flayne who appears with Clara Bow in "No Limit." See opposite page. A. Volpe photographs.





A MOVING picture film operator, Charles Ring, according to the Cincinnati, O., police, has admitted shooting and killing Joseph Colson, a young man of Asheville, N. C. Colson's body recently lay unclaimed in the morgue, although it was understood he was the son of a prominent North Carolina minister. Mr. Ring admitted the slaying and unfolded a story so familiar to followers of the "triangle plot" in the cinema world—of his beautiful wife—pretty enough to be a movie actress herself—and the "third man."

He demanded that Colson cease his "attentions" to the wife and even threatened him; but claims self-defense on the actual killing. The comely young wife said she herself "tried" to break off their intimate relations but failed.

In the recent election the prohibition fanatics weren't the only blue-noses who were swept into the garbage can by the American public. Public spirited citizens of Brookline, Mass., are still celebrating a victory for freedom of action and liberty of thought in being allowed to have movies in their city.

With a population of approximately 50,000, it was the largest community in America without motion picture theatres, and the four to three victory at the polls once more brings to the front the spirit of the Minute Men who refused to be bluffed or stampeded by oppression and intolerance. . . . And while they were at it, Massachusetts voted "wet."

Hazel Cole, a remarkably beautiful and young screen "extra" from Los Angeles died recently as a result of too much liquor—consumed at a party in Venice, Cal. Her companion, Bobby LaSalle—the "boy friend" and a Western prizefighter, was questioned by the police.

There being no segregated districts in the virtuous U. S. a director, Tay Gartnett, had to go to Havana to film the background of his talkie, "Her Man," which is highly spiced. Gartnett made the round trip in ten days, flying both ways with his cameraman, Ed Snyder. Seems, however, that Cuba objected to the idea of the segregated "vice" districts and put on a squawkie about the Pathe film being greatly exaggerated. So Hollywood got panicky, as it usually does and removed the name "Havana" from the films. As for us, a manure heap is a useful and natural thing until someone tires to drape it in chocolate frosting.

Zasu Pitts (I wish somebody would write a picture in which she'd play the lead) tells the best naughty stories of any one in Holly-



Zasu Pitts, screen star.

wood. And you've heard of the people in Hollywood!

Charles Chaplin likes to write music. He has composed more than twenty numbers, ranging from jazz ballads to classical pieces. Most of the accompanying music, says the N. Y. *Daily News*, of "City Lights" was composed by Chaplin.

Nella Walker enacted a featured part in "This Modern World," Fox film directed by Chandler Sprague. Warner Baxter and Dorothy Mackaill played the leading roles.

June McCloy, a beautiful blonde with a come-hither smile recently boarded a train for Hollywood, the land of flesh pots, with a nice, fat contract in her pocketbook. But her ex-manager is suing her for breach of contract with him—claims the pretty miss failed to produce the cash for his commission. She was in the "Scandals" and was shipped to California to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his new talkie "Reaching for the Moon."

Maria Jeritza took advantage of her trip to California to have ten pounds slapped off her by Sylvia the durable Dane. Horace Liveright peeked at Sylvia's book, "Hollywood Undressed," and immediately sent the manuscript to his principals in New York for perusal. It reveals a lot of boudoir lowdown on many of our famous stars. Sylvia's the one who strips 'em down, men and women alike, and massages 'em on the morning after the night before; or for other reasons.

When your name is Mix you know the ropes, in more ways than one. Ruth, daughter of the famous Tom Mix of picture fame, is now appearing in a Big 4 Western, and in some scenes employs expert roping tactics probably not paralleled by any other woman performer.

Will Rogers is receiving 25 grand a week under the new Fox contract. "So This Is London" and "They Had to See Paris" were so financially successful, and "Lightnin'" is expected to be, that the westerner is getting a lot of jack now.

Miss Leoni Cauchois, the former Mrs. Rudy Vallee; "Peaches" Browning; Primo Carnera, giant prize fighter; Siamese twins, tree sitters, queens of beauty contests, bridge jumpers and others who would shine in the rays of the footlights, may be black-listed by the larger vaudeville chains throughout America and Canada. The Radio-Keith-Orpheum, which controls hundreds of theatres throughout the country made public the names of these persons as ineligible to appear before the footlights of their theatres. They have figured prominently in recent years in public print.

"There is no place in vaudeville for the sensational 'name' act. It may have its place in some houses, but not in the combination vaudeville-picture theatres.

"No guarantee of entertainment goes with such a name. About the only thing that can be depended upon to go with it is a big, unhealthy and unearned salary. For the 'name' act of this classification rarely ever draws its salary, and, as a rule, it flops on the stage."

In line with this policy, Miss Cauchois was recently denied a booking because the management regarded it as an attempt to "cash in" on publicity won by her former mate, Rudy Vallee.

Many moving picture stars, who are to be classed as ineligible because of lack of talent, will come under the ban.

Tuberculosis has driven Lila Lee, petite screen star, from the movies. That was why she went to Phoenix, Ariz., where for several months at least, her only director will be her physician.

Miss Lee, in private life the divorced wife of James Kirkwood, actor, suffered a breakdown after her recently completed movie, "The Gorilla." Overwork, over-dieting and, of course, her marital difficulties were blamed.

Because of her illness, production of "Little Caesar," in which she was billed to star, has been cancelled.

Miss Lee was formerly Augusta Appel of Chicago.

Craig Hutchinson, who recently signed a contract with Big 4 Film Corp., to produce a series of twelve two-reel comedies, has started work on the selection of story material for the first releases.

It may or may not be an echo of her recent experience in Nevada but the title of Clara Bow's new picture has been changed from "Usherette" to "No Limit." Stress is laid upon a gambling sequence.

Two minutes' work on Warner Brothers' "Fifty Million Frenchmen" netted \$1,000 to Bela Lugosi, Hungarian character actor.



JOAN PEERS—Pulchritudinous Columbia star who, it 'pears, plays second fiddle to none of 'em.

Evidently some men don't like Rudy Vallee. University authorities at Harvard refused to allow him to sing three of Harvard's songs, and, not long ago, when he flew from Boston via Colonial Airways, Inc., the pilot, Ed Weatherdon, refused to be photographed with him for the news reels.

On the payroll of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are three of the deftest picture stealers in the business. They are Marie Dressler, who almost walked away with "Anna Christie;" Wallace Beery, who can hardly be trusted on a set at all anymore, and Marjorie Rambeau, who in a little brief moment makes you forget everyone but herself in Pathe's "Her Man." The powers that be at M.-G.-M. decided on a bold stroke. "We'll throw them all together in one picture," decreed they, "and if one of them can steal it, more power to him or her."

The picture is "Dark Star" filmization of the novel of that name by Lorna Moon, who died just as success crowned her.

There's a story around of someone who asked: "Where in the world do you suppose Peggy Joyce gets all those automobiles, clothes and jewels?"

"Goodness only knows!" sighed another.

"Goodness," snapped a third, "had nothing to do with it!"

Some day the producers, playwrights, authors of theatrical books and others may rise in their wrath and smite down the smut-hunting society headed by Johnny Sumner—especially if he keeps on arresting any more innocent New Yorkers. What may have been obscene in our grandmother's day is considered proper by the modern generation, said Judge Maurice H. Gotlieb recently in giving a clean bill to "Casanova's Homecoming," a book by Arthur Schnitzler. After reading the book, 1,564 copies of which had been seized on complaint of John S. Sumner, head of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, the magistrate ordered the copies returned and dismissed charges against Simon & Schuster, the publishers.

That old Rialto theatre in Hoboken, once the glory of the whimsical Christopher Morley, is earnestly engaged upon a stock season. Agnes Ayres, motion picture star, was the attraction there recently, playing the leading role in "An American Tragedy."

Otis Skinner was given the honorary degree of doctor of literature by St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y. It's one more decoration in a highly decorated career. Skinner received the Academy of Arts and Letters gold medal for excellence in diction in 1928.

Al Woods, theatrical producer of bedroom farces, has formed the Movie-of-U Corporation to market a device to take so-called movies of sitters while they are in a booth somewhat similar to a tiny Spanish bungalow. He expects to place the cabinets soon at resorts, in moving picture theatre lobbies, and, perhaps, in police stations. He believes they will rival the Photomaton in popular interest for the reason that the photographs are animated.

The inventor of the movie-photograph is S. J. Pask, a young designer of photographic apparatus who has his own business at No.

41 West 21st Street, New York. Mr. Pask is thirty-three, and his nationality is so complicated that when he became a citizen of this country he had to renounce not one but three other nations—Russia, Poland and Lithuania.

According to Mr. Pask, the animated photographs are produced by taking three photographs on the same negative, one on top of another. A screen divided into sixty-four points is used. One third of the sixty-four points are exposed for each picture. Afterwards a translucent screen is placed over the developed picture, allowing only one-third of the negative to show at a time. Movement is produced in the finished picture by merely running a thumb over the case or shifting it about in one's hand.

Technically, the apparatus to turn out the pictures consists of a cabinet equipped with a self-operating and developing camera, electrically powered, which takes the photographs when the subject presses a button. The camera, with its extremely sensitive machinery, does everything, but an operator is needed to fit the photographs into their little cases and to regulate the whole apparatus. Pictures can be taken at the rate of 360 an hour.

In time, Mr. Woods thinks it would be a fine idea to have them in all the 23,000 moving picture theatres of the United States, because all the movie-goers could have screen tests of themselves, "and we may uncover lots of picture stars."

Motion picture history in America will be greatly enriched by the gift of thirty-three of the early machines used in the industry to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington under the will of Mrs. Stanislaw Schneider, widow of Eberhard Schneider, an inventor and manufacturer.

Included among the machines is the first practical motion-picture projector, which Mr. Schneider brought out about 1891.

Mary Astor is faced with the most difficult problem of any girl I know. Her health is such that she dare not let herself get thin. If she puts on weight the producers will not want her in pictures, so Mary is trying to struggle along with just as few extra pounds as she dare carry. Mary's grief over her husband, Kenneth Hawks, seems to have given depth to her acting, for she is a better actress than she has ever been. R.-K.-O., realizing that, has signed her on a long-term contract. She has been at Catalina on location with "Sheep's Clothing," Louis Wolheim director, and also one of the actors.

There is every promise that the end of the year will see the newest purification movement in the movies well launched. The few performers who are not living up to the standard decreed for them by outstanding moralists of this community have agreed to reform. A committee of ministers recently waited upon a number of prominent movie folk asking co-operation in the improvement of the moral tone of cinemaland, which is considered not all that it should be.

Warren's latest role is that of a "dead pan" sailor in "The Seas Beneath", directed by John Ford.

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MOLLY O'DOHERTY—now being seen in R. K. O. productions. From the art photograph by A. Volpe.



DOROTHY SEBASTIAN
*makes a fine
Captain Kidd.*

LOTTI LODGE
*One of Warner
Brothers' pirates*



Beauty Secrets

(Continued from page 20)

Place the hands horizontally, palms upward, finger-tips together, against the wall, pressing them there with the thighs. At this juncture, the chest should touch the wall, but the nose and chin do not—remaining from an inch and a half to three inches away. Be careful, in performing this test, not to pull the hips back, but to let them press the hands against the wall.

You will find that the second test is even better, for it guards against the "sway-back" which is a common danger of straightening up in the wrong way.

This "straightening up" is something which the ordinary use of dumbbells, the gymnasium horse, Indian clubs, and the like, cannot correct unless we probe a bit deeper to find out the causes and effects. I'm a great believer in exercises for health and beauty—but also in watchfulness and study of the subject.

Turning your back to the wall, place the feet straight together with heels against it and assume your natural position. Fold the right arm over the abdomen, and the left one against the back, placing the left hand, palm outward, in the hollow of the back. There should be just room enough for the flattened hand between the hollow of the back and the wall. If the fit is snug, in other words, you have passed the test. If not, the spine should be straightened until the left hand is squeezed against the wall. Try it, and keep at it. I don't promise that beauty, posture, and general health will procure for you a job in the movies—but I do say, girls, that without them, your chances of success in the film game are practically nil. Here's wishing you all a greater attainment of health and beauty for 1931.

Editor's Note:—Agreeable to promises made to Dorothy Jordan, famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, and to Helen Twelvetyrees, Anita Page, Pauline Starke, Ann Harding, Olive Borden, and others—the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, we pledge anew our intentions and determination to bar from the advertising pages of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES monthly all advertising of cosmetics, health-giving devices, facial creams, health institutes, etc.,—which do not pass the closest scrutiny and measure up to the exacting standards which we shall require of them.

Having the largest newsstand circulation in America of any popular priced film fan magazine, it is the only publication of its kind which can exist and progress without advertising. The mere fact that certain make-ups and powders and lipsticks lay claim to the title "theatrical" doesn't make them so in our estimation. As Abraham Lincoln once said: "Calling a sheep's tail a leg doesn't make it one." Our scores of thousands of readers must be guaranteed protection.

The Dove of Peace

(Continued from page 16)

wasn't quiet on the west coast front.

Suddenly she made her first hit in "The Marriage Clause." And was given a contract by First National Pictures. She made "An Affair of the Follies" and other pictures. Her fan mail began to grow. Her pictures began to click. Exhibitors began to demand

Billie Dove. Overnight she was "made."

She was made a star. The fan mail grew and last year it topped 500,000 letters. She disproved the favorite wise crack "Beautiful but Dumb" in "Adoration," "The Night Watch," "The Yellow Lily" and other pictures.

When at the studio she works from eight to eighteen hours a day. Says housewives may call their work drudgery but thinks picture work is just as trying. She has never displayed temperament on the set.

Known as the most beautiful woman on the screen, Billie Dove will not discuss beauty. Under the combined pressure of several interviewers she has revealed her plan of exercises, and care of the face and body. She sleeps eight hours a day. Never lets pleasure interfere with this rule. Sleeps in the open air. Takes sun baths in the privacy of her sun porch and is almost a fanatic about medicinal value of sunshine. Her biggest meal is breakfast. Usually has vegetable lunch. Her lightest meal is dinner.

She takes stretching exercises morning and night. Ditto cold shower. The most beneficial thing, she claims is bicycling. She does it nightly—in bed. Lying on her back with legs in the air—and just pedals rapidly. Billie also exercises her eyes before the mirror. Rubs vaseline into roots of eyelashes each night. Uses vanishing cream as base for face powder before going out in the wind. Urges that women be careful of cosmetics, saying many are harmful.

Study your clothes, is her advice to women. Not the cost, but the suitability for a person's appearance and personality that decides whether a woman is well-dressed. She loves nice clothes, favoring frocks with simple lines.

Among her hates are bluffers. Does not believe in pretending you are what you are not, nor in posing. Frankly admits there are many things she does not know about, and does not pretend she does. She does not like to be known as a Follies girl, not because she is ashamed of it, but because she did so little in the Follies. 'Tis just as well, for there are many Follies girls who've gotten into some rotten messes since or during the time of their apprenticeship with Ziggy.

Billie is a skilled musician and plays the piano well. She loves to paint and is expert with oils. She donned overalls and redecorated her own room. She swims well and likes tennis. She is very fond of dogs, and has several.

She enjoys parties with her own friends. She personally selects Christmas gifts for scores of her friends and associates at the studio. She brought her parents to Hollywood and spends at least one night a week at their home. When the new Fords came out and the film stars were scrambling for them for the novelty, Billie bought one for her mother. She is most particular about her fan mail and answers many letters on her own typewriter. She recently spent an entire Sunday typing letters when she got behind.

Billie Dove is five feet five and one-half inches tall, and weighs about 115 pounds. She has hazel eyes and dark brown hair, medium in length. She is now making First National-Vitaphone Pictures, recent ones being "The Man and the Moment," "Careers," "Her Private Life," and "A Notorious Affair." Rumor hath it that she'll emote for Howard Hughes soon. The young Texas multi-millionaire seems to be quite smitten by her charm and beauty, and it is

entirely possible that the jinx of poor directorship which hounded her for so long may soon be at an end.

Splits and Splices

(Continued from page 39)

their friends not to be surprised at a wedding announcement. They have been pals for a long time. Clarence Brown, who used to squire Dorothy before she knew Bill, is functioning in that capacity for Sally Blane, Loretta Young's pretty sister.

Congratulations to the czar of the movies on his marriage to Mrs. Jessie Herron Stutesman, pretty widow of James F. Stutesman. Will H. Hays was recently divorced from Helen Thomas, his first wife—the daughter of an Indiana judge, and was awarded the custody of their son, Will, Jr., thirteen years of age.

BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES magazine wishes them every possible bit of happiness and success. The bride is a daughter of the late Capt. William P. Herron, who won distinction in the Civil war and who, for forty years prior to his death in 1927, was president of the First National bank of Crawfordsville, Ind.

Muriel Ames, having gone through the painful ordeal of the divorce mill, is going on a trip 'round the world to forget Hollywood and Bob Ames. A voyage on Kenneth McKenna's yacht decided her that all troubles find surcease on the seven seas.

The shapely Audrey Ferris, former Warner Brothers star, who deserted the screen to get married, is the mother of a seven-pound baby boy. She is the wife of Archie Huntington, a local business big shot. According to the *N. Y. News*, "Archie" is a mongolian.

Another actress, and a film fan, incidentally, was recently freed in Denver, Col., from the "death do us part" promise. The pretty Mrs. Mildred Manning Cook, New York actress, was granted a final decree of divorce from Osmer Elton Cook in District court. The actress testified by deposition, charging desertion and non-support. The couple was married ten years ago in New Orleans.

Jetta Goudal, the French charmer, who crashed the movies in a big way and now announces that she is through with 'em forever, was married early in October, at night, in Yuma, Arizona, to Harold Grieve, an interior decorator.

Jetta didn't stand much on ceremony. She became a wife twenty minutes after she and her decorator dropped off in Yuma, Justice of the Peace A. D. Freeman tying the knot.

They left the following morning for a honeymoon on the coast after the bride had announced she was going into the decorating business with hubby.

She met Grieve, she said, while taking lessons in how to manipulate furnishings. At least, she could pose as a model for "French legs" for chairs and tables.

Robert Montgomery is strutting around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot as all proud papas do. A girl was born at the St. Vincent hospital recently. She tipped the scales at six pounds.

Young America in Person

(Continued from page 11)

them down. A few weeks later they were found in a distant city and Sennett wired them to return to Los Angeles immediately.

Shortly afterward Eddie Quillan began work on a series of two-reel comedies in which he was jointly starred with Alice Day. Eighteen of these pictures were made and their success assured young Quillan's screen future.

Meanwhile he had attracted the attention of Cecil B. De Mille and at the termination of his Sennett contract he was offered an opportunity to appear as the juvenile comedy lead in "The Godless Girl." This was his first real hit, at least in a feature production, and Pathe next sent for him to play the lead in "Show Folks."

After appearing in "Geraldine" and "Noisy Neighbors" he was cast for the lead in "The Sophomore" which paved his way to a starring contract.

Do you believe in your Fate—or is it just coincidence that Eddie selected Hollywood Street in Philadelphia on one March 31st, 1907 as the location of his earthly debut? It seems that no matter what Eddie did to get away from the Picture Idea he was just slated to be a talkie star. However, the greatest thrill Eddie Quillan finds in being famous is the pleasure his family is taking in his screen success.

Eddie has five or six pretty, little sisters—it is difficult for him to recall off-hand—and three brothers, and "they get more of a kick out of it than I do, particularly the younger ones," says Eddie. "My three kid sisters read every bit of fan mail I get. They have even been known to take bundles of them to school to their small schoolmates."

"It is nice to know that I can do things for them with the larger salary which has accompanied a certain amount of screen success. All her life mother has been putting the things her nine children needed ahead of her own requirements. So it was a pretty happy day when my sister Marie and I drove to a fur store one day recently, and bought her the nicest mink coat we could find. If there is any greater happiness in life than making those a fellow loves happy, I'd like to know what it is. Screen success has enabled me to do this, so I appreciate it a great deal. And I owe much of my screen success to my dear mother in Philadelphia."

In "Night Work" Eddie "adopts" an orphan in order to be near the nurse at the orphanage with whom he has fallen in love. Eddie's experiences with his own bevy of young fledglings has made the role a most realistic one—and undoubtedly his sincerity and feeling will endear him to a whole host of new followers, which, added to his already personable list of fans, will make him a most sought after young man. And he really does love youngsters.

And Eddie makes love and kisses his heroines—Sally Starr, Miriam Seegar, Sally O'Neill, and others—with all the pep and vim of the virile young man that he is. It is this "oscillator kick" that goes into his screen love-making which serves to add to his popularity.

Will Eddie ever be high-hat? Never. He is as bombastic as Young America can ever be, as noisy and reckless and as gay—but way deep down he's just as good hearted

and well meaning and intrinsically fine as is your own brother Bill or Jack who has entered Yale for the fall semester.

Peabody's Numerology

(Continued from page 22)

may be the real hero for you. Here's a letter from one of my readers.

Dear Adrienne Peabody:

I am an interested reader of your column and am very curious as to what Numerology has to show in my name. Also I should like to know, if same is possible, what numerals my destined mate should have in his name. Many thanks. Sincerely yours,—E. M.

Often a young girl will come to me with the names of perhaps two or three boy friends, and asks me which one she should marry. She, alone, can decide that important question. But I *can*, and *do*, point out what she can expect if she marries John and tell her his inner qualities. Sometimes it is plain through the date of birth that they are not intended for each other, and will drift apart. By analyzing E. M.'s name I know that she is maternal, co-operative, and a peace-lover, so she should marry a man who wants children, and who will give her the sort of life she desires—all of which could be determined from his name and full date of birth.

In this connection I have arranged, through this magazine, to give a certain number of readings each month to seriously interested persons, to those who will mail in \$2.00 and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply. The fee is on a non-profit basis, for it barely covers stenographic costs connected with the handling and mailing of such correspondence, and with it goes a fourteen months' subscription to BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES monthly; the newstand price of which would be \$2.10.

A short analysis, by Numerology, of your name will be given on receipt of the two dollars, together with the answer to one question. Simply address Adrienne Peabody, care of this magazine, 101 W. 31st St., New York, N. Y. State exact birthdate.

The News Reel

(Continued from page 13)

The first oil painting or pastel made of the great German star, Marlene Dietrich, since her arrival in America, was the creation of O. Greiner, a Brooklyn, N. Y. artist and a German-American portrait painter. Our hats are off to Mr. Greiner for the clever likeness he secured in this pastel, and, being the first made in the U. S. A., it is hoped that the Paramount-Publix theatres will endeavor to obtain permanent possession of it for their galleries.

George Irving has also been signed for a part in a Fox picture of college youth, which Seymour Felix is directing.

One of the film companies in New York City boasts of a publicity staff which takes from an hour and a half to two hours regularly for lunch. . . . Magazine editors and newspaper men who wish to get prompt service are figuring on buying troughs for them and installing them in the film company's offices so at least someone will be "on the job." Others are advising them to read

Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia." In an army fighting for victory someone should be on the firing line every hour of the day.

Lou Tellegen has ironed out his difficulties with Uncle Sam's tax men. The movie and stage star owed the government practically \$10,000 in unpaid taxes, but he blamed it on his business manager. After a long conference Tellegen and the tax collectors informed the world at large that the former matrimonial leading man for Countess Jeanne de Brochure and Geraldine Farrar, and present mate of Eva Cassanova would settle by way of that great American institution—the instalment plan.

Graham MacNamee pulled the prize bull recently when, in describing a news reel scene in the talkies, he announced that the neighbors of the Unknown Soldier (in Greece) were seeing him to his last resting place. We're still wondering if Graham omitted mentioning that the parents of the Unknown Soldier were also in the procession.

John A. Derthick, of the Partens Press, Inc., 30 Cooper Square, N. Y. City, is "knocking 'em over" when it comes to theatrical printing—having booked several good accounts recently and at the same time making room for more in the shop. Jack is a member of the N. V. A. and is a close friend of Roxy, Oscar Shaw, and a host of other Broadway and Hollywood celebrities.

The curtain-lifting was advertised at 8:30, and it had not budged by 9 o'clock.

The Tired-Business-Man in Row A on the aisle turned to the t. b. m. in the adjacent pew and chirped: "Wonder what the matter?"

"Nothin' I hope," was the reply. "Gues they're waitin' for the chorus girls to get undressed."

Cinema Kisses

(Continued from page 12)

of the Pathe company—lock, stock and barrel, will not interfere, in any way, with the successful love scenes they've crammed into their productions thus far.

As for the "westerns"—I like the clinches of Virginia Browne Faire and Wally Wales in the wild and woolly west stuff they're shooting on the coast. I could name a raft of couples who do well in the "lip mixing" act—their name is legion. But in conclusion let me drop a tear for Clive Brook; what a whale of a lot of fun he seems to be missing with those cold, drop-me-a-line kisses on the forehead. . . . What do you think, dear reader?

Date

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Marlene Dietrich is the mother of a four year old girl, Maria.

(Continued from page 9)

Paramount-Puhlix wallowing in the Slough of Despair?

Hadn't the great Chevalier flopped miserably in "Playboy of Paris"? Hadn't Clara Bow gotten "in Dutch" with the better element? Hadn't Helen Kane's last pictures—"Dangerous Nan McGrew" and "Heads Up"—proved almost disastrous from the quality point of view? Hadn't orders been issued to directors and actors to make better pictures or quit?

Then came the dawn!

A well educated, beautifully formed girl, five feet five inches tall, with interesting blue eyes which don't exactly match, and with a wealth of red-gold hair, loomed on the horizon. Her 120 pounds will carry more weight with the box office receipts for some time to come than have many, many of the pictures which Paramount-Puhlix has released the past year.

In "Morocco" she sings in French and converses in English, and does both in a thoroughly capable manner. She is sensuously and voluptuously beautiful without being in the least big vulgar or repulsive. She is a thoroughbred from the tips of her fingers, and the crown of her head to the tips of her toes; an actress of no mean ability and a film-star-jewel of the first water.

The story of her first picture is an epic in itself—too lengthy for detailed publication

here. It is the story of a powerful love; the kind of a love which dominates and sways every secondary *motif* in the picture. The story of a man ruthless with all women—a man who considers them but passing pleasures to be tasted and cast aside. And of a woman who scorns all men in her embittered viewpoint of life. "Morocco" is an unforgettable love story. Not the inconsequential sentimentality of boy-and-girl courtship. But love that is vital... soul-stirring... real. It is the story of a ruthless... unreasonable... magnificent love, dwarfing all other emotions.

Every great production is more than a human drama told in pictures. Back of that drama is an intangible fascination of locale... an amazing realism of setting... a fusing of the forces of nature and of life that lift a picture to greatness.

So it is with "Morocco". Its surging romance is pictured against the sensuous... colorful background of North Africa. There is Morocco... city of weird masonry... twisted, uneven streets... veiled women street walkers and merchants' wives... swaggering Legionnaires.

A cafe... filled with a cosmopolitan crowd of white men and black... turbaned tribesmen... smartly tailored officers... richly gowned women... tipsy soldiers... brazen harlots. The wealth and squalor of a tropical city, rubbing elbows... There is the Sahara... cruel... relentless... mysterious.

The searing breath of the parched desert is all but felt.

There is the Foreign Legion. Bronzed men, picturesquely uniformed, marching to the blare of gay trumpets, the quick beat of drums... These are scenes to quicken the pulse... to fan that spark of adventure deep in everyone's soul... We have yet to see a picture where the strains of martial music and the beat of military drums are used to better effect. All of which serves to bring the man closer to the woman. The man is Gary Cooper, happy-go-lucky soldier of fortune... private in the Foreign Legion, where every man's past is his own secret. A young man... but one without an illusion...

The girl is Marlene Dietrich. A cafe singer whose ravishing beauty has been as much of a curse as a blessing... *Men are no novelty to her. She has been loved and has loved before*... and suffered the pain of disillusionment.

There is another man... Adolphe Menjou. A polished sophisticate. A citizen of the world. Wealthy. Sportsman and gentleman to the core. Both men offer the girl their love. Menjou, love with Marriage... Wealth... Protection.

Cooper, love alone... and the opportunity to share the hunted existence of a deserter from the Foreign Legion.

The girl doesn't hesitate. Luxury, marriage, money, position; they're nothing when compared with her flaming love for the penniless soldier... But he marches off with the Legion into the desert without a word of explanation.

There is much that happens which is of interest, including an attempted murder—a love affair with the commanding officer's wife—what happens after the discovery of that illicit love... too much to tell here. It would be a shame to spoil the story for you, and, regardless of what course others may pursue, this magazine isn't in business to make it easy for you to stay away from the movie house.

As for the director, Josef von Sternberg is a rare combination of the artistic and the practical. Time and again he has proven his right to be listed with the most consistent box office directors. Yet never has he done the obvious with his characters or his stories.

Von Sternberg directs for the audience. His skill is not limited to any one type of production. He has shown amazing versatility. "Morocco" is a story of his choice. Dietrich, a player of his own discovery, trained by him in the UFA-made hit, "The Blue Angel". He postponed production until Cooper was available. He waited weeks until Jules Furthman, scenarist for many von Sternberg successes, was free from other work.

By "Morocco" will the great German combination of Dietrich, von Sternberg and Ulrich Haupt be known. Others in the cast include Adolphe Menjou, Juliette Compton, Gary Cooper, Francis MacDonald, Albert Conti, Eve Southern, Michael Visaroff and Paul Porcasi... Another strange coincidence is found in the fact that Paul Porcasi starred in the screen and stage version of "Broadway"—a play which, when given in Germany, was Marlene Dietrich's first starring vehicle.

As for the star herself—the little lady whose picture graces the front cover of this issue, there is too much to be said which cannot be left unsaid. We shall therefore say "Auf Wiedersehen" until next month when the story of Marlene will be continued.

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Go Western, Young Man

(Continued from page 15)

brother Dave and her little sister, Honey Girl. Their father, an aristocrat of the South had gambled away all they owned, and died. Ruth had decided to cast her fortune with the wagon train. Breck comes into the cabin, and as Ruth has her back turned, thinks her to be Mary Riggs. He throws his arms around her, but hastily apologizes when she angrily apprises him of his mistake. It is a wholesome, virile, young manish kiss and hug, however.

On the outskirts of the town Breck meets a group of plainsmen. Flack, a bearded ruffian, enters the group just as Breck is telling the men of how some white renegades killed two white men. Flack throws a chewed stick away and leaves. Breck picks up the stick, compares it with something he has wrapped in a handkerchief, and eagerly inquires regarding Flack. They tell him that Flack is boss bull whipper for Wellman, the Indian trader at the post. Breck goes to Wellman and agrees to scout for the train after all. It is agreed that Breck is to have charge of dealings with the Indians and Flack is to boss the bull train. In conversation with Wellman, Breck learns that a pal of Flack's, by the name of Lopez, came in the previous month with a wealth of wolf hides.

Dave Cameron meets Breck and asks him to look over their outfit. Dave introduces Breck to Ruth, but she treats him coldly. Thorpe, a gambler and a friend of the Cameron family, has joined the train because he is in love with Ruth, and poses as a wealthy plantation owner. Flack recognizes Thorpe as an old buddy of his, and knowing Thorpe's marksmanship, decides to take him along in his train.

When everything is in readiness, they pull out, the emigrant train falling in line with the bull train. Everything goes smoothly for many miles until the train encounters mud. In the meantime, Breck has made inquiries and learnt a lot about Flack and Lopez. Also, he has made some headway in getting into the good graces of Ruth. Flack sees that Breck is learning too much, and decides to get rid of him.

Breck sees signs of Indians in the neighborhood. His dislike for Flack is increased when the latter announces his intention of dealing with them with a horsewhip. Breck insists that he alone handle them as they might come on a friendly visit. When the Indians do come, Breck sounds the warning. The Indians stampede the herd, but are eventually driven off. A celebration is staged and the people dance while a card game goes on on the side. Breck discovers Thorpe cheating and exposes him.

Breck leaves the train for a couple of days, deciding to go to a village to get a couple of Pawnee bucks as scouts. When he returns with the bucks, the train starts off again. Breck rides off to hunt Buffalo, and Flack, seeing the opportunity, follows him in company with Thorpe and Lopez. Thorpe and Lopez fire at Breck who falls from his horse and lies motionless. They return to the train and intimate that the Indians must have gotten Breck. They wait two days, but when Breck does not appear, they start off.

Breck catches up with the train just as Flack has told Thorpe that his way is clear with the girl.

Breck accounts for his absence by saying that his pony tripped and stunned him. He

learns that Thorpe and Lopez have been absent from the train, and plans his revenge. But his revenge is delayed by an Indian uprising in which the emigrant train is almost entirely wiped out.

Eventually Breck manages to pay off his score with Flack and Lopez. The wagon train, or what is left of it, reaches the promised land, and there Ruth decides that, after all, Breck and she will go through life together.

A clean, wholesome, fast-moving story in picture form; a credit to Walsh and to the Fox organization. Other "Pictures of the Month" which we have acknowledged have been "The Vagabond King," "Hell Harbor," "The Divorcee," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Holiday," and "Outward Bound." And in "going western" Mr. Walsh has succeeded admirably with "The Big Trail."

Handling Story Material

(Continued from page 23)

duction, he will have the assurance that he need have no worry over changes, eliminations or additions to his script and may film it exactly as it is written.

The story or play is first turned over to an experienced narrative writer who prepares a treatment of it in approximately 2000 words. This tells the story in chronological order, at the same time carefully accentuating its highlights. This treatment is turned over to a playwright and a motion picture scenario writer who work together in preparing the scenario.

When they are satisfied with their job, the director and the narrative writer are called in and the four work out a script which must entirely satisfy the director. The latter is thus expected to make any changes before he starts production and not afterwards.

This scenario is then turned over to an expert motion picture technician whose job it is to see that the picture will not run too long or too short and that no scene or bit of action is impossible to film as it is written.

As a concluding step, the completed scenario goes to Eugene Walter, Pathe's dialogue editor, who is the final authority on all scripts.

Another unique step employed by Pathe in bringing its stories to the screen is seen in the system of having the playwright work on the set with the director through the entire production, from the good old-fashioned play-reading before actual filming starts to the final editing.

Food for Thought

(Continued from page 24)

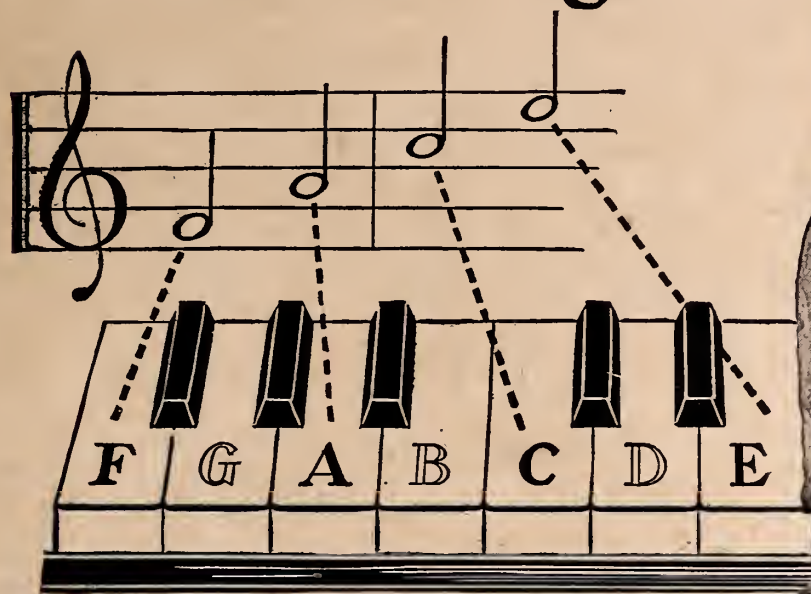
a wire rack in a tall saucepan; cover well and steam until pulp is tender. Or, bake in a moderate oven until squash can be pierced with a fork. The pieces of squash may be sprinkled with salt before cooking.

Scrape the tender pulp from the shell and mash or force through a sieve into a hot bowl; add sugar, salt and butter and beat to a cream. Taste, adding more salt and sugar, if desired. Beat in the cream and a sprinkle of ginger (very good) or pepper and then beat vigorously a few moments. Keep very hot over water until serving time.

Pile the orange fluff into a pretty, hot dish, roughening the surface; and, if liked, add a few dots of butter. Serve at once.

And I'll bet dollars to doughnuts it's a dish you'll enjoy immensely.

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was his, but tomorrow she
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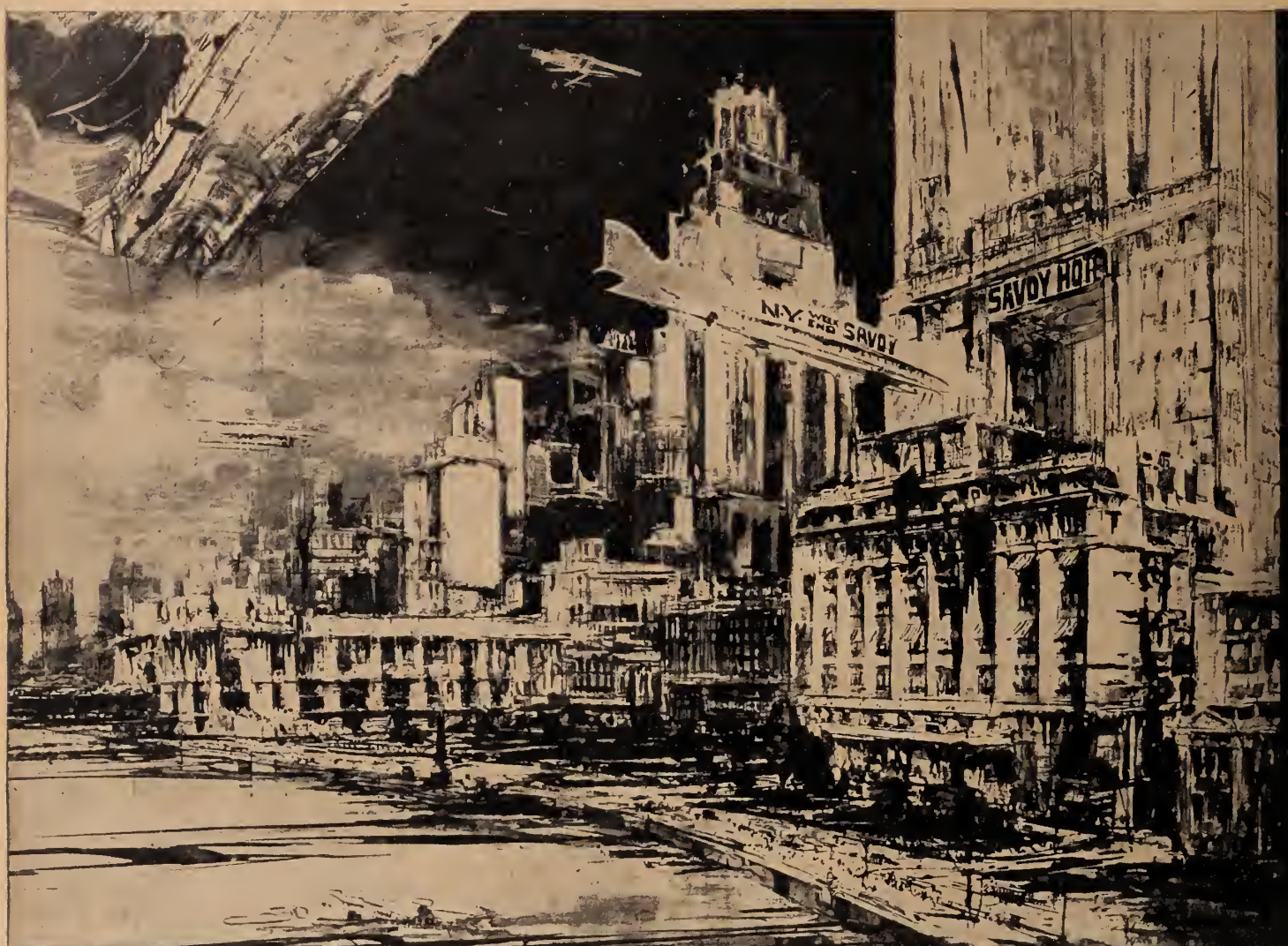
March

FREE
LOVE

By Genevieve Tobin
SCREEN REVIEWS

MARY BRIAN
Paramount Publix
Star — Painted by
A.V. Fabry

A.V. FABRY



**An Impression of
the Savoy Hotel
London**

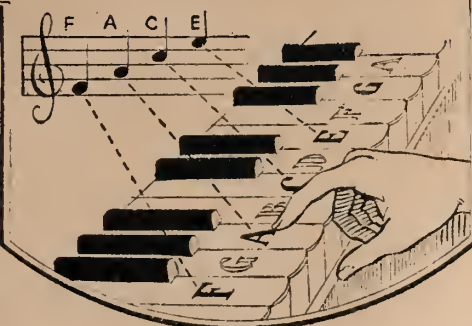
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"MAD AS A MARCH HARE"
—Frederick March, starred in
"The Royal Family" and "Sex
in Business."



SETTING THE PACE



BY W. W. HUBBARD

AS THE nation returns to its normal status of American prosperity and the dark shadow of unemployment shortens and dims in the light of the new day, we can be forgiven for pausing a moment to take mental stock of our progress.

It is interesting to note that in spite of the phenomenal revivals in the steel, copper, automobile and ship-building industries, there is a still greater example of industrial progress,—the motion pictures. Refusing to accept the "bogeyman" of national panic and ignoring the voices of "depression" from our economic graveyards, the motion picture industry has plodded merrily along, setting an example of courage and confidence unmatched in other business activities.

The fourth largest industry in America is planning to pass out nearly three hundred millions of dollars in Hollywood alone. A forecast of expected box office receipts place the total at \$750,000,000. The histrionic unit of the business will pocket around \$150,000,000—the bulk of which will be spent in New York. Figures make one dizzy and bewildered, but in this case they are pertinent and interesting.

On the whole about \$600,000,000 will be spent as the payroll item; this being paid out to about 51,000 individuals in the next twelve months.

As we go to press we have the announcement of a \$5,000,000 nation-wide chain of theatres to be established by the Hughes-Franklin group. The Fox Film company announces their plans to spend \$2,000,000 just for stories for the next four years; a total of eight millions of dollars already budgeted.

There are so many items of a similar nature in a greater or lesser degree that it would be an offence to those we miss in the scramble to attempt to list them all. Suffice it to say that here is an industry which has not heeded the yapping of yellow dogs nor listened to the whispering of terror-stricken and chicken-hearted bankers.

The program of expenditures planned by the film business represents a brand of courage and confidence which is setting the pace for the rest of the country. Sooner or later some of us are going to make ourselves look ridiculous in our mad scramble to get on the band wagon.

For the parade is surely coming down the street; we can hear the music and see the flags waving; and the motion picture industry, like Abou Ben Adam's name, is leading all the rest.

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KAY JOHNSON
M-G-M star.



RONALD COLMAN
Popular English Actor



BASIL RATHBONE and
KAY FRANCIS in an intimate
love scene, for which he is so
famous.



Basil
Rathbone

A DIAMOND

— *Not in the Rough*

By ANITA DELGLYN

FROM the land of Cecil Rhodes comes a diamond—a smooth diamond—in no sense “in the rough.” Not the Koh-i-noor or the Great Mogul, but a South African jewel of priceless value and exquisite polish—the Basil diamond.

You’ve guessed it—I’m referring to Basil Rathbone, cultured English actor, world traveller, cinema star, and a real, honest-to-goodness “he-man” beneath it all. One of the screen’s greatest lovers, and a man who has no equal when it comes to pouring him into one of those ready-made drawing room scenes. He fits like the paper on the wall!

If you had seen him, as I did, in the play dealing with the life of Catherine of Russia—seen him make love to Doris Keane as passionately, as smoothly, and as thrillingly as has ever been done upon the American stage—you would not wonder why I, like so many others of my sex, get the “palps” when Basil Rathbone makes a stage or screen

appearance. As a young Cossack officer who rose to fame and power because of the warmth of his love-making to

Constance Bennett

Basil



Basil Rathbone

With
Ruth
Chatter-
ton



the Czarina of all the Russias, he won a place in the hearts of both men and women and left a new appreciation and an understanding of at least that phase of the world's history.

So eloquent was his voice and so passionately beautiful his gestures that it needed but little imagination to complete the imagination's portrayal of the physical act of love. Blase New York, brusque Chicago, staid Philadel-

phia, and Puritanical Boston were shocked, thrilled and pleased in turn. Those who had come to scoff remained to praise, and I am personally inclined to believe that the profound impression Mr. Rathbone created upon his New York and Chicago audiences at that time was the turning point for great successes in the United States. And of course, throughout the world, for intensely patriotic citizens of the British Empire will never refuse to view a film in which a South African is starred or featured.

I am also certain that his success in "The Czarina" was largely responsible for his being cast in films later on. I've only seen one picture in which I felt a wee bit uncomfortable, feeling that he was miscast, and that was in M-G-M's attempt to do "The Bishop Murder Case." I really believe that the public couldn't quite take to what they called a "substitute" for Philo Vance in the person of William Powell in the S. S. Van Dine detective stories. He gave the best that was in him to the part, however, and M-G-M had no regrets on his account. He proved an excellent drawing card, however, in "A Lady of Scandal" in which he played opposite Ruth Chatterton.

Making love to Kay Francis and Billie Dove in "A Notorious Affair" was one of his high-spots in the picture, a production which didn't prove to be a real success—that in spite of his splendid work. In Pathe's "Sin Takes a Holiday" he again scored a distinct hit; and in "A Lady Surrenders", in which he appeared with Rose Hobart and Genevieve Tobin, he was pronounced by the critics as "accomplished", "gifted", "rare ability", "excellent", etc. I shall ever recall that never-to-be-forgotten kiss he gave Rose Hobart in that picture; it will be a constant reminder that the polished, smooth drawing room manners may be but the velvet covering of a masculine volcano. Basil Rathbone has the shoulders of a football player, the strength of a lion in his hands and wrists, and all of the grace and superb manners of the perfect cavalier. But let me just give you a few facts about this "diamond in the smooth."

Basil Rathbone, leading man under long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer, was



Rose
Hobart

born in Johannesburg, South Africa. He went to school in England, and began his stage career there at the age of eleven, playing in Shakespearian productions.

Basil
Rathbone

Rathbone had shown his bent for the stage when he was eight years old, however. He went through a whole scene of a play in which he had heard Sir Henry Irving in the parlor of his home on the following day. In London Rathbone played in "George Sand", "He Who Gets Slapped" and "Peter Ibbetson," and made one of his greatest successes as Iago in "Othello." He came to the United States in 1912 and became one of the foremost figures on the New York stage by his work in "The Czarina," with Doris Keane, "The Swan", "The Captive" and "The Command to Love". He was co-author and star of the play "Judas".

Rathbone's first appearance in motion pictures was in "The Masked Bride" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1925. He played opposite Mae Murray in that film. After that he returned to Broadway, where he remained until the development of talking pictures made him one of the most sought after of dramatic actors. There isn't a picture company operating which wouldn't be more than glad to add his name to their professional staff.

Rathbone is married to the beautiful Onida Bergere, scenarist and



With Billie Dove

playwright. He is six feet, one and one half inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, possesses a handsome profile, has black hair and hazel eyes. Frank Benson, the actor, is a cousin of Rathbone. What picture will he do next? I do not know; I should like to see him in "The Czarina" if Will Hays will permit it to be done the way it should be produced. . . . However, whatever he does, you may rest assured that it will be a worthy effort.

Why I Like HOLLYWOOD

By MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

BECAUSE it's one place where people have enough leisure to eat artichokes. . . . Because of the funny sounds the Jap florist makes when I ask him the name of the flowers I am buying.

Because of the trick motor horns—a roadster calling its mate.

Because of the drive-in soft drink fountains, where the girls who serve you bring out the refreshments on a tray which clamps in the window of your car, and leave it there until you load it up with the empty glasses.

Because when you buy two gallons of gas,

Connecticut Yankee"; and from John Garrick in "Just Imagine." I like Hollywood because it has its own peculiar brand of kisses.

Because, at Hollywood parties the girls come dolled up within an inch of their lives and the men come looking as if they'd just changed a tire.

Because some of the bathing suits worn at the beaches look like the deuce, the deuce being the lowest possible cut.

Because I've discovered that I can silence my next door neighbor's lawnmower by borrowing it.

Because of the sign which I saw painted on an antiquated roadster: "This can't go on forever."

Because everybody eats at all-night quickies—that is to say, button joints; that is to say, coffee slabs; that is to say, lunch counters.

Because the only noise that keeps me awake at night is the crickets making whoopee.

I like Hollywood because of its spirit of co-operation. Out here a flapper, trying to get into the movies, told me about the co-operative housekeeping she experienced at home. "Take my silk stockings, for instance," she said, exhibiting a nifty pair of limbs, "Mother washes them, grandma mends them, and I wear them. Isn't that division of labor?"

*Two studies
of John
Garrick and
Maureen
O'Sullivan.*

the boys at the service station fill your radiator, check your tires, check the oil, put water in your battery, wash the windshield and windows, polish the body, vacuum the interior, and no doubt would—if you gave them time—grind the valves and remove the carbon.

Because when I buy a leg of lamb the butcher assures me that the other leg has just been sent out to Will Rogers.

Because I liked the sweet, warm kisses I got on the Fox lot from Charles Farrell in "The Princess and the Plumber"; from Frank Albertson in "The





MISS GENEVIEVE TOBIN, charming star of "Free Love" and "A Lady Surrenders"; and author of the special article appearing in this issue.



FREE LOVE

By GENEVIEVE TOBIN

FREE LOVE, in its most commonly accepted sense, is practised by many, admitted by few, but discussed by all. As an accepted practise it is decried by the pulpit, pilloried by the press, ostracised by society, and outlawed by our statute books; yet there is hardly a county, town or hamlet in the populated sections of North America where it does not raise its age-old head in leering mockery of our modern civilization and dip its poisonous fangs into some part of the pool of our community life.

Primitively, we are told by both scientists and social workers, man is of a polygamous nature and yet even upon that presumption, few men can be found who will sincerely defend the doctrine of free love. Did I say a "doctrine"? Apparently it is, for *Webster's International Dictionary* defines "free love" as: "The doctrine or practise of living openly with one of the opposite sex, at pleasure — without marriage."

In the portrayal of the idea of free love in a motion picture film, it was obvious, in view of the outward unpopularity of the practise, to treat the subject in the frank, bald sense we know it to be. With a hundred and a quarter millions of people attending the American cinema houses every week it is altogether apparent that the sensibilities and feelings of many of those fans would be grossly outraged by too frank a discussion, pictorially and verbally, of free love. Sex, in its

proper place, is a thing of beauty, of nobility, and of Nature itself. Treated in an improper sense it is coarse, ugly, unsocial and destructive.

Knowing that, you can readily see how unnecessary it was for the Universal Film Company to offend the sensibilities of anyone in putting over a clean-cut, wholesome and constructive message clothed in pungent, fast-moving drama.

Hobart Henley knew that those whose experiences have been a bit more worldly, shall I say—whose minds have been broadened by travel and associations, whose reading and studies have carried them into deeper channels than are sailed by the uninitiated—would know and understand the profound truth in its many-sided aspects which the mention of "free love" brings to light.

Taken from the story "Half Gods" by Sidney Howard, with an adaptation and dialog by Edwin Knopf, a scenario was arranged by Winifred Dunn, and, under the supervision of E. M. Asher, overlooked editorially by Maurice Picar — Mr. Henley went forward with "Free Love" for Carl Laemmle.

The result you are probably aware by now, for, like Benjamin Franklin in admitting the possession of vanity, I will state emphatically my belief in the picture and its power.

Conrad Nagel, who in real life is
(Cont. on page 49)

Genevieve Tobin and
Conrad Nagel

"Free
Love"



"DISHONORED" — Gustav
von Seyffertitz and Marlene Diet-
rich in the new Paramount-
Publix movie.



DIETRICH *of* DEUTSCHLAND

By Dr. Abbuh Randlaw—PART II

THERE is a real danger that Marlene Dietrich's greatest enemies may prove to be her friends. In the opinion of one who picked several stars as possible movie successes long before their names were on the dotted line, permit the writer to venture the assertion that with or without the usual press agent ballyhoo, Marlene Dietrich *will succeed* on both the screen and the stage in America. The former, in fact, has already taken place.

But her friends being her enemies? Yes—there is a menace in the "over press-agenting" of the great German star. Great as she is, there is always the fear that she might be "oversold" to the public, and I have already seen several isolated instances of that among sincere film fans.

She will be back in the United States soon, having returned to Germany to visit her husband and her four year old daughter, Maria, at Christmas time, and possibly will then take a hand in her own publicity releases and interviews. I noticed a rather scathing "interview" with the actress by Florabel Muir, Hollywood writer for the largest newspaper in America, the *Daily News*. I thought she was a bit bitter until I discovered the reason for her anger at the end of her article; she hadn't been really able to interview Marlene so the chip was carried quite prominently on the shoulder.

She may be of German birth but she is Scotch with her interviews. When I last saw her just before the recent sailing-home, someone remarked about her likeness to Greta Garbo. . . . And it is quite pronounced. She merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "Oh, that is very silly."

But whether she likes it or not, these comparisons will be made. And she does look like Jeanne Eagles, late star of Paramount-Famous-Lasky pictures. In connection with this article, I am presenting pictures of her as compared to portraits of both Greta Garbo and Jeanne Eagles . . . draw your own conclusions. If this has much to do with her popularity, we feel sorry for her, because we believe she can "stand on her own legs."

And, by the way, she has a delightfully beautiful pair to stand upon. Which may or may not be another reason for her popularity. Few of us will ever be able to forget the "introduction film" the Paramount-Public organization floated 'round the country in which Marlene Dietrich, her voice, and her legs—yes—that's the sequence, were introduced to the American public by Eugene Pallette. And in his own gruff way the "Sergeant Heath" of the Philo Vance stories put over a great job and made a striking "opposite" against which the fair Marlene played up the glories of her sex, and the sexiness of her glories.

And, incidentally, when the German star returned to Berlin this past Christmas season, it was also to celebrate her birthday; she first having seen the light of day two days after Christmas in the German capital.

Her father, an army officer, planned a musical career for his flaxen haired daughter, and evidently he didn't guess wrongly! Marlene's early education was carefully supervised by her family. She was sent to a private school at Weimar where she studied violin, singing, and mastered French and English. Later she entered a musical academy in Berlin to train for the concert stage.

Over-practicing developed a serious injury to her left hand, and for six months she was forced to discontinue her musical work. During this period she became interested in the stage and entered Max Reinhardt's school of drama.

Miss Dietrich's first role was in the German version of the American play, "Broadway". Her next part was in a musical comedy in which her beauty and delightful singing voice won her immediate success.

For the next three years she divided her time between motion picture work and the musical comedy stage. Two of her outstanding pictures that were released in the United States were "I Kiss Your Hand, Madam" and "Three Loves." Also appeared in "Manon Lescaut."

Josef von Sternberg, Paramount director, selected her for the leading role opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel", after seeing her in one performance of a current musical show in Berlin. Von Sternberg was thoroughly convinced that she was fitted for the part and she started working in the studio without the usual sound and film test.

When Von Sternberg returned to Paramount's west coast studios and learned that he was to direct "Morocco,"

he again selected Miss Dietrich.
Cont'd
on page 16

The delectable Dietrich in "Dis-honored."





If you can't guess who these stars are after several guesses, turn to the bottom of page 17.

rich for the leading feminine role.

And due to the remarkable success of these two films, Von Sternberg was also selected to direct "Dishonored," her most recent picture. Again she is cast with a German, this time Gustav von Seyffertitz. You will recall in my previous article in the February number (on which her portrait appeared as a cover design) that Ulrich Haupt, German actor who appeared as Prince Albert in the Broadway stage play "Queen Victoria", played opposite her as "villain" in "Morocco." Herr Haupt has been a frequent welcome sight in films, one of his notable hits being with Ruth Chatterton in "Madame X". By the way, there is much of Ruth's ability in Marlene. . . . Remember "Anybody's Woman?" If you do, turn to the page facing the opening of this article and see if that doesn't remind you of Mrs. Ralph Forbes (to you, Ruth Chatterton) as she was shown in the opening shots of that play.

And, in order to gather some support in the British empire, Paramount-Publix has wisely cast Victor McLaglen opposite her. Victor is London born, but there's hardly a provincial state of any size in the Empire in which Mr. McLaglen hasn't resided at some time or other. However, Miss Dietrich could "get by" on her own if necessary and,

whether Mr. Hays likes it or not, I'm venturing the assertion that the sex *motif* in her films is what is carrying her upwards, and, incidentally, making a lot of money for Paramount-Publix, if reports from theatres all over the country are any criterion. "The Blue Angel", in which she appeared opposite Emil Jannings, set a new week-end record for receipts at the Rialto Theatre in New York City. And at the same time the receipts for "Morocco," in which she was appearing for the fourth week with Gary Cooper at the Rivoli Theatre, were higher than those of the previous week-end.

Such a jump in the drawing power of a film several weeks after it has started a special run is unusual. This sudden upturn, which began with one personal appearance by Miss Dietrich at the Rivoli attests the swift growth in popularity of the European beauty who finds herself, a little over six months after her arrival here, enjoying a favor that has the same meteoric rise as the welcome accorded to Maurice Chevalier. As in the case of Chevalier, her rise in public esteem is all the more pronounced in view of the fact that she is acting in English, a language foreign to her, and working for the first time in a strange land, with few friends surrounding her.

At the Uptown Theatre in Boston "Morocco" also set a new all-time record, while at the Newman Theatre in Kansas City the gross receipts for the first three days equalled the average week's returns. I feel she will have the same success in "Dishonored" in which Barry Norton will also be featured. Her pictures have crowded the Capitol Theatre, Manitowac, Wisconsin.

Marlene Dietrich is five feet five inches tall, one inch shorter than Greta Garbo; weighs 120 pounds, has naturally curly red-gold hair and blue eyes. She plays the violin for recreation. Is very fond of children.

I asked Adrienne Peabody, famous numerologist, if the "Science of Numerology" held anything of a favorable nature for Miss Dietrich, and was told that in 1932 the German star will reach the peak of her career and find her greatest successes: that she would be unfortunate in her marital ventures; and lastly, that she will turn to writing and dramatizing. . . . How true this is, time alone will tell. But I do know that already one well known Broadway producer and theatre-owner has offered her substantially fabulous sums to appear for him in

Josef von

Sternberg, director of "Dishonored."





the drama.

My only fear is that a director with less ability than Von Sternberg may some day get hold of her and with one or two poor pictures smash her career. In concluding this two part article it is with the prayer that that doesn't happen.

ANSWERS TO THE PORTRAITS IN CIRCLES: Reading from left to right, in case you didn't guess them correctly, we find Jeanne Eagles, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. These resemblances are most striking.




MARLENE DIETRICH and EMIL JANNINGS in *"The Blue Angel."*



EDWINA BOOTH, comely star
of "Trader Horn", the African
film.

AV. FABRY



JOHN GILBERT
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
pictures star.

A.V. FABRY

Did WILLIAM Conquer 'Er?

Not at a Hand of Bridge,—He Didn't!

MARION DAVIES may have been playing as "North" when she won this hand of bridge recently played at her home in Hollywood, but she was everything but representative of the frozen north; she was a "hot number", and still is, as a bridge player. And poor Bill Holden—normally he's a wonder—but with all the switching and changing of partners again and again the great actor found himself on the mean end of the score the entire evening.

And just when the chance to cop the "booby" prize came, William Holden is lined up as Miss Davies' partner and Marion makes a nice clean up! Unable to conquer her all evening as an opponent, he finally sits out as dummy while the M.-G.-M. star romps home with a large enough score to take his own out of the "low money" class. However, enough of that—here are all the gruesome details, and they're interesting!

In this hand William Holden was dealt the King and Six of Spades, the Nine, Seven and Two of Hearts, the Ace, Queen, Nine, Seven and Five of Diamonds and the King, Nine and Three of Clubs. Naturally Bill opened the bidding with One Diamond.

Sitting on Mr. Holden's left was Elliott Nugent holding the Nine, Five and Three of Spades; the Five of Hearts; the Six, Four, Three and Two of Diamonds and the Eight, Seven, Six, Five and Deuce of Clubs. Four cards of Bill Holden's suit, but not an honor in any suit. No opposition here; he passed!

William's partner, Miss Davies, as seen in the picture below, held the Ace, Jack and Eight of Spades; the Ace,

Ten, Six and Four of Hearts; the King, Jack and Ten of Diamonds and the Ace, Queen and Jack of Clubs. Three honors in the suit bid by her partner, Mr. Holden, and a fine, rollicking-good hand all around! She bid One No Trump.

Raymond Hackett, one of the stars of "Madame X" and other successes, held the Queen, Ten, Seven, Four and Deuce of Spades; the King, Queen, Jack, Eight and Trey of Hearts; the Eight of Diamonds and the Ten and Four of Clubs. He passed, leaving the bid, after Holden and Nugent passed, in Marion's hands.

In the hands mentioned above and pictured in connection with this article, Miss Davies, playing a No Trump, can, as soon as she sees the Dummy, count on taking eleven tricks with top cards alone. Casually, it would appear that the making of a Slam would depend upon the success or failure of a finesse against the Queen of Spades. As is so often true, the play of the hand will develop the fact that such finesse is in reality unnecessary. If the Declarer has not gotten the idea of taking the finesse so firmly fixed in her mind that she fails to pay attention to Raymond's discards, she can readily make a Small Slam no matter where the Queen of Spades may lie.

Mr. Hackett (East) opens with the King of Hearts, and there being no possible reason for staving off this trick, North, (Mr. Holden, Dummy) takes it with the Ace. Five rounds of Diamonds are led, Elliott discarding a Club, Miss Davies two Hearts, and Raymond two Spades and Two Hearts.

Miss Davies should not be, and (Continued on page 50)

William
Holden

S—9-5-3
H—5
D—6-4-3-2
C—8-7-6-5-2

Elliott Nugent

Raymond
Hackett

S—Q-10-7-4-2
H—K-Q-J-8-3
D—8
C—10-4

S—A-J-8
H—A-10-6-4
D—K-J-10
C—A-Q-J

Marion Davies



S—K-6
H—9-7-2
D—A-Q-9-7-5
C—K-9-3

BROADWAY'S

Royal Family

SOMEONE has said that satire was a lost art in America, but the incorrectness of that statement was evident when we were privileged to review "The Royal Family of Broadway" at the Rivoli Theatre in New York City recently. If ever there was a movie which represented the finest quality of pure satire, it was this recent Paramount-Publix production, and for that reason, among others, we are awarding it the banner this time as "The Picture of the Month."

Incidentally, this is the second time within eight selections that the Paramount-Lasky group has captured that honor, and a great deal of credit must go to their very capable director, and to Edna Ferber and George Kaufman for an entertaining story. It gets its plot from the reign of the Barrymores, and allows Paramount to poke a bit of fun at Warner Brothers' big shot, John Barrymore, in a harmless and delightfully funny way. It's all beautifully done, skillfully written, and excellently acted by a cast which included Ina Claire (Mrs. John Gilbert), Frederic Marsh, Mary Brian, Henrietta Crossman, Charles Stark, Arnold Korff, Frank Conroy,

Royal G. Stout, Elsie Edmond, Murray Alper, Wesley Stark and Herschel Mayall.

Paramount's publicity department has been busy "explaining" to a not-to-be-fooled public that the picture wasn't meant for the Barrymores, and that Mary Brian wasn't attempting to impersonate the daughter of Ethel Barrymore. They state that there have been at least a hundred flesh-and-blood families on the English-speaking stage with histories similar to the mythical Cavendish clan represented in "The Royal Family of Broadway", research shows.

The actions of the 1930 Cavendishes, their loyalty to the stage and its traditions, their veneration of their ancestors' ability and their pride in their own accomplishments, made "The Royal Family" what it was as a stage play and what it is as a talking motion picture.

The appearance of the Cavendishes back in the late 1600's and early 1700's occurred only in the imaginations of Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, co-authors of the play. Family charts in the current issue of "Who's Who in the Theatre" show that there are many actors and actresses appearing on Amer-
(Continued on page 50)



Below: The death scene with the royal family.

Ina Claire, leading lady of Paramount's new film.



Why I Like to Play Opposite JANET GAYNOR

By CHARLES FARRELL

WHY do I like to play opposite Janet Gaynor?
Because she understands me. She seems to know,
at times, exactly what I am thinking about and
has a reply ready almost before I put a question in words.

In playing opposite Janet there is always a responsive
note. It is the "give and take" of the technique of acting.
Keeping us both on mental tip-toe. Alert. Working to-
gether for the best possible effects before the cameras
and the microphone.

Janet and I are friends—in the finest conception of the
word. Real
friends.

Charles Farrell
and
Janet
Gaynor.

As such, we work as a team when we are in a picture to-
gether. One does not try to "steal" a scene from the other.
We both do our best to perfect the scene and give it the
semblance of reality. We work in accord to put it over.
Why shouldn't I like to work opposite her?

When we play together we rehearse our scenes over
and over again. We talk them over at great length with
our director. In "The Man Who Came Back," our latest
picture, the director was Raoul Walsh. He was most
generous in permitting us to work out bits of business that
seemed natural to the motivation of the story.

We do not always agree—Janet and I—in our study and
our work, but one of the priceless qualities of her char-
acter is her ability to see the other fellow's point of view.
She grants her fellow player the privilege of having an
opinion of his own. So you can see it is a real pleasure to
work with her!

One of the biggest factors in her success is her persever-
ance. When one is working with Janet she unconsciously
stimulates him to greater endeavor. Janet always aims
at the highest attainment in her work. A person cannot
be in her company and not catch some of that spirit of
keeping everlastingly at it to win. And she does it so

quietly—so easily. But
all the time you
know she is
reaching
out for
(Cont'd
on page
50)



Two of
the screen's
greatest
lovers in a
scene from
"The Man
Who Came
Back."

Why I Like to Play Opposite CHARLES FARRELL

By JANET GAYNOR

IF you had grown up in pictures with a boy who understands you as well as any boy ever understands a girl—wouldn't you like to play opposite him in Movietone productions?

It has never occurred to me to analyze *why* I like to play with Charlie Farrell. Probably it has seemed the most natural thing to do—ever since "Seventh Heaven." I have really never given it serious thought until now. . . . in response to the editor's question.

Charlie and I are very good friends and we speak the same language, you might say. We talk things over with regard to our work. When we are playing together in a picture we spend hours on end in discussions of the scenes—sometimes with the director—often together. And frequently in the presence of our respective mothers, who give us valuable pointers, occasionally. Of course Charlie will be minus his mother's counsel from now on, as, unfortunately, she died recently.

Charlie is considerate and patient and he is tolerant. He has deep determination to employ his talents to the highest possible proficiency. It is a pleasure to work with him for this reason, alone. He never is satisfied with his own delineations and his insatiable desire for perfection keeps me keyed up to a high rate of expression, too. And I like that. . . . And his kisses are sincere, and anything but uninteresting.

He gives the very best performance of his career, I believe, in "The Man Who Came Back." It was a difficult work, probably because some of the scenes in which he appears are so entirely foreign to Charlie, himself, who, as everyone knows, is a clean-cut, thorough-going young man. But under the deft guidance of our director, Raoul Walsh, he gives an astonishingly realistic delineation of a wealthy playboy who sinks to depravity and then, through faith, regains his place in the world.

Charlie's work in this picture will be a revelation, I feel sure. And I am happy that we (Continued on page 49)

Below; Chas. Farrell, Janet Gaynor and Wm. Holden in "The Man Who Came Back." At right; Janet Gaynor.



From GRIDIRON to GREASE-PAINT

WHEN over 100,000 Americans will attend a football game, and literally millions go during the season, it is no small wonder that the film magazines sooner or later were bound to awaken to the fact that the public had a yearning to see the pigskin players. The paths of glory lead but to the grave whereas the paths of football lead directly to the film studios. A fat bribe won't get anybody past a studio gateman, but a be-padded halfback can walk right in—and perhaps have a contract in his hand when he walks out.

One reason for this bond between the gridiron and the celluloid arena is that all directors without known exception, are football fans of the most virulent type. Probably a director who didn't see every possible game would be blackballed right out of the Directors' League, and even extras wouldn't speak to him.

The real reason, the directors say, for their partiality to the husky halfbacks, is that screen audiences like vigor, vim, vitality and virility in their shadowy favorites. And your football player simply exudes these qualities in large gobs all over the place.

Soldier's Field, Chicago, has accommodated 110,000 people at a football game—a greater number than attended the various dude ranches all over the country

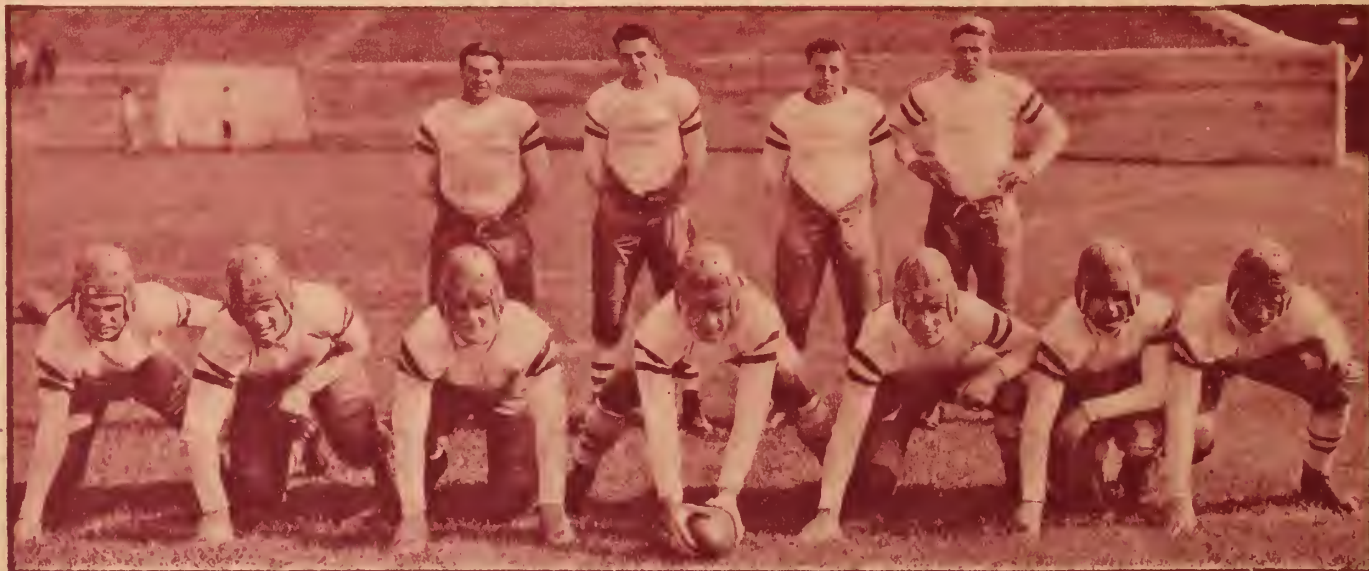
during an entire year—or even visited them. It has become evident that the public is forgetting William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, and others, and all of the "westerns", and going after creditable specimens of their sex among the football players. Just as we go to press Harold Lloyd and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are both angling for the services of that All-American quarterback, Frankie Carrideo, of Notre Dame. One second or third rate actress went so far as to try to claim she was engaged to him in order to get her rather obscure name into the press of the United States and Canada. No question about it—we're going to see plenty of football players in the movies from now on, in spite of all the college calamity howlers.

Motion pictures have long served the coaching staffs of our larger universities and there is no logical reason why they shouldn't provide some of the handsome, he-man types of screen fodder for that interested public which patronizes both the picture shows and the stadiums.

Take, for example, the selection of John Wayne for the leading role in one of the most talked-of pictures of the year. When Director Raoul Walsh was looking for the right "type" to play his young frontiersman hero in "The Big Trail," did he choose a sleek and graceful Hollywood juvenile? He did not. He picked a tall and (Continued on page 48)



John Mack Brown



H. K. Schoonover, Arkansas right end; E. N. Sleight, Purdue right tackle; George Gibson, right guard from Minnesota; Tim Moynihan, Notre Dame center; Ray Montgomery, Pittsburgh left guard; Otto Pommerening, Michigan left tackle; Kenneth Haycraft, Minnesota left end; Russell Saunders, Southern California fullback; Howard Harpster, quarterback from Carnegie Tech; Paul Scull, Pennsylvania, halfback and Bill Banker, Tulane halfback.

Have You a Little DOUBLE in Your Home?

SEEMS a shame, but we must start this story with a note of warning,—to save us a lot of trouble and to save you, dear readers and contributors, a lot of time and expense. In spite of our previous announcements to the effect that these tiny, little snapshots and "cut-out heads" would not be considered,—they are still pouring in. The only place they will ever be filed is in the waste paper basket; as under no circumstances will photographs ever be returned.

Again, we are warning you against sending in colored and tinted photographs. It is impossible to reproduce them in the pages of this magazine,—as we usually do,—and it is exceedingly bad taste *at any time* to have tinted photographs. The colors are forced and unnatural, and our position in the motion picture industry prohibits us from insulting the intelligence of a casting director or a film company executive by showing him one of those hideously tinted photographs. They too, alas, must find their way to the waste paper basket. . . . You might tell your local photographer what bad taste it is to tint photographs, anyhow!

According to a report received as we went to press, one girl was placed in film company work, and, as the film company's giving her a new name and "reducing" her age in their press sheet notices, we are not at liberty this month to disclose her name as it appeared on our registration cards. We also hear that two former extra girls are now playing the *principal* feminine roles opposite ("Buddy") Charles Rogers in his new starring picture for Paramount entitled "Along Came Youth". They are Frances Dee and Betty Boyd.

Miss Dee, Rogers' leading woman, began her screen career during a summer's vacation from her studies at the University of Chicago. After playing as an extra in several productions, she was given a small part by Paramount in "Follow Thru", with Rogers and Nancy Carroll. Her work resulted in a screen test which brought her a Paramount contract; after her qualifications and registration cards, as well as photographs, had been checked over.

She got her first big opportunity when she was chosen

over many more experienced players as Maurice Chevalier's leading woman in "Playboy of Paris".



Above: Miss Alice Marie Maurer, of Long Island

Miss Boyd is a graduate of Hollywood High School who, in four and a half years, has forged from the extra ranks to important featured roles. Her first recognition came when she was signed to a two years' contract by Educational. Since the expiration of that contract, she has been free-lancing. But she made the usual start: registering her qualifications, which were carefully card-indexed.

So much promise did she show that she was selected by the screen publicists of Hollywood as a Wampas Baby Star of 1929. She believes there's still lots of room at the top as well as in the "middle" for aspiring young actresses. Her part in the Rogers' picture is that of Miss Dee's sophisticated and decorative girl friend.

And, speaking of the word "decorative", Miss Mamie Powers, of Orlando, Florida, writes us that some experts have told her that she has the finest looking legs in the State of Florida. . . . But she neglects to send either a photograph of her face or her legs; she should send in both. We could use more photos of the girls in "shorts"



GIFTED GIRLS: Reading from left to right: Marie Dhooge, Fern Jeauette Lockreme, Dorothy O. Torreus, Eva Hefner, Eva Ronconi, Mary Curtin Trinidad, Blanche Boots, and Phoebe Selwyn.



SCREEN BEAUTIES

At the left we find Lita Moreno, charmingly beautiful star of Paramount Pictures. Above, at the right, is ROSITA MARINO, who "does stuff" in both Spanish and English for the Paramount-Public Pictures. Her latest picture is "El Mar." Need we say aught about youth and beauty? Last, but not least—in the lower right hand corner, a "Mexicamerican" star of renown, whose latest starring picture is with Tiffany's "Aloha." He is healthy, happy and successful. Lita, Rosita and Raquel!



THREE!
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Above: A. F. Larson.
Left: Sidney Lewis Graham.



Elizabeth Howard, of Richmond, Va.



Above: Harry Hull.



At right: Sidney Halpern.

or modern bathing suits. Remember, girls, that Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, and a raft of others received their first tests and tryouts, started up the ladder, from the Mack Sennett bathing beauty classes. Girls whose arms, thighs, calves, and torsos aren't beautiful haven't very much chance in the "movies" today.

In some cases, of course, doubles are used regularly when it comes to "silk stocking" close-ups of some of the stars; and girls who feel that they have these qualifications should file, as well, photos of their legs in addition to filling out the 3 by 5 Qualifications card. As we stated before, this is NOT an employment agency. This magazine has, however, the largest independent newsstand circulation of any film fan magazine issued at a popular price. (Recent trend of the times proves that a popular-priced movie magazine is anything from \$2.20 down.)

With that large and powerful circulation, we are willing to aid our readers who are sincere and who will comply with our requests for detailed information. Miss Powers, for example, bears, as some say, a resemblance between Greta Garbo and Jeanette MacDonald, but she didn't ship in her photographs, and therefore can't qualify as yet; in spite of the additional qualification of having extraordinarily beautiful legs. . . . Miss Elizabeth Howard, another Southern girl, possesses remarkably pretty lower limbs,—and an entrancing smile. This Richmond, Va., girl sings well, dances, and has had experience in school acting; resembles Mary Brian.

Another beauty who really ought to get a chance in the films is Alice Marie Mauer, of 39th St., Long Island City, N. Y. Five feet four inches tall,—a Danish blonde young

woman,—somewhat resembles Corrine Griffith and Nancy Carroll. Plays the piano, dances, rides, swims, drives a car, and has been in small plays. The intelligent, Nordic type which possesses a "warm-cold" beauty of the G. Garbo style. . . . Another fair charmer is Mary Curtin, of Oakland, Cal., Irish and German type; resembles Clara Bow and Barbara Kent. Her picture will be printed in this or the next issue of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES monthly.

Jean Murray, shapely dancer and model with the Frivolity Club, N. Y. C., looks quite a bit like Alice Joyce; has a body as beautiful as Dorothy Knapp's. . . . Estelle Aryan looks like Carmel Myers and Estelle Taylor; resides at 1207 Avenue "I", Brooklyn, N. Y., and is from the Near East. . . . Janet Coats, who has already done "extra" bits in the movies, looks like Clara Horton and Joan Blondel. She hails from Santa Monica. . . . Anita Pam, every bit as pulchritudinous as Clara Bow, resembles the "It" girl strikingly. Anita's been in New York musical comedies for a few years.

Lucie Le Flock, a French girl from Flushing, L. I., who speaks and sings in English,—resembles a half-way combination between Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll. . . . Barbara Temple, attractive blue-eyed beauty from Detroit, resembles Claire Windsor. Send us a better photo, B. T. . . . Grace Cooper, attractive blonde from Barco, N. C., loves to dance, hunt fish, and, as she says, "romance." Resembles Constance Bennett and weighs 112 pounds. . . . Dorothy E. Coons, from Cortland, N. Y., has a sweet, spiritual type of beauty which is most attractive. Possibly she knows that Syracuse "grad", Morse Ames, in her own home town. Anyhow, Dorothy says she

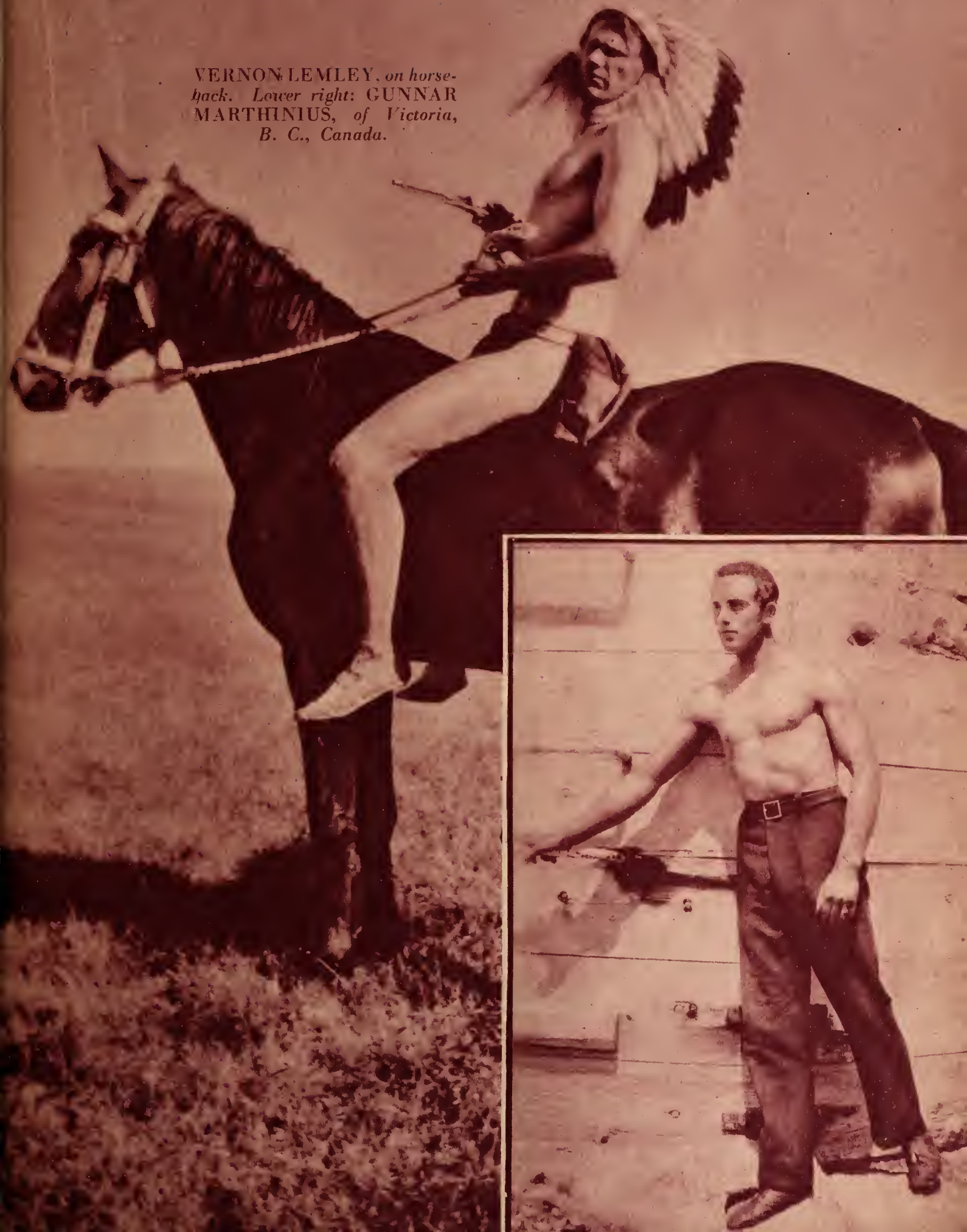


Joseph Bohernits

Below, left to right: Robin Berry, Janet Coats, Otto Eugene Wendley, Estelle Aryan, and Anthony D'Alberti.



VERNON LEMLEY, on horse-
back. Lower right: GUNNAR
MARTHINIUS, of Victoria,
B. C., Canada.





DIRIGIBLE.—Ralph Graves and Jack Holt at it again in Columbia Pictures. Ably supported by Fay Wray and Hobart Bosworth. A drama of the Arctic ice,—an airplane and a dirigible,—and a girl back home. We refuse to spoil the story for you. Splendid screen fare.



THE SEA WOLF.—From the novel by Jack London; directed by Alfred Santell; screen play by Ralph Block; and starring the late Milton Sills. Mr. Sills is supported by Jane Keith, Raymond Hackett, Mitchell Harris, Nat Pendleton, John Rogers and Harold Kinney. An exciting and thrilling movie.



THE HOT HEIRESS.—A First National release featuring Tom Dugan as "Bill Dugan" and Ben Lyon as "Hap." Directed by Clarence Badger in a thoroughly competent manner. Plenty of wise-cracks and some interesting shots of construction work. A close-up from the movie is shown above.



SOUP TO NUTS.—A "movietone" job prepared by Rube Goldberg, cartoonist for *Collier's*. Directed by Ben Stoloff and Lew Breslow. A sentimental love story played against a background of hokum, farce, wit and downright "nut" humor. Stanley Smith and Lucille Browne have the leads.

RIVER'S END.—Below we present a "shot" from the Warner Bros. feature picture of the Canadian Northwest "mounties", in which Charles Bickford is starred with Evalyn Knapp. Evalyn's pale blonde beauty contrasts finely with the photographic darkness of Bickford's wiry and curly hair. Good!



LAUGHTER.—The scene played by Frederic March and Nancy Carroll with the bear rugs was one of the funniest we've ever witnessed. Diane Ellis and Frank Morgan contributed their bit to what is a real worthy Paramount-Publix picture; a sure hit for film enjoyment.



THE LOTTERY BRIDE.—Horribly and terribly directed. Several fine stories in this one film, and one which under capable directorship, would have produced a winning film. Jeanette MacDonald's fine voice and screen personality fail to save the situation. Good singing.



VIENNESE NIGHTS.—Alexander Gray, Jean Hersholt and Vivienne Segal do plenty of work to make this Technicolor-Warner Bros. product a successful film. Good music, particularly "The You'll Remember Vienna." A little sad in spots; won't be a big money maker.



FEET FIRST.—Messrs. Grey, Cohn and Bruckman conspired to write this story for Harold Lloyd's latest starring vehicle, and a striking comedy it turned out to be! Harold is supported by Barbara Kent, Robt. McWade, Lillian Leighton, Alec Francis and Noah Young. Good fun!



THE DANCERS.—From the play of the same name by Du Maurier and Tree; directed by Chandler Sprague for Fox. David Hall, art director. Lois Moran, Walter Byron, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Farrell Davis and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in an English "westerns"—with Canada as location.



BEAU IDEAL.—Another one to the legion of Foreign Legion pictures; this one by R. K. O. and directed by Herbert Brenon who played the part of the Penal Battalion Guard Commander. Lester Vail, a handsome actor, has the role of "Otis Madison" in the story. Good.



TRAILS OF DANGER.—Western pictures are still popular; at least according to a certain young lady in the Big Four publicity offices where they grind out the "dope" on Wally Wales, Virginia Browne Faire, et al,—who have, incidentally, the leading roles in this thriller. Rather good!



RENEGADES.—And still they come! Another Foreign Legion story,—a Fox product and a good one at that. Noah Berry is excellent in the role of a hard-boiled "ron-cm." Myrna Loy, exotically beautiful as a white prostitute for the Arabs, has a difficult role to assume.



THE PAY OFF.—In the cast we find Lowell Sherman, George Marion, William Janney, Alan Roscoe and Marion Nixon. Sherman directed this for R. K. O. Pictures, and acted a role in his usual polished, sophisticated, and thoroughly-finished manner. A picture-play you're bound to enjoy.



REMOTE CONTROL.—No, for a worder, the name wasn't changed; that was the name of the stage play, Folly Moran, William Haines, Mary Doran and others,—a thoroughly capable M-G-M cast in which Mary Doran demonstrated that she is prospective star material. Haines is always good!



HER MAN.—Would have been reviewed as the picture of the month but it was nosed out by another picture a couple of months ago. Starring Helen Twelvetrees, Ricardo Cortez, Phillips Holmes, Marjorie Rambeau, James Gleason and others. One of the finest dramas Pathe has produced.



BROTHERS.—Below we see a "shot" from the screen play directed by Walter Lang,—a former actor, for Columbia. Photo shows Dorthy Sebastian and Bert Lytell,—who have the leads in the film in which Bert plays a dual role, as he did on the stage in the same play. Good entertainment with good trick photography in the "doubles."



THE SEAS BENEATH.—Fox movie-tone drama directed by Jno. Ford, from the story by Jas. Parker, Jr. A thrilling tale of submarine warfare, "mystery ships" and sea life. Nat Pendleton does well as "Butch" Wagner. George O'Brien, Marion Lessing and Mona Maris are featured; ably supported by Walter C. Kelly, Francis Ford and Walter McGrail.



JUST IMAGINE.—In which the old gag about the old fashioned way of getting babies was the best is used effectively. Directed by David Butler for Fox, and representing a time fifty years from now when intrepid aviators get to Mars and do a little high class flirting and bathing with the "queens" there. El Brendel at his "funniest."



LITTLE CEASAR.—It was like pulling teeth to try to get to see this First National release starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Edward G. Robinson. Haven't had any luck as the page goes to press, but we hear from other critics that it is pretty darn good,—so we'll O. K. it for you. May be reviewed later in greater detail.



CHARLEY'S AUNT.—A scene from this rollickingly funny story appears above. A Columbia picture starring, by a co-incidence, Charles Ruggles. The name fits; so does Charley. Produced by Al and Charles Christie: Art Black acting as assistant director and A. Leslie Pearce as dialog director. June Collyer Flora Le Breton and Doris Lloyd.



WAR NURSE.—Pronounced by those who were "over there" as almost perfect. Good drama; from the *Cosmopolitan* story published anonymously. A "shot" from the film appears above,—that of June Walker and the doctor. Robert Montgomery's first real starring vehicle for M-G-M. Anita Page in a very tough spot!



OH, FOR A MAN.—Jeanette MacDonald is always charming and beautiful, and she's no exception in this Fox cinema from *The Saturday Evening Post* story by Mary F. Watkins. Reginald Denny, Marjorie White, Warren Hymer: Allison Skipworth, Albert Conti, Bela Lugosi, Andre Cheron and Wm. Davidson appear.



LIGHTNIN'.—One of the finest things Will Rogers has ever done. A Fox photoplay directed by Henry King; from the stage play by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Will is aided and abetted in the picture by Louise Dresser, Joel McCrae, Helen Cohan, Jason Robards, Thomas Jefferson, Charlotte Walker, Rex Bell, and others.



SHEER LUCK.—A Big 4 production in which Jobyna and Nick Stuart are co-starred. The producers forgot westerns long enough to make a thrilling gun-play story which bids fair to get by, as whiskey and gun pictures seem quite the rage as we go to press. Pretty fair stuff. Nick has an honest-to-goodness future ahead of him.



FOLLOW THE LEADER.—Not as good as hoped it would be. Originally called "Manhattan Mary", from the stage comedy of that name. Ed. Wynn does his best which doesn't seem to be quite good enough. Ginger Rogers is a hit with her "sex-appeal" voice. Worth seeing if you admire Ed Wynn enough.

FAST AND LOOSE.—One of those adventurous pictures in which the action and dialog move fast and interestingly. Miriam Hopkins did this on the stage and made an excellent job of it for Paramount-Publix. Chas. Starrett, Carole Lombard and Frank Morgan played with her in this picture. A good movie, directed by Fred Newmeyer.



MADONNA OF THE STREETS.—Evelyn Brent, Robert Ames, Josephine Dunn, Ivan Linow, Zack Williams, Eddie Brady and Richard Tucker, under Jno. Robertson's direction,—doing a fairly good job for Columbia Pictures. Fairly good picture, but not quite good enough to be rated as "very good". Anyhow, it is well worth seeing.



MIN AND BILL.—Below we find a "shot" clipped from the film in which is cast the all-star aggregation consisting of Marie Dressler, Wallace Berry, Dorothy Jordan, Marjorie Rambeau, Donald Dillaway, DeWitt Jennings, Russell Hopton, Frank McGlynn, and Gretta Gould. Directed by George Hill. Excellent.



THE PRINCESS AND PLUMBER.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller; directed by Alexander Korda. Screen play and dialog by Howard J. Green. Chas. Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan, aided by H. B. Warner, Jos. Cawthorne, Bert Roach, Lucien Prival, Murry Kinnell, Arnold Lacy, and Louise Closser Hale. Good!



ARE YOU THERE?—A sparkling and sophisticated English comedy as made in America with Beatrice Lillie, well known comedienne who in private life is Lady Peel. She peeled down fairly well in this Fox picture if the abbreviated costumes are any criterion of the meaning of her name. Really funny and interesting.



DERELICT.—A Paramount picture starring Geo. Bancroft who is assisted by Jessie Royce Landis, William Boyd, Donald Stuart, James Durkin, William Stack and Wade Boteler. We can't say much for Miss Landis; sorry! And Mr. Bancroft himself seemed to be somewhat miscast. Poor direction; continuity not good enough.

WAY FOR A SAILOR.—Lelia Hyams' glorious blonde beauty is finely contrasted with John Gilbert's darker type. Polly Moran and Wallace Berry are also "on deck" to help make this M-G-M picture the success it turned out to be. A really good evening's entertainment. A sea-going romance booked on shore, in which John does a good "talkie."



FIGHTING CARAVANS.—Another of those "pioneer-westerns",—this time a vehicle for Lily Damita's return to the screen in which she plays opposite Gary Cooper. They are supported by Ernest Torrence, Fred Kohler, Tully Marshall and Eugene Palette. Two thousand players directed by Otto Brower and David Burton, for Paramount-Publix.

Motion Picture Doubles

(Continued from page 28)

photographs like Ruth Chatterton. . . . Helen Bryan Barlow, an aristocratic blonde type really superior in "looks" to Natalie Moorhead and Lilyan Tashman,—comes from Wayne, Pa. Five feet six inches tall; sings, dances, plays tennis; and has had some experience in amateur theatricals. A blue-blood type, we suggest to the casting directors.

Jean Campbell, while not overburdened with the doll-like type of beauty, does resemble Janet Gaynor, and has "oodles" of personality. Jean comes from Albany, Mo., and plays tennis, sings, swims, dances, plays the piano, and has experience in amateur theatricals. . . . From far off Port-au-Prince, Haiti, comes a photo of a dusky beauty,—and we mean a pretty specimen of her race, too,—says she resembles Mary Kornman. Rides horseback. . . . Eleanor Eagle and Fern Hackley sent in an unretouched photo of both together. It's difficult to file this way and we ask that photos be submitted individually. Both girls have personality; the first girl coming from Azusa and Fern living in Los Angeles, Cal. . . . A shapely and pretty beauty is Theresa Mannarino, of Brooklyn, N. Y. She resembles a combination, if such a thing is possible, of Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow; weighs 115 pounds. Sings, rides horseback, dances, etc. Age seventeen, and honestly pretty!

Pauline Plevell, of Meriden, Conn., resembles Clara Bow! And how! Age nineteen; weight 126; ball-room dancer and loves to sing. . . . There's a striking likeness to Mary Brian in the photo of Lilyan Gould, Jewish girl of Los Angeles. Sixteen years of age, pretty,—slender ankles, and has had dramatic training. . . . Maggie Kozma, of Georgetown, S. C., sends in a photo too poor to reproduce or file; but barely good enough to see that she's pretty and resembles Lina Basquette. Good figure and legs,—and dances well. . . . Erna Vlasta Budelov, of Austrian descent, is a natural born humorist and comedienne,—and pretty at that! Weighs 125 pounds and hails from Brooklyn. She'll have to change her name when she

lands in the films. . . . Marion Beer did change her name when she went on the stage,—to Marion Sweet. A tot of five years, and pretty as a picture. Resembles Jean Darling. Sings, and does acrobatic



Carlo Olivari

dancing. . . . Frances Peterka, brown-eyed beauty, from Brooklyn, resembles another Brooklyn actress,—Norma Talmadge. Does tap dancing and still studying. Won a beauty contest recently. Weight, 123 pounds.

Evelyn Laska, vaudeville and night club star, is excellent screen material. . . . Mary Helen Johnson, beauteous blonde from Philadelphia, is a "double" for Kay Johnson of M-G-M film fame. Mary's a nurse, the daughter of a surgeon, and has beautiful hands.

Now as for the men,—the so-called "stronger sex". Vernon Lemley, of Osborne, Kansas, is a real he-man, western type. A fine figure study of him was submitted and his record is being carefully preserved in our files. Resembles Tom Mix and Gary Cooper. . . . Corporal Jack Yanik, of the 52nd Ord. Co., Proving Grounds, Savanna, Ill., is six feet tall and photographs like Hoot Gibson, although the soldier feels he resembles Jack Dempsey.

BROADWAY AND

Good voice; rides horseback. . . . David A. Guttman, of New York City, seems to be a cross between Chase the comedian and Menjou the sophisticate. . . . Wm. P. Halloran, 23, of Spearfish, S. D., resembles Victor Vareoni. A brunette type weighing 140 pounds. Dances, swims, and has had some theatrical experience. Handsome. . . . Roy D. Eastin, 16 years of age,—shouldn't have sent in his card filled out in pencil. Neatness counts a lot; no photo was enclosed, either. And Roy, what goes for you goes for the others,—write on one side of the paper only. Roy sings, plays baseball, and rides horseback. . . . Kenneth John Gray resembles John Boles,—is five feet eleven inches tall; weighs 160 pounds, and has blue eyes. Lives in North Hollywood, Cal. Age twenty-one. . . . Dick Henton looks like Chas. Buddy Rogers,—but is more of a comic type, whether he knows it or not. Has had some theatrical experience in Europe; now lives in Ellwood City, Pa. Swims and dances. . . . Anthony Vincent Martone, of Albany, N. Y., is a pretty close call in looking like Ramon Novarro. His height is five feet ten inches and weight 155 pounds. Fond of athletics; brown eyes and nineteen years of age. . . . Ernest James



Angela Mannarino.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Sex..... Race..... Color and Type.....

Height..... Weight..... Color of Eyes..... Age.....

What screen star do you resemble?.....

Previous theatrical experience if any. Accomplishments such as dancing, singing, horseback riding, etc.....

Make out a standard 3 x 5 card similar to the above fill out and mail it with photograph

Felli, of Rochester, N. Y., resembles a cross between Milton Sills and Rudolph Valentino. Sings, dances, rides, and has had some experience in acting.

As mentioned before,—we make no wild guarantees of jobs or immediate positions in the movies; we merely promise to do for our subscribers what any good fellow and real American would do,—help all we can. The data we are gathering will be classified and arranged and placed at the disposal of casting directors, stage managers, and film company executives. That is why we insist upon good photos and neatness in submitting your Registration and Qualifications Cards, size 3 by 5 inches. We intend to publish most of the pictures of the worthy ones as well, and make comments upon candidates; so if your picture did not appear in this issue, it probably appeared in the February number or will be printed in the April edition.

To return to our data,—we find in the mail a photograph from Harry R. Grove, of Roanoke, Va. A fine, home-spun type six feet tall and a find for some director. Looks like Richard Arlen. . . . There's a faint trace of Ben Lyon and Tom Mix in the make-up of Henry Schultz, of Jeromeville, Ohio. Would make a good comic "western" unless we miss our guess badly. Weighs 157 pounds, and has dark brown, wavy hair. Dances and rides well. . . . Paul L. Petrichko, Haverstraw, N. Y., is so interested in the contest announcements he wants to know if all back issues are still available. Yes, they are, Paul, and thanks for your photo. It was small but clear. Can't just place a male star Paul resembles, but he's an honest-to-goodness type all his own; eighteen years of age; has brown eyes, and weighs 142 pounds. Fond of baseball and other sports. Writes.

Jos. Aguilera, Chicago, Ill., says he resembles Ramon Novarro; but there's also a "touch" of Ricardo Cortez in his physiognomy. A Mexican. . . . Alphonse Chimera sends in his photo from Buffalo, N. Y. Sings. Plays baseball, tennis and basketball. Weighs 135 pounds. . . . John Jose Godinho, of Roxbury, Mass., will have to shorten his name when he gets into pictures. Weighs 140; five feet seven inches tall; brown eyes. Swims, plays hockey,—boxes, dances, and goes in for track work. Age 19. . . . Chas. Carmen, of Philadelphia, resembles Benny Rubin and John Boles, if such a thing is possible. Dances, sings, swims, rides, plays basketball; and has had some previous theatrical experience. . . . Dugger Folley, of Shannon, Ga., didn't send in a large enough photo to file, and the card isn't quite neat enough. However, he's but sixteen years of age, and a good-looking lad. Played football at Rome, Ga. . . . Carson Wicker, of Durham, N. C., is a type who



Ruth
Evelyn
Haisch

would have fitted well into the youthful class of soldier-students in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Is 21 years of age and has had amateur theatrical experience. Rides, drives a car, swims, dances, sings, and enjoys any sport.

De Lancy Hotalen, of Mansfield, Pa., almost six feet tall and weighing 172 pounds, possesses an intriguing smile. Sings, dances, has a keen sense of humor, and has had theatrical experience. Medium blonde type. . . . Chas. H. Dillman, Bluffton, Ohio, says he resembles Johnny Mack Brown, the M-G-M star. He sings, dances, rides, hunts, fishes, and is fond of all sports. Weighs 158 pounds. . . . Herbert Graham, a Louisville, Ky., lad, feels that he looks like Rudolph Valentino,—but there are certain characteristics of Lewis Ayres in his photo submitted, which, by the way, is badly tinted. He swims, is a fancy diver, and is seventeen years of age.

Dalton Atherton, of Fullerton, Cal., is a good-looking chap of 21 years, weighing 150 pounds. Is a musician. Has something of Charles Bickford's and Lewis Ayres' features in him. . . . Le Roy Walter Kem-

merer, of Allentown, Pa., states he bears certain resemblances to Gary Cooper, Conrad Nagel, and Robert Montgomery. He writes "I am very good at love making." Those last two statements, Le Roy,—are an awful big order, especially as he follows it up by saying he's good at "puttin' on the Ritz." Which reminds us that he'll probably agree with Kate Cameron,—(this is a hot one!) when she writes in *Liberty* that "Puttin' on the Ritz" was one of the outstanding pictures of 1930. . . . Jack Le Clair, of Trenton, N. J., states he looks like Gary Cooper, but we'd say there's a lot of Lewis Ayres in his physiognomy. However,—he's an excellent screen type; photographs well; has character and youth; and weighs 150 pounds. Rides horses and motorcycles,—drives autos and motorboats; swims, golfs, plays football, baseball and tennis. Dances, and has had dramatic instruction. . . . Fidel L. Bramhila sends in three photos. He resembles a cross between Rudolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro, and hails from Los Angeles. Speaks Spanish and English and is a poet. Lover of sports.

Both men and women, in the vicinity of Los Angeles and Hollywood, and in the greater New York district,—who do not have good photographs,—may have them made at our expense. This is BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" monthly, so we've arranged for you to have a good portrait made for publication at a studio on either Broadway or on Hollywood Boulevard. If you live in California, call and see the Evansmith Studio,—explain to them that you're having the portrait made for this magazine and they will ship it directly to us and bill us for it.

Girls and boys,—if you live in New York,—go to the A. Volpe Studios at 1680 Broadway, near 52nd St. In both instances the photos will be made under motion picture lighting conditions by men especially experienced in making portraits of theatrical, dramatic or cinema stars. No charges to you or obligations whatever for this portrait if you mention the fact that you are a regular reader of this magazine.

And, speaking of California and New York reminds us that we forgot to mention the receipt of photos from a San Francisco and a Manhattan girl,—both quite beautiful types. Helen Carini, a beautiful Italian type, lives in the Golden Gate district; 21 years of age, five feet two inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. Dances and rides. The New York lady, seventeen years of age and shapely as they make 'em, resembles Marlene Dietrich. Is five feet five inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Has a good voice, blue eyes, and pretty legs; and her name's Ruth Evelyn Haisch.

This is an unselfish service; not an advertisement. We'll pay for your photograph.



Young men with ability and confidence in themselves. Left to right: Chas. Frederick Naumann, LeRoy Walter Kemmerer, David A. Guttman, DeLancy Hotalen, Otto Ritter, Laurence Coogan, Anton B. Opieka, and John Jose Godinho.



THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue
edited by: SALLY BLANE



Thanks, George!

HICKORY, N. C.—In this talkie-movie age there are so many fan magazines on the newsstands that one, desirous of reading of the movies, hardly knows which one to choose. I chose a **BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES** recently and greatly enjoyed reading the contents. In my opinion the features were as interesting as those in several higher priced magazines which I read. The Ramon Novarro interview was especially interesting and to my liking as Novarro is one of my favorite stars. The photograph displaying Ramon's athletic figure has won a place in my collection of movie stars. Please give us more photographs of male stars like that. Since the tendency to "undress" is entering the magazines as well as other fields, I see no reason why such photographs could not be published. Any athlete would admire them. I note that *Theatre* magazine recently ran a "nearly-nude" picture of Lina Basquette, Mr. Warner's widow.

I am going to look continually for them in the magazine and please don't disappoint for I consider your magazine a topnotcher. An ardent fan,—*George Flowers*.

Mixing The Races

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Permit a colored man from way down south to take exception to your editorial in November issue, entitled "The Presentation Problem." Of all the narrow minded hiotry masquerading under fatherly editorial advice this seems to take the coon skin.

Whose fault is it that production managers, with a keen eye on the box office, including negro theatre goers, occasionally have a Class A tap dancing team of colored people in the show? For you can bet every one of your prejudices, Mr. Editor, that those same dancers have to be better than the white best to get in at all.

I notice that white theatre owners never turn down "tainted" negro money at the box office, and I suppose if I sent you a subscription you'd keep my money. Anyway, you Yankees didn't raise any objection during the world war to a front row of "niggers" dodging bullets to a "decorative motif" of whites in the background. Don't get me wrong, Colonel. I know that the white soldiers did their part, but what I'm getting at is the fact that in your mind what seems O. K. on the battlefield doesn't go in the theatre.

Fact is, Mr. Editor, the color scheme hasn't got anything to do with morals. A bunch of negro tap dancers on the front row who conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen are all right anywhere. And the white background is a whole lot safer with them than with some lousy whites I know



who are getting by on the stage because "albinos" are supposed to be incapable of degeneracy.

I've been a school teacher, Mr. Editor, both north and south, and I rise up in meeting to say that I'd a whole lot rather have the out and out prejudices of the Southland than the false northern friendship that's always in favor of freedom for the poor negro, with a big BUT when you get down to cases. I reckon you won't have the nerve to publish the colored man's side of this question, but I feel better anyway getting this off my chest. Why don't you publish some colored gal's picture sometime?—*Douglas Morrison*.

No January Issue

WARREN, ME.—I recently subscribed to **BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES** which you publish. Did you print a January 1931 edition? I enjoy your little magazine very much, in fact more than some of the 25c magazines that I have. I shall never be without it.—*Hilliard R. Spear*.

Likes Indiana Double

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In regard to your hunt for movie doubles, I wish to say that I never realized that we had a girl right here in our home town who looks so much like Joan Crawford. I am referring to Margaret Jene Butler whose photo appeared in your December issue. Joan Crawford has always been my favorite actress; and to think she has a double right here in Indianapolis. Why don't you print a larger picture of her so people can see what a truly double she is for Joan. I surely would like to meet her. In closing I am wishing Miss Butler loads of success and am hoping to see a larger photo of her in your interesting movie magazine. *Geo. L. Alstedt*.

Juanita's "Roundup"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Just a word of praise for your peppy magazine. It is surely great to find something that is not afraid to develop its own personality and leave the whitewashed myths alone.

The movies during the past year were the best ever and I have a list of what I deem the best performances of the year. The critics have compiled their lists. Now give a mere fan a chance.

I think the cup for all around trouping should go to Betty Compson who played in more pictures than any one else and gave more consistently good performances than the others.

Nancy Carroll, Greta Garbo, Marie Prevost, Barbara Stanwyck and Helen Twelvetrees were among the best, too. . . Ramon Novarro, William Haines, John Boles, Lew Ayres and Buddy Rogers were male reasons for the success of the talkies.

A brickbat for such accent hounds as Ruth Chatterton, who is too old to act anyway; Doug Fairbanks, Jr.; and Phillips Holmes who reminds me of Lillian Gish.

Among the missing were Jacqueline Logan, Lina Basquette, Betty Bronson, Madge Bellamy, Don Alvarado and William Boyd. Don't ask me why!

With such pictures as "Holiday", "Caught Short", "Romance", "Devil's Holiday" and "Outward Bound" how can they say the movies are getting worse?

In closing, a suggestion. Why not have every month a sort of memorial to the star who has died that month. We have lost some of our best as Rudolph Valentino, Barbara La Marr, Wallace Ried and the greatest of the great, Jeanne Eagles? The very best of luck to **BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES**.—*Juanita Guerrero*.

A Good Steer

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Why not run a department for the amateur movie maker and exhibitor; just a page or two every month?

—*Emerson N. Clough*.

An Art Lover

NATCHEZ, MISS.—Saw your publication in the home of a friend recently when the contents of the October issue was a subject of discussion. I was astounded at the various views expressed—on a vote as to the most striking feature in the number, the cartoons of J. Gaynor and Barrymore, it was agreed gave outstanding merit to the general thrilling contents. The artist's work in these two sketches is of very surprising quality and it is my desire to commend you for the use of this type of material.

—*Stonewall J. Davis*.



CLAIRE LUCE

HAROLD LLOYD

YVONNE GIROUX, movie fan, and beautiful daughter of Guy E. Giroux, of Bronxville, N. Y., has been recently married to Lieutenant George Richardson Phelan, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Phelan of Memphis, Tenn. The ceremony took place in the chapel of the Municipal Building.

Miss Giroux is the granddaughter of the late Eugene L. Giroux of Pelham, N. Y., and a niece of Major J. Andrew White, former president and managing director of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. She is a graduate of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, and is a *musician* and professional designer.

Lieutenant Phelan, who is attached to the U. S. S. Williamson, was graduated from Virginia Military Institute, and from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis with the class of '25.

Cliff Smith and Claire Luce will shake the dust of the U. S. A. from their feet permanently on New Year's eve, when they sail for France on the liner Washington from San Pedro harbor. They will take a villa near Paris and proceed to live the life of Reilly on Cliff's \$85,000 a year.

Claire assures me she has foresworn the stage for good, but in the next breath says she will devote herself extensively to the study of French, so don't be surprised if you observe her piquant personality pirouetting in a French film. She once posed for some lovely nude studies which were published in the French papers and magazines which are, as a rule, barred from importation by the U. S. Customs offices. Claire's happily married now—but didn't do as well as was expected in American films.

Modern ladies who wanted suffrage to prove their economic independence will be interested in the suit of a theatrical lady who asks \$25,000 from a political boss for "companionship." She says he offered her \$10,000 a year for life, with an additional \$700 a month for pin money. The Wall

Street crash interfered with the arrangement and now the lady is going to court about it. Other "companions" affected by the market may get an idea out of it. Some will want to know what difference there is between these ladies and the companion of an evening who yells because she didn't get her money.

Urban Ledoux, who, through his philanthropies to the poor during the years of Republican "prosperity" has gotten into the news reels quite often, is happily married. His wife, Mary White, daughter of Judge George Henry P. White, is a Shakesperian actress. They were married at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

Another movie actress divorced! The Seine, (France) tribunal granted a divorce recently to Capt. Jefferson Davis Cohn, the British sportsman, and Marcelle Chantal, French stage and screen star. The responsibility was divided. Cohn charged his wife insisted on playing in the motion pictures against his wishes, while she charged he was too interested in other women and stood in the way of her career.

Cohn is a godson of Jefferson Davis, who was president of the American Confederacy. He is an honorary captain in the British army and served with distinction in the world war, winning decorations for valor.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd expect to become the parents of another child this March. The film actor said recently:

"I hope it's a boy," said Lloyd as his wife, the former Mildred Davis, nodded assent. The Lloyds now have two daughters, Mildred Gloria, 6, and Marjorie Elizabeth, 5, the latter recently adopted to become the playmate of Gloria before there was any prospect of another addition to the family.

You'll get all the divorce and marriage news regularly if you read the columns of this magazine. For instance, a childhood romance that began under the shadow of the pyramids of Egypt was revealed recently when Ann Greenway, movie and stage actress, announced her engagement to Lord Barrington of England.

Women more inclined to "cheat" than men? A famous divorce-court lawyer says it's so, and you can now hear him in the news reels, recently made. Visit your local news reel theatre and listen to what Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, celebrated English

divorce court barrister, has to say on the subject:

"Speaking from my experience in the divorce courts," said Sir Ellis, speaking of people in what we are pleased to call society. "in my opinion women are less faithful than men. But almost always at that, it is the fault of the man. Women must have love and attention. It is the food of their souls and without it their spirit withers and droops just as their body would do without nourishment. Those who are starving must often feed where they can."

In this category, Sir Ellis is of course including film fans as well as film actresses. . . . Is there a little divorcee in your home?

Unfortunate marital relations were partly responsible for the suicide of one of screenland's western heroes, Art Acord. At Mexico City, Mex., the hard luck that has trailed filmdom's jinxed cowboy landed a *coup de grace* recently when the actor died a suicide from poison. He had been working as a miner near Chihuahua.

Twice divorced, scarred for life in various brawls, abandoned by his friends and broke, the runner-up with Tom Mix for hard-riding honors of the movies disappeared from Los Angeles last year. Acord last came into prominence in January, 1930, when he faced a jail sentence because he could not pay a fine of \$150 in Los Angeles for possessing liquor.

"When I was under contract and making lots of money, everybody I met was my friend," he told the court. "But right now I don't seem to have any friends anywhere."

The actor's first wife, Mrs. Edna Mae Acord, Pasadena society girl, divorced him in 1925, naming Louise Lorraine, her husband's leading woman, as having had too intimate relations with Art.

She set Hollywood to laughing and inflicted deep humiliation on the actor with a statement that the other woman could have the husband but she wanted their dog.

(Continued on page 48)

BROADWAY'S BEST BETS



ROARCHINA, just closed at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York. One of the Theatre Guild's finest hits of production, drama, and general theatre art we have ever been privileged to see. If it goes on the road, as we hope it will, it deserves the support of every loyal theatre-goer. No one individual is the star, and for that reason we refrain from mentioning names; the Chinese actors being just as good as the "white" ones. Simonson's setting for the whole play is deserving of special, honorable mention.

PURITY.—Rene Wachthausen's play, from the French; adapted by Ralph Roeder. Presented by Lee Shubert at the Ritz Theatre, N. Y. C. Florence Reed, former movie star, Richard Bird, Malcolm Williams, Maude Odell and Marcella Swanson appear in the cast. It dishes up in huge gobs a mixture of the sordid and the sentimental, the love of an almost elderly Paris servant for a most ungrateful young scamp whom she found starving in the park, and to whom she gives shelter, money and herself. A dreadfully repellent story.

It is Miss Reed who plays the part of Madame Victoire, one of those youthful, stolid, decent maids of all work, and of nothing but work, who do odd jobs of sweeping and mending and live frugally on the top floor in some Parisian by-street. A stifled maternal instinct leads her to be kind to the young rascal, and this feeling soon develops into something more ardent.

Her feelings are wasted. The young man betrays her and boasts of taking money from her. Yet in spite of it all, in spite of her shame, her heart is pure, etc. Not even Miss Reed's clearcut, monotone dignity can save it from being one of the season's least important misfortunes.

It is the kind of play in which one sees everything coming a long way off. Almost before Madame Victoire has given the young man her package of supper in the park, one hears the heavy tread of that maternal yearning which, since this is a French play, one rightly suspects will not remain maternal very long. A play full of sign posts, forever pointing toward a pure surrender on the one hand, toward incredible heartlessness and villainy on the other. And a play which along with its laborious effort to be spiritually decent throws at one large chunks of strong and most unappetizing meat.

Miss Reed strove her quiet, beautifully spoken best to strike some spark out of the play's ugliness, but it was impossible not to include her in one's unbelief in the whole

business. Mr. Bird made a pretty good job of the young man. The soggianness of the evening was partly relieved by two character sketches contributed by Maude Odell and Malcolm Williams.

THE TRUTH GAME.—By combining romance and riches, Ivor Novello, a young writer and actor of considerable sensibility, has turned out a perfect matinee comedy, "The Truth Game," played at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. A charming widow

who, by the terms of her late husband's last testament, will lose her fortune if she marries again; a brash young man, poor and impudent, who pursues her until most of the women in the audience fall in love with his ardor, graciousness and beauty; a couple of other romances, some chit-chat and fiddle-faddle—and there you have it. It is cute. If matronly hearts are hungry for romance while the business men are computing their losses downtown, "The Truth Game" should minister to one of the primary theatrical needs.

Mr. Novello has conspicuous facility in writing attractive parts for himself and effective parts for actresses. Phoebe Foster does quite well, thank you, in the role of "Rosine Browne"; while Burton McEvilly handles the role of "James Hubbard" admirably. On the whole an enjoyable show—produced by Lee Shubert.

Joan Burgess in Joe Cook's
"Fine and Dandy"



ELEKTRA.—Produced by Carl Reed. Marita Cotopouli, a Greek tragedienne who has reached her middle years without previously having played in America, revived the "Elektra" of Sophocles at the New Yorker theatre recently under heavy and prominent social patronage.

Her success, particularly with that section of her audience which knew the language she spoke, was immediate and pronounced. She was cheered repeatedly. She is an actress of modest stature, perfect concentration, a fluent physical technique, a strong voice and a definite power.

In the version of the tragedy which she uses, an adaptation of the original by the German Hugo von Hofmannstahl, put back into Greek, presents the daughter of Agamemnon as "a living fury," tortured to the verge of insanity by thoughts of her father's murder by the fleshly Clytemnestra.

As she enters, hugging the walls of the servant's wing of the palace, unkempt and distraught, she is "conversing with her father's shadow," invoking his aid in the avenging of his own death.

Thereafter she is possessed by the one fierce determination to see that the blood of her line is revenged. When her younger sister, Chrysothemis, fails her, and there is report of her brother Orestes' death, she is prepared to take on the task herself.

Then Orestes appears, is quickened into the doing of the deed and Elektra breaks into a savage dance of joy.

BROADWAY SHOWS absolutely not worth spending any money to see will not be reviewed in the columns of this magazine.



DANA AND DARRELL.
Dancing and entertaining at the
Holl Brain Broadway, New
York City.

Ruth Alyce Townsend

Talks As

WOMAN to WOMAN



Sue Carol



W **H** THRILL-HUNTING actresses of the screen whose jaded dispositions, in some instances, are as *blase* as they make them, got a real kick out of the recent dance in the Mayfair Club, Hollywood, on the evening following their afternoon victory against Southern California when the Trojans were smothered under a 27-0 score.

I watched Marty Brill tripping with Joan Bennett and smiling sweetly at her blonde loveliness; Bert Metzger dancing with the platinum-haired Jean Harlow whose husband claims she's been posing for "naughty" photographs taken by Edwin Bower Hesser; and Marshall Duffield was getting along finely with another glorious blonde, Dorothy Mackaill—who, by the way, is a ballroom dancer of no mean ability. For that matter, neither was "Marsh."

The handsome Marchy Schwartz was doing quite well, thank you, with no less a clinging vine than Kay Francis; Frank Carrideo's strong, athletic legs were keeping time with the shapely, silken-clad limbs of Sue Carol; and the Fox star, Maureen O'Sullivan was hopping with Larry Mullins. And so on, down the line. All the Notre Dame boys and several Trojans gave the assembled movie elite a thrill.

Coach Rockne was there, too, dancing with Irene Rich, and nobody seemed to mind the fact that the footballers forgot their evening clothes. Rockne was all grin and was proud as a peacock of his boys. It was hard to tell who got the biggest thrill, the slicked-up movie gals or the brawny athletes, but it was an even bet.

Ann Harding vibrates unpleasantly to all shades of orange and cannot rest in any room where this color predominates!

Those who visit Paris this coming Spring and Summer may see a spicy and snappy version of the "Let Us Be Gay" film produced by M.-G.-M., as Lily Damita—born on French soil, just finished doing it for the Culver City crowd. Norma Shearer, as a gay divorcee, was starred in it last season. Adolphe Menjou played opposite Miss

Damita in the French adaptation of this picture, which Andre Lugnet directed. The case includes Lya Lys, Mona Goya, Marcelle Corday and Tania Fedor.

Motherhood does make a whale of a difference, as the cigarette advertisements say, and I venture the assertion that if Dolores Costello (now Mrs. John Barrymore) should ever return to the screen she would render the finest performance of her career. Ann Harding's histrionic ability went up several pegs when she had her baby; nearly all of us noticed the richness and depth to the quality of Norma Shearer's acting when she gave birth to a son for Irving Thalberg. . . . Olga Baclanova's baby boy had the same enervating effect on her acting. No one questions the quality and perfection of Nancy Carroll's or Marlene Dietrich's acting—both of whom have baby girls. . . . But at the risk of being called "catty," I'm afraid Sue Carol would have to have triplets. Which reminds me that Kay Hammond is looking forward to a blessed event.

Sign I recently saw in electric lights read: "OH FOR A MAN WITH JEANNETTE MACDONALD."

I notice that several women have refused to attend the Roxy theatre in New York City until they stop mixing young white girls with male negroes on the stage.



The trend in modern fashions.
See article on this page.

Recently I saw the girls doing what amounted to a "get hot" number and all the while they were obliged to have their smiling faces turned toward a batch of male negro musicians and dancers. I don't blame Mr. Rothafel for this, but his stage and production manager should know that this is shockingly bad taste in America; and I can't blame Southern women and men for evading the Roxy if this keeps up. Otherwise their entertainments are perfect.

Don't let anyone tell you that the whole world of fashion pivots 'round Hollywood. That's as much of a fake against womankind as is the story that there is no more room for girls in Hollywood; that the screen career is a thing of the past. If you could interview Hollywood stars and know how they longed for the contact of New York and Paris for their fashions—and of a look at dear old Broadway, you'd be able to spot the fashion lies about Hollywood.

With Mary Pickford cast in the role of "Kiki," and Norma Talmadge flopping as Madame Du Barry, we look forward any minute to Mitzi Green doing "Joan of Arc" and Mary Brian being booked as "Cleopatra." . . . Oh, well, the directors have to earn those big salaries somehow; and they seem to think the public will keep right on paying the bill!

FASHIONS: Speaking as woman to woman, here's the inside of the fashion trend as I get it direct from Paris and New York. "New Empire" will be the keynote of fashions during the coming Season; distinctly betraying the classic "Empire" influence and at the same time combining in an original and skilful way the tendencies and tastes of our time. The result is a highly interesting style that will meet the approval of all.

It is only natural that the high waist should be one of the most characteristic traits of the new silhouette, the more so since for years the fashionable public and the leading couturiers have been trying to acquire the youthful high-waisted effect and bring it to the fore.

Apart from this, the hips are closely sheathed and clearly accentuated, indicating the fashionable emphasis on "femininity." By the bye, probably even women's suits will lose their definitely sport-like character. On the other hand the accentuation of the hips makes the figure graceful

(Continued on page 48)

ANN HARDING, *Baby Jane*, and Harry Bannister, Ann's actor-aviator husband.





CAROLE LOMBARD—*Talented screen star and latest friend of William Powell's.*



HELLEN KANE, Broadway and Hollywood's "Boop-a-doop" vamp—plump and pulchritudinous, is still in hot water. The girl who flashed into fame singing "I Want to Be Loved by You" is still paying, in unfavorable publicity, for some of that lovin' stuff. According to recent developments in the case, she baby-talked \$10,000 worth of honest-to-goodness jewels out of Murray J. Posner in 1929, even while his (Posner's) Bon Dress company was headed for the rocks.

Posner, who isn't Helen's husband, because she already has one, cheerfully testified to this fact in court; and after he had given another installment of how he entertained the costly star of the stage and screen, proceedings were ordered continued. How much "boop-a-dooping" the comely Helen exchanged for the jewelry is neither guessed at nor surmised—not even mentioned! If any?

Posner, whose romance with the boop-a-doop girl came to light when it was shown he had given her a check for \$50,000 from the firm's funds—which the creditors incidentally want back—said he had withdrawn \$25,000 from the company for his own needs in 1929.

He remembered spending \$10,000 to adorn the buxom Miss Kane, he said, but could not recall how much more he spent on her entertainment about Broadway and in Hollywood where he accompanied her while she made pictures.

C. Edward Benoit, attorney for the Irving Trust Company, receivers for the bankrupt firm, was figuratively jumped by Archibald Palmer, Posner's lawyer, when he began asking about the entertainment items.

"He's just asking those things for the benefit of reporters to make good reading," cried Palmer. Referee Olney, however, allowed the questions.

The missing books of the Bon Dress company provided the big topic of legal bickering. Posner said he didn't know for the life of him what had become of them. They were tossed away on orders of his partner, John Eisen, he said, because they weren't of any particular use. (Laugh that off!)

The actress has contended from the outset that the \$50,000 she got from Posner was no gift; that it was her own money and that she intended keeping it.

We're wondering if Sam Goldwyn knows how hard it is for us to receive the ordinary press courtesies to review United Artists' pictures and get "stills" for publication purposes. There was a regular Notre Dame line in the recent refusal, for example, to release pictures and news of Lily Damita. So much so that some of the magazines



Helen Kane's in hot water!

began to suspect that the French actress had gotten herself into a bad, dirty jam. . . . and we're still wondering what it is. We were also given courteous refusals when we tried to see "The Devil to Pay," and we're still wondering if that's what is called running an A-1 publicity department.

Three girls who've made a hit recently but who are not yet stars are Joan Peers of the Columbia Pictures, Molly O'Doherty of R. K. O., and Boots Mallory of Will Oakland's Terrace Club, N. Y. C. All have been photographed by A. Volpe of the Grace Salon of Art—the studio which is now making pictures of amateur actresses for our "Resemblance Registration" without charge to the sitter. Young men and young women may be photographed at our expense at that studio at 1680 Broadway, New York City—under motion picture lighting conditions. Telephone Mr. Volpe at either COLUMBUS 5—6204 or 8335 for an appointment, and mention the fact that the picture is to be published in BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES monthly.

The Ethiopian coronation should have been shown on the news reels as the "Abyssinoma," according to F. P. A.

Sign for a movie theatre advertisement:
ALL WOMEN ARE BAD WITH EDMUND LOWE.

Mrs. Sam Wong, forty-three year old mother of Anna May Wong, died recently in Los Angeles after her skull had been fractured when she was struck by an automobile driven by Joseph Rodoni. The shapely Chinese cinema star is at present appearing in New York City in a play, "On the Spot."

The old-fashioned movies most likely will supplant the talkies before long in the opinion of Sidney R. Kent, vice president and general manager of Paramount-Publix. His prediction that picture producers would go back to the old silent type was made in an address at the annual convention of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America. "The big factor of pictures of the future,"

he said, "is the story and the personality of the actors. You are going to see personalities come back to their own. Those who survived sound are going to come back stronger than ever. Others to whom sound was a detriment will be out of the picture. Bigness of production is nothing without stories."

Benjamin Stoloff is making preparations to take a Fox company on location for the vast outdoor scenes which will be a feature of the production. It is an adaptation of the story, "Three Bad Men."

William H. (Billy the Scout) Taylor, 103-year-old veteran of the Indian wars and the confederate army and for twenty-five years one of the film colony's most colorful members, died recently at Hollywood of infirmities induced by age.

Mme. Maria Jeritz, shapely star of the Metropolitan opera, and well known Austrian actress, is going to do "Boccaccio"—from the naughty story book, the *Decameron of Boccaccio*. It is hoped that Johnny Sumner, the smut-hunter, won't go so far as to try to raid Otto Kahn's pet opera house. It will be the first American presentation of Franz Von Suppe's opera.

There seems to be a bull market on foreign legion and western pictures recently; most of which are creditable productions. The exhibitors are watching our notices, it seems.

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts—place of employment, 'phone number and address, of one Gabriel Brandt. He is a photographer, retoucher and a studio assistant, and both he and his son are being sought by the National City Bank of New York. Son's name is Mortimer. Any information regarding the two will be gladly received at the offices of this magazine; LONGACRE 5—5943 is the telephone. Or write in care of the Editor, and the information will be turned over to the proper authorities.

"Sex in Business" is starring Claudette Colbert, French girl, and Frederic March. It is just being completed at Paramount's Long Island Studios. In the cast we find Charles Ruggles, the comedian, Ginger Rogers—she of the sexy voice and shapely legs, and Monroe Owsley. . . . It ought to be good!

Gentleman (who has arrived late for concert)—What is the orchestra playing now?

Attendant—The Ninth Symphony, sir.
Gentleman—Good Lord! Have I missed eight of 'em?



SHARON LYNN—Comely and gifted Fox Films player.

BROADWAY AND

The Paramount Theatre, N. Y. C., was recently robbed of nearly ten thousand bucks. Mr. Hays may soon allow a few more crime pictures in which we see these robbers getting their just desserts. Unlike Will, we actually believe crime films will act as to hamper crime and organized vice.

MAGNATES

Time was when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Wasn't getting anywhayer.

To keep films pure yet full of pashsky,
Would seem the aim of Jesse Lashky.

I hesitate to speak out plaemmle
About the works of Mr. Laemmle.

Gone are the Theda Bara shox
From out the films of William Fox.

I'm afraid I'm just a scarner
Of screechies by the bros. Warner.

My choler rises in a blays
On viewing codes by Elder Hays.

Some cutting's needed by the brothers Mayo
On "Dixiana" from Arkayo.

Carole Lombard, formerly with Pathe—a blonde beauty of rare distinction, has been seen quite a bit recently in company with Bill Powell. She's been added to the cast of "Cavalier of the Streets", William's new talking vehicle for Paramount-Publix which is just finishing production under the direction of Richard Wallace.

Lucien Hubbard and Cecil DeMille have Warner Baxter and the vivacious Lupe Velez lined up with Roland Young for "The Squaw Man" which has just gotten under way. This is DeMille's first picture following "Madame Satan" in which Kay Johnson was starred.

The new DeMille film was adapted to the screen by Lenore J. Coffee and Lucien Hubbard, with dialogue by Elsie Janis.

The old traffic plaint, "Why don't you go where you're looking?" is being revived in Hollywood because Ben Turpin has taken up aviation.

John Boles has been acting in the leading male role in "Seed," the novel by Charles G. Norris. The leading feminine role is being enacted by Genevieve Tobin.

"Seed" went into production under the direction of John M. Stahl, a former associate of I. W. Ullman's. Boles has recently completed "Resurrection," with the charming Lupe Velez, and Miss Tobin, star of "Free Love" now in the smaller theatres, is completing the feminine lead in "Fires of Youth," opposite Lewis Ayres.

A joyous event had taken place in the home of the film producer

"Here is the son and heir, sir," said the nurse coyly.

The producer gave it a perfunctory glance. "Sorry," he said absently, "not quite the type!"

It has remained for Universal to be the first producing company to bring the American language into talking pictures. While

others are making talkies in English, French, German and Italian, Universal is making sequences for its first talking serial. "The Indians are Coming," in Sioux dialogue and also in the Indian sign language. Tim McCoy and Chief Thunderbird are the artists who register the first Indian language scenes for talking pictures, McCoy interpreting what the veteran chieftain says, in English and also with his hands.

Talkies have become so popular in Turkey that they've broken the supremacy of American films. Now the Turks'll have their talkies in Turkish, English not being understood there, where French is the second language. Most of our own stars, meanwhile, are trying to master English to keep up with the procession.

It seems that in Europe, too, critics cudgel their brows in efforts to select the best ten pictures of the year. Reports from thirty-nine countries select the following:

"Under the Roofs of Paris," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Blue Angel," "Westfront, 1918," "Anna Christie," "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," "With Byrd at the South Pole," "Fire in Opera," "Big House," and—of all things—"Mickey Mouse."

Aimee Semple McPherson's back from a Central American tour, and admits to having visited some of the gilded play places in Cristobal, the "hottest" town in the Canal Zone. But she hastily assured reporters that she didn't go there except as a spectator—not for purposes of relaxation, recreation or refuelling. Aimee's now a blonde—having done a bit of "doping" with that flaming red hair. And she's lost 28 pounds—so might be able to finish that movie contract she's supposed to have landed. . . God bless you sister, 'til the sands of the desert grow cold!

Movie fans visiting New York City and London, Eng., will do well to consult the hotel advertising found in the pages, from now on, of this magazine. None but the best—from the points of fairness of price and magnificence of service) will be permitted to use our pages for their announcements.

Horses make excellent actors for talking pictures because they require no audible commands, according to Francis Foley, head riding master of the Griffith Park Academy in Los Angeles, who is handling the twelve thoroughbred jumpers used in steeplechase scenes of "Along Came Youth", Charles Rogers' recent Paramount starring picture.

"The horse," says Foley, "needs no vocal direction. A rider controls his mount with the reins and the body. The 'get up,' 'whoa' and clucking sounds employed by some persons are entirely superficial. Riderless horses also can be controlled easily by silent cues. The horse is an exceptionally intelligent animal that can be made to understand and respond to signs in a remarkably short time.

"For instance, Bob, a thoroughbred humper chases people at a silent cue from me and turns into a raging terror at a light touch of the whip. It is all acting on his part as he is naturally a good tempered, although mettlesome, animal.

"I understand that it is harder to direct many animal actors for talking pictures than it was for the silent films. That doesn't apply to horses."



ANNA MAY WONG, Movie actress, now starring in "On the Spot."



JEAN MORGAN — *One of First National's American beauties. Photograph by Elmer Fryer.*

LAURA LEE—*Another dancing and singing star from Brooklyn, N. Y. Now playing in First National pictures.*



Gridiron and Grease Paint

(Continued from page 24)

rungy football player from the University of Southern California, whose unaffected naturalness in the part made him far more convincing than any histrionics could have done.

Plenty of muscular youngsters who once spent their spare time in practicing punts and passes, are now prominent in picture ranks. Johnny Mack Brown, erstwhile Alabama grid star, is doing very well for himself on the screen. The recent 24-0 victory of 'Bama over Washington's "Cougars" called attention to the fact that Johnny was once an Alabama star, and is now doing his stuff in all sorts of pictures for M-G-M—his latest being "The Great Meadow" in which he's starred with Eleanor Boardman, who is, by the way, an ardent football fan.

George O'Brien, who used to enjoy himself at Santa Clara University in bucking opposing linesmen carelessly about the field, is today one of the best-known of the younger players, being busy at present in the leading role of the Fox picture, "The Seas Beneath."

The famous "Lefty" Flynn, once of Yale, later acted for the screen. There was "Red" Grange's bid to picture fame, as well as that of George Walsh, former Fordham star, later a screen star and now a director. Louis Wolheim capitalized, for film purposes, the busted proboscis he received in his grid career, while the executive and technical ranks of the picture industry number many former football celebrities. At the Fox Film studios, for example, Directors David Butler, ex-Stanford, and Hamilton MacFadden, ex-Harvard, were prominent in pigskin circles; Eddie Grainger, studio executive, was once a Fordham star, and Eddie Kay of Fox Movietone News, has shone for Cornell.

There have been so many motion pictures with football as the principal *motif* that space and time both conspire to preclude our even attempting a mention of them. Recently Warner Brothers threw a real All-American football team into a picture, "Maybe It's Love". Here's a list of the players who got into the grease paint and did a bit of acting as well as playing football: W. K. Schoonover, Arkansas right end; E. N. Sleight, Purdue right tackle; George Gibson, Minnesota right guard; Tim Moy-nihan, Notre Dame center; Ray Montgomery, Pittsburgh left guard; Otto Pommerening, Michigan left tackle; Kenneth Haycraft, Minnesota left end; Russell Saunders, Southern California fullback; Howard Harpster, Carnegie Tech quarterback; Paul Scull, Pennsylvania halfback; and Bill Banker, Tulane halfback.

Charles Farrell played football while at Boston University. The fact that the University of Southern California is located but a few short miles from Hollywood accounts for the presence of many U. S. C. grid-ders in picture offerings. Sometimes the entire team is bodily kidnapped for the delectation of talkie audiences, as when Director John Ford loaded the whole aggregation into Pullmans and took them back to Annapolis with him in filming "Salute."

The convict "chorus girls" in the recent "Up The River" were obviously men in wigs and ballet skirts, but few of the spec-

tators recognized these beapainted hussies as the mighty U. S. C. team in camouflage. Besides the promising John Wayne, such Trojan players as Ward Bond, Don Moses, Marshall Duffield, Nate Barragar and Russ Saunders have made considerable progress individually before the camera and the microphone.

Woman to Woman

(Continued from page 30)

and slender, and all rumours of "voluptuous ladies" are unfounded. The modern woman has to be supple and slender, for only then can she live up to the requirements of the modern silhouette.

Of course, the New Empire style, as far as afternoon-dresses and women's suits are concerned, is limited to a few characteristic traits (often only recognizable to the connoisseur), whereas in evening dress it finds its full expression.

Dress materials seen in Paris, New York and Hollywood this season are perfectly in keeping with the new fashion, lace and various chiffon-silks, especially satins and brocades, being greatly in requisite. Such were the materials characteristic of the fashions at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Naturally such materials stimulate the introduction of capes, wide collars, ruches and similar effects, often repeated. Most of the trimmings indicate the revival of the Empire fashion, as in the much-favoured meshes, artificial flowers, embroideries, etc.

Many evening-dresses in the new style (almost without exception kept in those delicate hues so beloved during the Empire) actually resemble the dresses of that period and promise to be very successful. Women of elegance are sure to profit by the infinite possibilities afforded by the complete change in fashion's silhouette.

The figure at the left of this line drawing fashion picture shows a characteristic model of the new trend, a ravishing evening-dress. Here we have the very high waist gathered with a small belt, the hips effectively in high relief, and the skirt, narrow above and hanging down in heavy folds. The narrow ruche is very becoming in its cape-like application, held by narrow shoulder-clasps of silk ribbon.

Such a dress requires, of course, jewellery in character and much attention is nowadays being paid to jewellery worked in the applied arts. Many fine specimens are to be had in excellent imitations.

Likewise, the other attributes of the Empire toilette should not be missing, such as long deerskin gloves, silk shoes, etc.

It will only be natural to the woman of taste and fashion to take care that her hair is dressed in such a way as to harmonize with this style.

Less marked than in evening-dress, the New Empire is expressed in women's suits and afternoon-dress. However, here also interesting and instructive observations may be made, best shown by a few sketches.

The extreme right of our group is a simple dark dress of porous texture in the latest fashion. This model, though quite plain, indicates in the manner of its design the elongated silhouette, the original effect in the flaps, the narrow high-waisted belt and the removable cape-like collar the keen influence of the Empire fashion.

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It is still more difficult to perceive this tendency in afternoon-dress. The central model in this group shows an afternoon creation made of dark silk. From this it may be seen, as in the originally graduated Kasake effects, how the styles are steadily approaching the "Napoleonic" fashion, which more than a century ago united Central European culture and the Gallic Art of Fashion in a line of the highest feminine grace.

Splits and Splices

(Continued from page 37)

She referred to a beautiful pet collic. The dog had been used in several films and Mrs. Acord added: "The dog will support me."

Following the divorce the actor married Miss Lorrain in 1926 but the union was severed two years later when the second Mrs. Acord found a *dainty silk nightie* that didn't belong to her at their home when she returned from a long vacation trip.

A short time after his second divorce, the actor was seriously injured in a gas explosion in the Beverly Hills home. It was feared for some time that the scars would leave him unfit for further motion picture work.

In another visitation from the tough luck Nemesis that pursued Acord, he was badly injured in an automobile accident. Another time he lost part of his left ear when he went to the aid of Barney Furey in a battle with two men.

Unpleasant reminders of "Pagan Love," in which Dorothy Janis, shapely and beautiful M-G-M star appeared, scantily attired, with Ramon Novarro, came to light recently in a Los Angeles divorce suit just filed. How an alleged South Sea romance broke up a Los Angeles home was set forth in a \$25,000 alienation suit filed by Mrs. Sada Evelyn Lund against Dorothy Janis, film actress.

Mrs. Lund charged Miss Janis with stealing the affections of her husband, Sidney D. Lund, while they were on location filming a South Sea Island picture. Miss Janis played opposite Ramon Novarro in the picture it was stated.

Miss Janis, when advised of the suit, made emphatic denial of Mrs. Lund's charges. The actress said:

"I did not know Mr. Lund before he went on that trip and while we became friends during the time, as I became friends with all the other members of the party, it is ridiculous to accuse me of stealing him from his wife." Dorothy has some Indian blood in her; and her friends deny any intimate relationships with Sidney.

Amid a profusion of lovely Christmas blossoms in the palatial Hollywoodland home of Esther Ralston, blonde screen star, now appearing in Pathe's "Lonely Wives", Miss Eleanor Boyle became the bride of Clarence Ralston, brother of Miss Esther and Miss Jobyna Ralston, recently.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Neal Dodd in the presence of the immediate family and a few intimate friends. The bride was given in marriage by George Webb, husband of Miss Ralston. Mrs. Clarence Ralston, an ardent screen fan, is pretty enough in her own right to enter the picture game. She now becomes a daughter-in-law of Judge Ralston who presided at the Scopes ("Monkey") trial.

Why I Like To Play Opposite Charles Farrell

(Continued from page 23)

played together in it. He has told me often that he feels he can do better when I am opposite him and such an admission, naturally, is flattering. And who does not like a bit of it now and then? I have just been informed, by director Henry King, that I am to play with him in Israel Zangwill's play and novel, being picturized, "Merely Mary Ann", and know I shall enjoy friend Farrell's company again.

Aside from that—all that—is there any girl in pictures, or out of them, who would not like to play with Charles Farrell on the screen?

Free Love

(Continued from page 13)

happily married was cast as my husband and a splendid job he did of it. His acting was sincere, thorough, and polished; his manner considerate and helpful, and—yes, I'll admit it—his kisses devotedly warm and interesting. And while I'm about it—just a word about that punch in the jaw I received. I was glad it came out as well as it did in looking over the film. I knew it it would because it was a real punch. Nothing effeminate, lady-like or soft about that crack in the jaw. It rather surprised me—but that's a way Hobart Henley has about him; he is a stickler for realism and "punch."

It almost convinced me that a little rough treatment like that, handed out to wives who were entirely unjustified in indulging in a little free love sinning, would work wonders in solving at least that one of our social problems. You will remember that, as "Hope Ferrier", I was the self-centered wife who got more joy in flirting and being "psycho-analyzed" than I did in seeing to the happiness of my husband and my children.

Monroe Owsley, of "Holiday" fame, was quite good in the role of the "boy friend" who was willing to take a lady to Atlantic City for a week end regardless of the Federal operation and enforcement of the Mann act. Others in the cast included Bertha Mann, Ilka Chasc, (a sensible "vamp"), George Irving, Richard Tucker, Zasu Pitts, Bert Roach, Slim Summerville and Sidney Bracy as the butler. Our chief photographer in filming this "Free Love" story was Hal Mohr, while C. Roy Hunter served as sound engineer. Costumes by Greer.

The lines and action offered us a safe, sophisticated medium for expression, and for a satisfactory presentation of the idea that a one-sided marriage (one-sided in the sense that I was free to love whom I chose) could not long endure. Everything "came out in the wash" as they say—the usual happy ending. I say "usual" because I hope that in the years to come marriage loves will become more and more monogamous, and that "free love" will take on the happier, bigger and better meaning that two people, married or mated, are just as free as the air to love each other as much as is humanly possible.

Before closing, let me give a few paragraphs, by way of a synopsis, of "Free Love",—particularly for the benefit of those who were unable to see the Universal picture. Stephen Ferrier was a hard working young lawyer who needed his eight hours

sleep. His wife, though she had two beautiful children, was interested only in herself, in parties and in sleeping late. And so they began to get on each other's nerves. Hope realized that her youth was slipping away and with it all hope of romance and excitement in her life. Whenever she thought about it, she started out for a party, dragging Stephen whenever he would let her.

Hope takes her troubles to a psychoanalyst, who easily convinces her that every woman should have her freedom and *should live her life to the fullest in every sense*. Failing to get Stephen to go and be psycho-analyzed, she begins to adopt a very superior attitude toward him. After a quarrel, Steve bangs out of the house, cursing marriage. When he returns with his closest friend, Rush Bigelow, for a cocktail before dinner, he finds only a note from Hope, saying that she is going to leave him and will get a divorce.

Steve's senior law partner, Judge Sturgis and Hope's godfather, fails to effect a reconciliation, and Helena Grey, Hope's older sister, suggests to Steve that Hope be given the freedom of action that she desires. Steve reluctantly consents to this. Hope takes a job in a book store and they live entirely separate lives under the same roof. Soon Rush Bigelow, under the influence of Hope's new ideas of freedom, starts to make love to her. The situation becomes so impossible that Steve starts out to give Hope grounds for divorce rather than to sue her.

But while he is engaged in providing the evidence with the usual paid "co-respondent," he takes too many drinks, gets smashed up and taken to the station house, and Hope comes there to rescue him. The sacrifice he is about to make almost overcomes her. But things have gone too far with Rush, and the old quarrel starts over again. This time it is Hope who starts for Reno.

Just as she is about to board the train, the children get sick and Dr. Wolheim, a practical, hard-headed man who is interested in the human race from a biological standpoint only, tells her coldly that they have the whooping cough. To her exclamation, "But I'm going to Reno!" he reminds her that her only importance to the human race is to bear children and rear them. She is young, beautiful, and capable of giving birth to babies.

"Why are you so sure that you have a right to happiness? What have you done to deserve it? You can't fight biology. You can't leave your children when they need you. What you do need is a good spanking. I advise your husband to give it to you. You just try to walk out of that front door!"

Hope looks at the doctor in terror. Then she sinks on the couch, weeping. She will stay with the children. But she suggests to her husband that he go back to the club. But Steve is all fed up with this thing, and thinking of the doctor's admonition, he starts in to treat Hope rough, but he overdoes it and knocks her cold. Terrified at his own impulsive action, he walks the streets all night. The next day he visits the "lady of easy virtue" with whom he had already conspired to produce evidence of marital infidelity. She refuses. Instead she urges him to go back to his wife and make it up; she wishes no "free love" arrangements with him or even the suggestion of it in her apartment.

Just then Hope comes in. The strong-

arm methods had knocked the foolishness out of her thoroughly and she begs her husband to take her back. She no longer expects only happiness from life, and is no longer afraid of unhappiness. He takes her in his arms and together they realize that only out of unhappiness and trouble does real happiness emerge. The "free love" has gone, and true love has arrived. Don't you agree with me, dear readers, that the ending is happy?

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Did William Conquer 'Er?

(Continued from page 20)

was not, unduly encouraged by Mr. Hackett's discard of the Spades. Since Raymond needed but two tricks to defeat the contract, he may readily discard the two Hearts and still be in a position to defeat the contract if either he or Mr. Nugent can get in the lead. Since the Spade finesse is to be deferred as long as possible, if it is to be taken at all, three rounds of Clubs are led and on the third round Mr. Hackett is forced to discard his Jack of Hearts. This leaves but one Heart—the Queen—in his hand, while Elliott has no Hearts.

Accordingly, all that Marion had to do to make a Slam was to take the King of Spades in Dummy and lead a Heart, throwing Raymond in the lead, after which he must lead into her A-J of Spades tenace.

The group enjoyed the game—Marion won the grand prize and William Holden lost out by a hair's breadth from capturing the "low man's" prize. Another bridge game from Hollywood will be reported in the May issue of this magazine.

I Play Opposite Janet

(Continued from page 22)

out for greater development—for more brilliant achievement—and, before you know it, you are right in step with her, eager to put over your best efforts, too.

It was Emerson, wasn't it, who said our chief want in life is some one to bring out the best within us? Janet does that to me. She works so harmoniously with me that she

brings out the best I have to give the screen.

The reaction of our audiences to "The Man Who Came Back" is something I am looking forward to with much interest, and I am sure Janet is, also. It is our first picture together in nearly a year. The action of the story takes the characters we portray to the very depths of degradation and then, through the process of regeneration, takes them to the heights. As a stage play the story was a tremendous success, and there is no reason why the film shouldn't equal or better its popularity.

Under Raoul Walsh's painstaking direction, Janet will be seen as a dramatic actress, enacting a role that would tax the emotional range of the greatest the stage or screen has known. It has meant more than I can express, verbally, to play opposite Janet in what I believe is her best delineation to date. It has been a wonderful inspiration.

Have I given you some idea of why I like to play opposite Janet Gaynor?

Broadway's Royal Family

(Continued from page 21)

ican and English stages today whose ancestors made actual appearances when the United States was only a collection of British colonies.

Several of these 100 real families resemble the imaginary Cavendishes in one detail or another. One or two resemble it in many ways. Among the better known of these "royal families" are the Terrys, the Sothens, the Robertsons, the Quartermaines, the Barrymores, the Playfairs, the Monck-

BROADWAY AND

tons, the Kembles, the Jeffersons, the Irvings, the Forbes-Robertsons, the DuMauriers, the Drews, the Boucicaults, the Booths and the Beerbohm-Trees. Of course there is only one such combination as we find in these family groups in which one of the male members of the family becomes a movie actor, and that unmistakably brands the whole family as the Barrymore mob. Ina Claire does a good job of imitating Ethel, and Frederic Marsh is a mimic *par excellence* in his take off of the Warner star.

On the whole it is sophisticated comedy with dialog that fairly bristles with wit and subtleties, but at the same time is an intensely human story of the members of an exotic and eccentric family. We won't spoil the story for you—but know you will enjoy the spot in the picture's finale in which the mother dies while acting and her part is carried on by the daughter. Miss Claire's acting in that moment is one of the best bits ever put over in 1930, and she deserves more than "Honorable Mention" for it.

George Cukor and Cyril Gardner co-directed the picture; the former is a recent graduate from the stage directorial field and Mr. Gardner is a youthful veteran of the motion picture world. As a team they are nearly perfect, as the finished results testify to their joint ability.

So "The Royal Family of Broadway", which we would rate with four stars if we used that system, goes with seven others in being selected by this magazine as "The Picture of the Month". The others are: "The Vagabond King", "Hell Harbor", "The Divorcee", "All Quiet on the Western Front", "Holiday", "Outward Bound" and "The Big Trail".

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700 ROOMS
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BROADWAY AT 63RD STREET
NEW YORK

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By **LUCILLE YOUNG**

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow*, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Lurette Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Heffelfinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young'." Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
6208 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City..... State.....

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!

A
MARION DAVIES
PRODUCTION



MARION
DAVIES

The Belasco Theatre,
New York, where
"The Bachelor Father"
first scored its
sensational triumph



**DAVID
BELASCO**
whose famous
Broadway production
is now brought
to the talking screen



She was his favorite child until he discovered she was not his child at all!



He, too, was a bachelor—but his feelings towards her were in no way paternal!

With **Ralph Forbes**
and **C. Aubrey Smith**

Based on the play by
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

IN THE FAMOUS BROADWAY COMEDY HIT

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

The **BACHELOR
FATHER**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



15¢

MOVIES

April

GRETA
GARBO

"DANCING
DYNAMITE"

Lewis Ayres ∴ NUMEROLOGY

Try Your Skill--Pick the Winner



Become Eligible for Unique Prize Distribution 10 Prizes of \$700.00 Each

"They're off!" Have you ever leaped to your feet at a race, cheering for your favorite—heard the crowd shouting "Come on! Come On!" as down the stretch—hoofs thundering—gay colors streaming—nerves atingle—the horses come with a rush—each rider and horse straining every muscle to flash across the finish line FIRST? Have you? If you have, then you've known the "Sport of Kings"—a thrill you'll never forget.

Do you think you can PICK THE WINNER in the great race pictured above? If you can, you will have a chance to win \$700.00 cash. The total "purse" is \$7940.00. Think of it! And a share of this purse can be yours—\$700.00. What an opportunity for you if you can Pick The Winner! Read the instructions below now—then see how your luck is.

Here are a few pointers to follow. All but one stable has entered two horses in this great racing classic. As you know, the color and design of the "silks" which a jockey wears identify him as a jockey from a certain race horse owner's stable. Each owner has his own colors and designs which only jockeys from his stable may wear. Thus, it is evident, that for every jockey pictured, with one exception there will be another jockey wearing identically the

same cap, blouse, sash and trousers. For example, two and nine are twins. But, there is one jockey—AND ONLY ONE—who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

This picture was sketched shortly after the race started. When the jockeys had "brought their horses home" the lone entry was THE WINNER—FIRST to cross the finish line! Can you find this lone entry—the jockey who is different from all the rest? If you can, you will have The Winner and should, by all means, send his number on a postal card or by letter—Today! There are ten First Prizes to be awarded in this new publicity prize offer—ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or ten prizes of \$600.00 each. There are many other extra prizes of \$100.00 each, too, for being prompt, making the ten first prizes a total of \$700.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. Just—PICK THE WINNER AND RUSH HIS NUMBER TO

W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director,
Room 202, 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois



The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"

YOU know this man as well as you know **YOURSELF**. His mind nibbles at **EVERYTHING** and masters **NOTHING**.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a **MAGAZINE**—can't get interested. Finally, unable to **CONCENTRATE** on anything, he either goes to the **MOVIES** or **FALLS ASLEEP** in his chair.

At the **OFFICE** he always takes up the **EASIEST** thing first, puts it down when it gets **HARD**, and starts something else. **JUMPS** from **ONE THING TO ANOTHER** all the time!

There are thousands of these **PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS** in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's **MOST TIRESOME TASKS**—and get but a **PITTANCE** for their work.

They do the world's **CLERICAL WORK**, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—**ENDLESSLY**—they **HANG ON** to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-future!

If **YOU** have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is **TRUE**. And you know **WHY** it is true. Even the **BLAZING SUN** can't burn a hole in a little piece of **TISSUE PAPER** unless its rays are focussed and concentrated **ON ONE SPOT!**

A **BRAIN THAT BALKS** at sticking to **ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES** surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your **YEARS** of life!

The **TRAGEDY** of it all is this: you know that **RIGHT NOW** you are merely jumping **HERE AND THERE**. Yet you also know that you have **WITHIN YOU** the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

What is **WRONG?** **WHAT'S** holding you back?

Just one fact—one **SCIENTIFIC** fact. That is all. And when you know what it **IS**, then you can easily learn how to apply it; make it carry you **STEADILY, POSITIVELY, AND DIRECTLY** to prosperity and independence.

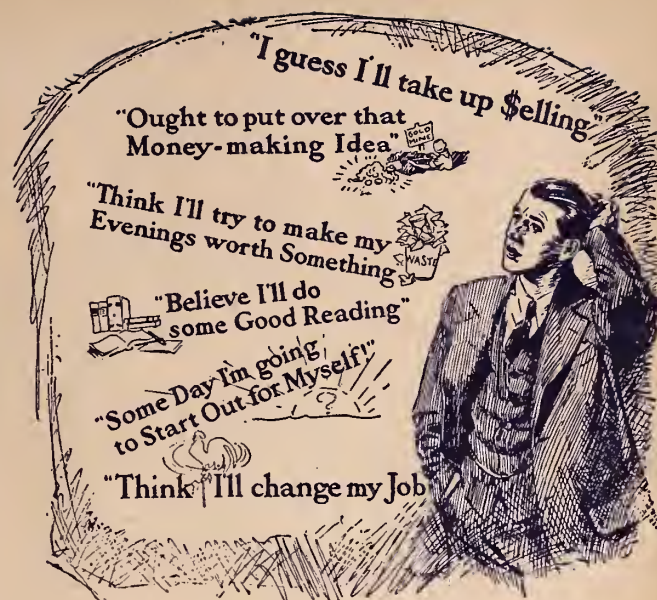
That fact is one which has been **PROVEN** and stated by the world's foremost scientists and psychologists. You are only **ONE-TENTH** as successful as you **COULD** be! **WHY?** **BECAUSE**, as Science says, you are using only **ONE-TENTH** of your real **BRAIN-POWER!**

TEN per cent of his brain is all the **AVERAGE** person uses. He is paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what he really possesses because that is all he actually **USES**. The remainder lies dormant. The longer it is unused, the harder it becomes to use it. For the mind is like a muscle. It grows in power through exercise and use. It weakens and deteriorates with idleness.

What can you **DO** about it? That is the question you are asking yourself. Here is a suggestion.

Spend 2c for a postage stamp. Send in the coupon below for a copy of "Scientific Mind Training." There is no further obligation whatever. You need not spend another penny.

This little book will tell you the secret of self-confidence, of a strong will, of a powerful memory, of unflagging concentration. It tells you how to acquire directive powers, how to train your imagination (the greatest force in the world), how to make quick, accurate decisions, how to reason logically—in short, how to make



your brain an instrument of all-around **POWER**. It tells you how to banish the negative qualities like forgetfulness, brain fag, inertia, indecision, self-consciousness, lack of ideas, mind wandering, lack of system, procrastination, timidity.

Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Sir Harry Lauder, Prince Charles of Sweden, Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist; Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, and hundreds of others equally famous, praise the simple method of increasing brain power and thought power described in this free book. **OVER 700,000 OTHERS PRAISE IT.**

You have only **TWO CENTS** to lose by writing for your copy. You may **GAIN** thousands of dollars, peace of mind, happiness, independence!

Thousands who read this announcement will **DO NOTHING** about it. The effort and the will needed to send for this book—which is **FREE**—may be lacking. How can these people **EVER** gain what they hope for, crave for? They are the skeptics, the doubters, the "show me" wiseacres.

Other thousands will say, "I can lose only **TWO CENTS**. I may **GAIN** a great deal by reading 'Scientific Mind Training.' I will send for it **NOW**. It promises too much for me to **RISK MISSING.**"

The thousands who are open minded—who are willing to learn something to their advantage—will **ACT** on their impulse to send the coupon. They will be better, stronger minded for having **TAKEN SOME ACTION** about their lives, even if they do nothing more than to **READ** a booklet about the inner workings of the mind. For your own sake—and for the sake of your loved ones, don't continue to **GAMBLE** that your future will be bright whether or not you **DO** anything about it! Mail the coupon today—**NOW.**

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Suite 2398, 71 West 45th Street, New York City

Offices in London, Paris, Stockholm, Delhi,
Durban and Melbourne

The Pelman Institute of America
Suite 2398, 71 West 45th Street,
New York City

Please send me without obligation your free booklet, "Scientific Mind Training." This does not place me under any obligation and no salesman is to call on me.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



BARBARA
KENT, *Universal star,*
and ALICE WHITE,
wish you a Happy
Easter.





Spring Housecleaning



By WALTER W. HUBBARD

NEW YORK is going through another period of social, political and spiritual house cleaning;... Magistrates and Judges are moving out like French cabinet ministers... Verily the dust is flying!

The spark which fired these investigations was the arrest and conviction of the bereaved widow of an internationally known theatrical and operatic magnate and motion picture exhibitor on an unwarranted and unjust charge of prostitution. Much priming of the powder had been done prior to this, but friends of the lady rallied to her support in a way which surprised many of our crooked politicians.

The result of the flare-back was the discovery of a vice ring in New York which, from the financial angle alone, so far exceeded the European-Argentine white slave traffic as to make those foreigners seem like small change artists. Literally millions of dollars had changed hands on the quiet, and thousands of arrests had been made, in hundreds of cases unjustly.

It is to the undying credit of Governor Roosevelt and Mayor Walker that they are taking hold of the investigation without gloves and flaying the iniquitous ones right and left. Our only suggestion is that in this house cleaning we don't try to cover it up with the smoke screen of argument about the "evils and wickedness of the theatre." Mayor Walker, who is highly respected by those of the world of the stage and screen, is busy removing the beam from our own eyes; we hope he won't discuss the moat in other people's eyes until the first is removed.

Girls who have appeared in stage productions have been fraudulently sent to jail on the vilest of charges; girls who are beautiful enough to play parts in movie productions are there too; and scores of girls who are theatre patrons and movie fans,—have been languishing in jail because men who aren't fit to hold jobs as house detectives in third rate hotels have framed them.


The lowest form of swine in human garb is the policeman or member of a society for the suppression of vice who "frames" innocent women on prostitution or obscenity charges. The stench of the pole-cat is an elixir of rare perfume compared to the odor which emanates from the group of politicians, stool pigeons, "reformers" and detectives who fatten on the fruits of their frame-ups of women.

Doubtless what is true in New York is true, in a greater or lesser degree, in others of our large cities. Spring is here and housecleaning is in order!

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MAURICE CHEVALIER.
*The idol of Paris music
halls, and a Paramount-
Publix star.*

A black and white portrait of actress Frances Dee. She is shown from the chest up, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her hair is dark and styled in a short, wavy bob. Her right hand is raised, with her fingers gently touching her left shoulder. The background is dark and out of focus.

FRANCES DEE,—
*Beautiful Paramount-
Publix featured player.*



JOAN

DANCING DYNAMITE

By Jerome K. Whiteley

WHEN Joan Crawford was cast for the leading role in "Our Dancing Daughters," "The Taxi Dancer," "Dance, Fools, Dance," and other productions in which the art of Terpsichore was featured, there was more than one reason for it. They started off with two reasons—her right and her left leg!

Flippant as that may sound there was more truth than poetry in it; for after half a dozen years in the movies Joan is still one of the pathetically few actresses who never needs a double for her legs—for her figure, or for any "underwear studies" which may crop up in the course of the script. She is as young today as she was when she first hit the stage, and those of you who have seen "Blushing Brides" and "Dance, Fools, Dance"—just being released, will realize the truth of that statement.

Since her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. the quality of her acting has improved, and she surprised even the officials of the Culver City studios when the first rushes of "Paid" were run off in the projection theatre on the lot. There isn't an actress on Hollywood's payroll today who could have done as good a job of "Within the Law"—in the films known as "Paid," as did Miss Crawford. She demonstrated once again that she could handle the heavy role of the prison-broken girl in a manner that was profoundly Bernhardtesque.

When the film was shown at the Capitol Theatre, New York, not so long ago, I actually saw hundreds of wet eyes as scene after scene of "Paid" flashed before their vision; I heard gasps and sobs wrenched from the bosoms of entranced fans as they watched her every movement and drank in every tone of her voice; thrilled by the sincerity of her acting and the great-

ness of the story. Joan's greatness is a certainty!

Some will say that I am overdoing it when I pay such glowing tribute to a sterling character; but I think not. Possibly some of Joan's nervousness today is due to the untiring energy she has displayed in her work. Despite gossip to the contrary, she is a charming lady—easy to get along with, a willing worker, and a perfect hostess. Through all the muck and mire of Hollywood—more

*Two
Studies
of the
Lovely
Joan
Crawford,
America's
Modern
Dancing
Daughter.*

*Two
Studies
of the
Jovial
Joan.*



Joan Crawford was
the prettiest of the
"BLUSHING BRIDES."
Below:—a love
scene with
Rod La
Roque, Vilma
Banky's
husband.





Scene from
"DANCE, DANCE,
FOOLS, DANCE,"
Lower left:—as
Joan appears in
"Paid."



*Joan, Dancer
and Dramatic
Screen Star.
Lower right:
With John
Mack
Brown.*

prevalent a few years back than now, her reputation has remained unscathed and unsmirched. She is so typically American in all of her ways that we can not help but love her for herself alone, if not for her acting.

Joan Crawford, one of the best known luminaries of the screen, came to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios direct from the "Passing Show Revue," where she was discovered by Harry Rapf, associate studio executive. In 1924 she got a job in Harry Richman's night club because she could do a swell imitation of Bee Jackson; doing the "black bottom" and "Charleston" dances.

Miss Crawford was known on the stage as Lucille Le Sueur. Through a magazine contest she was christened by the movie public as Joan Crawford and under that name, after a six months' drilling in the art of screen acting was signed to join the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer group of stock actors. Her rise to prominence was rapid for though she only began her screen career in 1925, she has already been featured in several productions. Young Cudahy, scion of the wealthy meat packers in Chicago, once had a real "crush" on the lady—when she first started in pictures.

She was born in San Antonio, Texas, and educated at a girl's finishing school in Kansas City. Love of the theatre came to her at an early age. Her father was a theatre owner and she dreamed of the time when she would be old enough to attempt her fortune on the stage. Her parents were opposed to such a career, so little Miss Crawford finally left home and went to Chicago to try for a theatrical opening. The usual temptations of the questionable show and the risqué night club dances came her way, but Joan came through the

*Cont'd
on page
49*



PHYSIOGNOMY

Your Face and What It Reveals

JANET GAYNOR. Let us consider the little lady who recently won the *Daily News* popularity contest by such a big plurality. Bobby Burns voiced the wish of millions in his famous lines: "O wad some power the giftie gie us

To see oursel's as others see us!"

Like most famous quotations it can be stated as aptly in reverse. For instance: "Oh to have the gift to recognize our vices and virtues in the study of others." Biography was never more popular than it is today. We want to know of the qualities, good and bad, of successful men and women. This age, in the ages to come, will be known as the mechanistic age, so we are interested in its mechanics — the reasons why of the popularity of people favorably in the public eye. And Janet is popular.

It is always a source of satisfaction when we see people who look the part. In fact we would have heaven on earth if all people could be as well placed in real life as the actors in pictures are placed by casting directors. For instance. Janet Gaynor, whose piquant, vibrant, eager face we will use for an illustration. She was most aptly chosen for "7th Heaven," one of her first outstanding roles. It was the portrayal of the trials of a spiritual, hopeful, helpful soul under most sordid materialistic trial. We all recognize some of this in our own lives. We all love the qualities of faith and hope, for life would seem hopeless and purposeless without them. And she, of all artists, best expresses these qualities. Remember "Street Angel," "Sunny Side Up," "High Society Blues," and "The Man Who Came Back"?

Study Janet Gaynor's artistic profile. Have you her brow, nose, eyes, or chin? Or, rather, do any of your features show similar outline? If so, they show similarities in temperament and talents. Remember the entire knowable universe is made of the same stuff—electrons.

In other words, we are all Star Dust.

—William E. Benton.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M-G-M star, is well worth

BENEVOLENT
SPIRITUAL
HUMANE
COLORFUL
WITH A
WONDERFUL
MEMORY

ARTISTIC
SCIENTIFIC
HAS GOOD
JUDGMENT

CHANGEABLE
TALKATIVE
AGGRESSIVE
IN GOOD CAUSES

PROUD
DETERMINED
FRIENDLY

HOME
LOVING

JANET
GAYNOR

considering, and an analysis each month of an actor and an actress seems to be a logical thing. Like many boys and young men, Bob has a certain breezy "freshness" that is liked both by men and by women; and this characteristic crops out in many of his pictures. It was, in fact, partly responsible for M-G-M finally starring him.

He was born in New York City, May 21st, 1904. The determination we find in his face, the courage, and the stick-to-it-iveness carried him to a certain degree of success on the films and then on the stage. The high crown of his head denotes a character which is, at heart, very religious. His head is the classification

of the plane, mental-bony and square; somewhat of a Grecian nose.

I find he has a certain sophisticated sense of balance and rhythm which would have made him a good aviator if he cared to take it up. He is sympathetic as well as fun-loving; a book lover, and the possessor of a marvelous memory. Great intellectual ability; generous to a fault; a certain amount of recklessness and conceit—but not to interfere with the firmness and integrity we find in his face and head. I find Mr. Montgomery is not hot-headed or rash in the least, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding. He takes his time to make decisions, and they are well thought out.

I find he has a natural bent for mechanics as well as for writing—a peculiar and happy combination. On the whole, a much-better rounded out life, as far as ability goes, than is possessed by many stars. He fitted into the part of the ambulance officer in "War Nurse" as if it were "poured out" for him. Robert Montgomery has had an almost meteoric rise to fame on the screen because of these amiable and aggressive characteristics. He had already succeeded on the stage.

Those who have seen him in "Inspiration," a recent film in which Greta Garbo is his mistress, will realize how much energy and sincerity he had to put into his acting to carry a role which is disagreeable.

—Dr. Abbuh Randlaw.

DEEPLY RELIGIOUS
INTELLECTUAL
ABILITY
SELF-
ASSURANCE

BOOK LOVER
ECONOMICAL
GOOD
MEMORY
BALANCE

MUSIC
LOVER
VIGOROUS

MEDITATION

ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

GENEROUS
SYMPATHETIC
FIRMNESS



LEWIS AYRES,—
*Universal star and
winner of the N. Y.
Daily News screen
popularity contest.*

AYRES, *the Actor*

By RUTH ALYCE TOWNSEND

ROME wasn't built in a day—but popularity for Lewis Ayres came almost that quickly. From obscurity to fame almost overnight! From a banjo player in a Mexicali cafe to winner of what was at one time the most sought-after role on the screen today, the leading role of "Paul Baumer" in Universal's gigantic super-production "All Quiet on the Western Front"—that is the story of the boy, Lewis Ayres. You have seen the picture and read its review in this magazine; you need not be told of Lew's success in that film.

Along with the most coveted role of the year for which nearly a score of young and well-known actors took tests, he signed a long term agreement with Carl Laemmle, Jr., the general manager of Universal. That was some time ago; since then he has appeared in several successes—both for Universal and for other companies.

Ayres approaching 21, has had only one other role of importance, that in "The Kiss" with Greta Garbo. He did so well in this part that the reviewer of "Variety" said "Pierre, the juvenile admirer of Irene, is essayed superbly by the youthful Lew Ayres," and other writers predicted a great future for this "new discovery" of the screen. Staff writers of this magazine predicted his arrival to fame even at the same time.

Ayres was studying medicine at the University of Arizona but was more interested in the college jazz band in which he was banjoist. There is something, however, in the study of medicine, which gives one poise, and a certain seriousness in one's view towards life; the opposite of Clara Bow-ism.

He gave up his schooling and went to Mexicali on the Mexican border where he played sob music in a cheap cafe singing ballads in a tremolo tenor. From there he went to Tia Juana and then to San Diego and Coronado where he played at hotels. But the movies were always in the back of his mind. He must go to Hollywood. He secured an engagement at the Plantation cafe in Culver City and spent his off time hanging around studio gates. But he never got extra work and finally went to Detroit with a band only to return to join Ray West at the Amba-

sador in Los Angeles. He played at several cafes which are patronized by the film colony and met a manager who took an interest in the young man. He played one small bit during the next six months and then to his amazement was signed to play the juvenile lead opposite Greta Garbo in "The Kiss".

How many young men have dreamed of playing a part, be it ever so minor a one, in pictures with the great Greta! It paved the way to Lew's future success, and instead of letting it go to his head, he did his level best to be a worthy part of "The Kiss."

And speaking of kissing—shall we ever forget the love scene, ever so beautifully done, in the French girl's bed-chamber in "All Quiet on the Western Front"? One shot showed naught but a section of the bed, the wash basin and pitcher, a chair with a few clothes draped over it—but we heard voices—soft voices of love—the relief of a

distressed, war-weary veteran and the mothering, comforting voice of the fair one in his arms. It was classed by critics as one of the most delicate of situations and yet handled to perfection by Mr. Ayres' director.

Since then he has appeared in "East is West", playing opposite the vivacious Lupe Velez. The familiarity of

(Continued on page 50)

Lewis Ayres in "All's Riot on the Kitchen Front," and "All's Quiet on the Western Front."



EDWINA BOOTH, *pulchritudinous*
star of M-G-M's "Trader
Horn." Upper right: At
the end of the
"hippo" hunt.



The Dark Continent's BLONDE GODDESS

By R. E. VANDERGRIFF

IN AFRICA almost a year—and but three days in Paris to make up for it. Long treks through the pathless jungles, where lions and gorillas roared; where dangerous little pygmies with poisoned arrows lurked in the brush; and boa constrictors, looking like dead limbs of trees, waited for their prey. Where crocodiles lay hidden in the mud, like old tree stumps until they showed their teeth. The land of the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the bad-tempered water buffalo—Africa—the dark continent.

One wouldn't imagine a pretty blonde from gay Hollywood penetrating into this perilous region—and liking it. But Edwina Booth did. She got a big kick out of it, too—slept in the bed the Prince of Wales once occupied, shot a lion, all by herself, visited strange haunts in little known African villages—and traveled in all, more than twenty-four thousand miles, playing "Nina T" the blonde goddess in "Trader Horn."

But now that she's been safe at home for some time, and back at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where one can wear tailored clothes and eat at a regular dinner table, she says that while she wouldn't take a million for the experience, she never wants to take it again.

When Edwina was chosen for the role of the jungle goddess, she never dreamed of half the adventures in store for her. It wasn't so very long ago that some one wrote a book "A Goddess of Africa"; how much that coincides with "Trader Horn" we can't venture to state, but it was a good book to guide her. It was not until the "Trader Horn" safari, a long procession of autos and trucks penetrating into the jungles with a small army of native guards, started out that she really knew what she'd gotten into.

And the greatest sport of the troupe in the face of adventure, asserts Harry Carey, who played "Trader Horn" in the picture, was Edwina.

"I shot a lion," bubbled Edwina, racking her brains to think of the first interesting experience to tell. "I thought I'd killed him, but he jumped and hopped around and then came toward me. I'd already dropped the gun. One of the boys had to shoot him all over again, but just the same he was

Trader Horn

my kill, and I have pictures to prove it. I shall live over that experience many, many times in my life, I am sure."

It's rather hard to reconcile this dainty girl with the jungles; with adventures amid herds of rhino and wild beasts in the heart of a cannibal land. It's incongruous to hear a pretty blonde boasting of "her kill". It's hard to believe that the pretty princess of "Manhattan Cocktail" is the same girl who unconcernedly tells of a charge of a wounded lion and a hairsbreadth rescue by the accurate rifle of a member of her party. But then, Edwina is a born lover of adventure.

She is a relative of Edwin Booth, one of the greatest actors of his day,

Duncan
and
Edwina



and her forefathers fought in the Revolution. Her great grandfather was Wilford W. Woodruff, one of the first of the adventurous pioneers who with Brigham Young traversed the plains to plant their Mormon colony in Utah. Her father, a physician, has been railroad builder in Mexico, frontier editor, and adventurer in many lands—so her love of adventure comes from a hereditary strain. It was partly because of this that W. S. Van Dyke, the director, chose her for the role in the picture, for he knew, no one better, what they were going up against.

He told her all about it—but the more difficulties he described the more she clamored to go. She knew, too, that some of the explorers who had penetrated the heart of the dark continent had never come back; still she was willing.

"But was Paris worth the trouble, anyhow?" she was asked.

"No—I got more of a thrill out of Africa," she answered. "We did go to Paris, if only for three days. And while I wanted to see what makes the Parisians chic, somebody dragged me off to see a tomb. The tomb, and the Eiffel Tower. That's what I saw of Paris."

Quite different is her account of how, at Nairobi, she was the guest in the home of the British governor general, and slept in the room the Prince of Wales occupied during his famous African visit.

"The British officials," she relates, "were most charming to us, and in Nairobi we played golf, and saw houses that almost reminded us of the Hollywood bungalows. Then, just a few miles on, we'd see herds of elephants in a wilderness. And an infinite variety of gorgeously plumed tropical birds.

"Mombasa, the seaport, was one of the quaintest, colorful places that I've ever seen—but I'd hate to live there. For one thing—I like the movies too well. We went to a little theatre there, and found it playing some old picture of Constance Talmadge's—about ten years old. The house manager said that, on the average, pictures didn't reach there until ten years after release, and the ancient technique and heavy dramatics gave us all a laugh. It'll be a long time before they see 'The Broadway



Shooting "Trader Horn" in the muggy dampness of African swamps.

BROADWAY AND

Melody,' 'The Hollywood Revue' and 'Trader Horn' there.

"The revue showed us how long we'd been away. When we got back to New York it was the first picture we saw, and we raved about it. Imagine our embarrassment when we were told that it was already an 'old release.' They were just getting ready to start it when we left for Africa. William Farnum is still a great star in Africa—while the Revue was being replaced by newer plays in New York."

The camp of the travelers, Miss Booth asserts, was a source of never ending wonder. The funny canvas portable bathtubs, the native servants, the odd kitchens, and the incessant moving on—through new jungles, out of touch with the world save by the wireless—these furnished a continual thrill.

"That was," she said, "when we didn't have a touch of fever. We all got it."

Africa in the interior is a land of fever; the swamps where sticky moisture hangs over it, and the sudden changes to dry, arid territory where the securing of good water, or even water of any kind, is ever a problem.

The deeply wooded jungles; the thick grasses, high reeds and bush country of Tanganyika, and the floods at Murchison Falls all left a deep impression on the minds of the party. Yet, with it all, there was time off for recreation.

"To amuse myself," Edwina said, "I read; went in swimming, and took long walks but mostly just looked at things. I fixed up a bower in a tree that was simply walled in by clouds. Watching the formations they made is the most beautiful sight you can imagine. And the rainbows—Africa is truly the land of rainbows.

"Or for livelier sport I watched the monkeys. The trees were full of them constantly chattering and playing tricks. I just knew they were discussing me, wondering why I stared at them so. I remember trying to describe them in a letter to mother and not wanting to say they traveled by swinging from tree to tree, I asked Duncan Renaldo how to phrase it. 'Oh, say they go monkeying along,' he replied.

"I studied French and wrote

(Continued on page 48)

NUMEROLOGY

The New Science as Applied to the Screen Stars

By ADRIENNE PEABODY

NAMES reveal your personality. When you hear the name of Napoleon or Mussolini you immediately think of forcefulness. But the same thing is true of someone not so well known. When for instance, you meet a man named John don't you expect him to have stability, sincerity, and to be a peace lover? Students of the New Testament will more appreciate the significance of the name "John" as exemplified in the character of two great preachers.

Your traits of character, your strengths and weaknesses, are shown through your name. And when I meet people and hear them make certain remarks, or note some of their actions I know the numbers I will find in their names (for numbers are symbols of human qualities). In other words this Science is retroactive and can be proved. Since I started analyzing the names of some of the motion picture people I've made the remark that I am sure it would be impossible to find one of the successful stars with a 7 "Path" or "Destiny". Because 7 is the number of retirement and "behind the scenes work"—often religious. Surely the actor is doing the most creative expressive work in his portrayal of human emotions and this would show in his Numberscope. This time we are going to analyze a male star's name. And what a young man—seemingly born with a golden spoon in his mouth, because of the background of his illustrious father, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Born Dec. 9, 1907

on his own feet! This young man would have succeeded as an actor, even if born under different circumstances. His chart shows a great deal of feeling and spirituality. He is kindness itself, and without knowing anything about it am sure he has helped many a less fortunate person than himself to success. His path is one of service, and he has that rare gift of *co-operation*, the lack of which holds many people back in this world, although they themselves are not even aware of the lack.

"All there is of mortal power
To each other linked are
Thou canst not pluck a flower
Without troubling a star."

But besides these genuine qualities he has the desire to do expressive things (3 Ideality) and as we all know desire rules the world—if you desire or wish for something hard enough, and are willing to pay the price for it, it's on the way toward you. So many motion picture stars

have this expressive number 3 for their inner nature. But it doesn't mean that acting is the only thing Douglas could do well. He would make a marvelous salesman, and could talk persuasively of anything he believed in himself.

As the immortal bard said, "The world is a stage and men and women players on it"; and I would add we all play *different parts* at *different times* in our lives. We are all potentially many people, and have many talents. Remember this when the door has closed on some opportunity you sought, and don't be discouraged. "God never closes a door but He opens a window." That little proverb stands on my desk. Numbers reveal to me sometimes that a person is ready for a new experience in either love or business, and although the transition may seem hard, after a while when we look back we see how wonderfully it has all worked out. We are all too close to our perspective, that's all.

Here is a letter from among the many I've received during the past month:

Dear Adrienne Peabody: What work am I best suited for? Would you send me the necessary information as to how I may have my name analyzed? My name is H. H. M. and my birth date is August 8th, 1899.

In answering the last question I refer you to the offer made in this column. But I will (Continued on page 50)

1			11			(3) Ideality
6	3	1	1	9	1	
DOUGLAS			FAIRBANKS			
4	6	3	7	3	1	(1) Expression
4	6	3	7	3	1	
7			3			
D	E	C.	9	1	9	(2) Path of Life
3	9	8				

But when you look at his chart and see all those 1's in his name besides having a 1 "Expression" you can be certain he has plenty of originality and courage, and *can stand*

KISS ME AGAIN

The Picture of the Month

Frank McHugh
and the
girls.



Miss
Bernice
Claire

IN the screen adaptation of Victor Herbert's immortal operetta "Mlle. Modiste" one hears the voice of "the little girl who never grew up." And we don't say that disparagingly, for Bernice Claire, just two and a half inches over five feet tall—the girl who wanted to write Christmas plays and musical cantatas for children, is herself one of the cinema kingdom's sweetest children.

The girl whose favorite author is Joseph Conrad—the girl who was born a "native daughter" in the state which now houses the majority of the world's film activities—the little girl who never grew up. For she still sings to us as charmingly and as wonderfully as the Vitaphone permits her; and tears at our heart-strings as only the songs of childhood and of lovely children can.



"KISS ME AGAIN"—A
bit of the strenuous
"work" in "support" of
Miss Bernice Claire.

Not that "Kiss Me Again" is a childish picture; far from it; it has all the breezy sophistication of the best; plus an abundance of color (it is all in Technicolor) and a wealth of story and song. It's a pretty severe test for any star, no matter who she may be, to stand for a huge, screen close-up while she is singing one of Victor Herbert's enchanting melodies, such as "Kiss Me Again—and at the same time putting the hidden joy and pathos punch into the picture which makes you feel, oh, ever so close to her and to her troubles and her loves.

So well done is the colorful array of characters, story and settings that we cannot help but regret that First National had not kept the original name, "Mlle. Modiste." For Bernice Claire is Mlle. Modiste.

Certain shots in the film called for her wearing tights or opera-length black silk hosiery, and so beautifully did Miss Claire (she is unmarried) fill both the part and the stockings that if we don't see a revival of black silk stockings in milady's list of wearing apparel, we miss our guess. Frankly, we doubt if any screen artist now living could have even approached Bernice Claire's film presentation of the leading role in "Kiss Me Again." Few have the combination of voice, figure, personality, histrionic ability and basic charm so necessary to give the real Victor Herbert "sweetness of touch" to the picture play.

Possibly Jeanette MacDonald could have attempted the role, but her slightly angular features brand her immediately as the good-looking girl of Scotch descent she is. Joan Crawford

Walter and
Bernice



The
Sisters
"G"

has figure, charm, personality, youth, and what-have-you—everything except Miss Claire's silver voice. Vivienne Segal is a bit too heavy and blonde for the part of a French shop girl. Lillian Roth answers all of the qualifications except the perfection of voice required for that type of music. And so on, —

Walter Pidgeon, as Paul de St. Cyr; Edward Everett Horton as Rene; Claude Gillingwater as Count de St. Cyr; Frank McHugh as Francois; and Albert Gran as General de Villafranc are all well cast in the various male roles. June Collyer appears as Marie; Judith Voscelli as Mme. Cecile; and the "G" Sisters in a specialty dance that is exquisitely and gracefully done.

McHugh's role calls for plenty of comedy, and he doesn't let his audience down. He does a clown dance in the ladies' dressing rooms after being attired as a mannequin in burlesque fashion. One of the pretty extra girls—all of whom sing quite well, thank you—even strips off her panties and loans them to him for the impersonation. This gets gasps from the women and laughs from the men in the audience. But it's all in fun, and the plot goes merrily on.

The book and lyrics for "Kiss Me Again" must be credited to Henry Blossom (Continued on page 50)

LENTEN DISHES

By Leila Hyams; M-G-M Star

LENT will be upon us as this edition comes from the press, and, at the suggestion of the editor, I am presenting a few choice Lenten dishes which have been my favorites or favorites of my many friends. Unusual vegetable dishes which meet the need of a main dish for luncheon or dinner are especially acceptable during the Lenten season. In many such dishes vegetables are combined with milk, eggs or cheese, which makes them especially acceptable. They then become a well balanced dish, supplying to some extent the protein which the meat ordinarily supplies.

A dish of this nature supplemented by a leafy vegetable salad or raw fruit, and by milk or a custard dessert, may be offered by the housewife to her family with a clear conscience.

It is a little more difficult to plan one's menus under these conditions, and more skill and perhaps more work are required in their preparation. They may also be more interesting and the change in the bill of fare will be found a pleasure rather than a cross to the family.

CHEESE MACARONI LOAF.—Take 1 cup of macaroni, 1 teaspoon of parsley, 2 teaspoons of chopped onion, 1 tablespoon of fat, half a cup of grated cheese, one and one-half cups of milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon of salt, and three-quarters of a cup of buttered crumbs.

Break and cook macaroni in boiling salted water about twenty minutes and drain. Saute the parsley, onion and pepper in the fat. Place alternate layers of macaroni, pepper, onions and cheese in a greased casserole. Pour over this the milk mixed with egg. Cover with buttered crumbs and brown in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit). Serve with tomato sauce.

JAMBOYLAYA IN POTATO RING.—1 pint of baked beans, 1 cup grated cocoanut, 1 cup of pecan nuts or almonds, 1 pint strained tomatoes, 2 chopped sweet peppers, one-quarter cup butter, one-half teaspoon curry powder, three-quarter teaspoon salt.

Combine baked beans, cocoanut

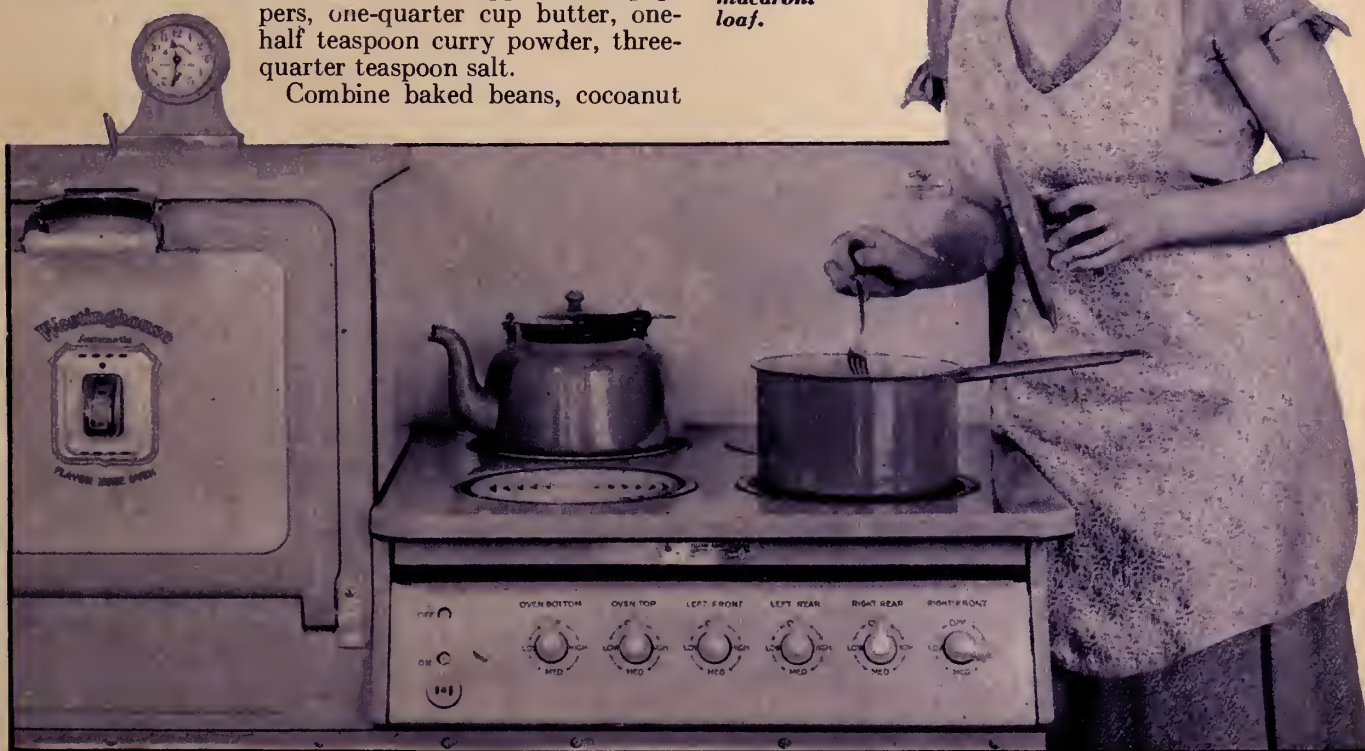
and nut meats, chopped very fine. Cook the chopped sweet peppers in the butter with the curry powder and salt. Add the tomatoes forced through a sieve or ricer and let it simmer at low heat for twenty minutes. Add the beans with the cocoanut and nut meats and cook all over hot water for twenty minutes more. Meantime form on a circular dish a ring of mashed potatoes, about a quart, brush over lightly with beaten egg and heat in the oven until slightly browned. Then fill with the jambolya for a meat substitute.

MEAT LOAF FOR LENT.—One and a half pints of dry breadcrumbs, about 1 pint of milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 well beaten eggs, 1 cup finely chopped pecans, 1 cup finely chopped celery, one-quarter cup of sifted tomato pulp, 1 grated apple, 1 grated onion, three-quarter teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon black pepper, dash of cayenne, juice of 1 lemon and 1 tablespoon capers.

Dry out the breadcrumbs in the warming oven for a couple of hours. Then pour over them as much milk as they will absorb, about a pint. While they are still warm add the butter and stir until the butter is melted. Add eggs, nut meats, celery, apple, onion, salt, pepper, cayenne,

tomato pulp, and lemon juice and the capers if desired. Mix well and bake in a loaf tin in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) for an hour or until
(Continued on page 48)

Leila Hyams prepares a few choice Lenten dishes which she describes in the accompanying article; one of which is an imitation meat loaf; another a cheese and macaroni loaf.





BESSIE LOVE
M-G-M star.

BE HEALTHY

and You Will Be Beautiful

By Bessie Love, M-G-M Star

BE healthy and you will be both happy and beautiful. And probably successful in the bargain. For health, happiness and beauty have been linked ever since the dawn of time; they are as inseparable as Damon and Pythias.

Happiness promotes health and the desire to stay at the peak of physical perfection; and *vice versa*. The flat, thin and emaciated figures with prominent shoulder blades chopping their way out of the backs of evening gowns are no more. You can now eat and enjoy regular meals each day, take on a few pounds and still be out of the wallflower class at the party.

A few pounds of flesh, in other words, is no longer impedimenta. An asset, rather. That long, lean, skinny one of a few seasons ago is gulping down milk and egg-nogs with olive oil in them to help restore her to her old popular place.

Yes, it is written in the "records," now, that you can have a few pounds and you needn't be ashamed to boast about them. Plump girls mustn't read this and believe the remark is aimed at them.

The hollow chested, flat cheeked, hipless, stomachless girl of the chemise-gown era really should be interested. She's got to have something to belt in and corset, this year—something besides ribs and bone. She can't blame it on being "over-worked", either.

Quite frequently the "overworked" person is simply the victim of bad air, bad diet, poisons, or worry. Every one should take proper exercise daily, keep the bowels open, cease to worry, and avoid over-eating.

Time, with the help of "fashions for women" heals many things. As things stand at this moment, reducing has had a healthful quietus put upon it. Only those are reducing who should, and for the most part these are doing it with more wisdom than has been observed for some time past.

And the excessively thin are trying to plump up. To help the latter in their good and wholesome work, let's mention that milk still stands as a good fat maker. Permit me also to remind that there are ways of taking milk. It is best to take milk at the end of a meal on a weight gaining diet.

It is even better to take your milk between meals, in malted, egg-nog or plain form. It's extra building material you want.


And we'd like to put in a good word for butter, here. Butter is just about the most fattening product you can take. Fish also is an excellent food. It is easily digested, unless you fry it, and it comes from the ocean's depths. We do not eat enough sea foods. Fish contains more iodine than any protein, and many minerals.

Correct eating, dieting, and healthy exercise will work wonders, and has already done so, with the modern girl. I quote (Continued on page 44)

Bessie

Love





CLARA BOW. *As the Irishman
said: "Half the lies they tell
about her aren't true."*



SCREEN DOUBLES

Are You Fitted for Movie Work?



Marie
O'Brien

YOU may look like one of the stars of the stage or screen and yet not photograph like them; you may not resemble them and yet your photograph may bear a most striking resemblance. Have you tried it out yet? The camera doesn't lie, and, in the final analysis, that is the final test

which the public sees and approves of.

A few folks are "holding back" on this screen registration with the possible fear that it is an advertising scheme. It is in no sense whatever an advertising or circulation scheme; practically-all of those who send in photographs are not subscribers nor have we even asked them to subscribe to the magazine. Like Senator Royal S. Copeland's medical articles, questions and answers, which appear in scores of newspapers and are not classed as advertising, we too are rendering an unselfish service—only in this case there is no pay for the articles or service whatever. BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" monthly is endeavoring to put itself in a position to be of genuine service—*first of all* to the film industry; and *secondly* to our readers who have ambitions to become cinema stars, extras, featured players or stunt actors.

There are no strings attached to it, except:

If you were looking for a position in the fourth largest industry in the United States you would dress your best, clean up and scrub-up; your face, hands, nails, hair, shoes, etc., would be as spic and span as a battleship on inspection. Your letter of application would be neatly typewritten or very carefully written in ink if you didn't have access to a typewriter; you would be perfectly clear and accurate as to all of your statements, age, telephone number, street and city address, etc.; and if your future employer wanted a photograph of you he would be furnished the best you could lay hands on. Right?

You would be surprised at the number of folks who don't seem to realize these important features. In proportion to those who answer correctly, we must admit that their numbers are small. But to those few we most heartily commend a thorough reading of Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Gracia". Otherwise they'll never get to first base. A few photographs arrive so tiny, or so foggy, or so badly out of focus, or rolled contrary to our instructions, or badly packed so that the photographs crack and break, or tinted and colored, or greasy, or not marked "Released for publication" on the back; and for other causes we are compelled to reject them.

This magazine's position in the field as one of America's leading popular priced film journals can not be jeopardized by asking us to present tiny snapshots, so badly cut up and trimmed as to be valueless, to casting offices, stage directors, film company

executives, or screen booking offices. A few have already received some kind of employment as a result of having filled out registration cards properly and made application in the right way. Vivian Pearson, eighteen, is a blonde and easy to view, and she's from Minneapolis. She won a trip to Hollywood through a film magazine contest, and she persuaded her mother to take up a California residence. She appears as an office girl in "Reaching For The Moon" and her tips on acting come from Bebe Daniels and Edward Everett Horton.

There is plenty of opportunity, considering the hard times, if we really try. This holds good in most any trade or profession. On the screen a "double" who does a difficult stunt sometimes gets paid more for those few hours' work than does the star. If you do not resemble a star but feel that you are a "character type", or are a pretty girl who photographs well, don't

Cont'd on
page
34

Miss
Josephine
Sickles





Above:
JEANETTE DU PONT, New Jersey
beauty. *At right:* RUTH NOBLE
who recently connected with
Paramount-Publix.





MEN ON CALL.—A Fox photoplay of the Coast Guard heroes who stand ready to answer the call of all in distress; directed by John and Jasper Blystone. Starring and featuring Edmund Lowe, Mae Clarke, Wm. Harrigan, Warren Hymer, Joe Brown, Ruth Warren, Sharon Lynn, and Geo. Corcoran. A love story—a sea story—and lots of action. Good. Lowe's following please note.



BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT.—Another case where Ian Keith should have been replaced by Basil Rathbone. Universal did the best they could with this, and two-thirds of the real snappy "kick" in it was emasculated from it by the Hays crowd. Originally called "The Command to Love," as a stage play. Betty Compson and Carol Lombard did the best they could. Fair.



PAID.—A pungent, fast-moving, motion picture adaptation of "Within the Law," that tremendously successful stage play of a few years back; plus Joan Crawford acting as she has never acted before. M-G-M "paid" plenty to get Robt. Armstrong to take the role of Joe Garson, and they'll profit by it. The rest of the cast doesn't really matter. Worth seeing for Joan Crawford's work alone.



VIENNESE NIGHTS.—One of Warner's good pictures; in Technicolor and music, starring Alexander Gray, Vivienne Segal and Jean Herscholt. Bert Roach supplies the comedy. A "shot" from the movie appears below. The music is excellent and the military costumes quite attractive in color. Miss Segal's voice records as well as it has ever done before. The picture is well worth seeing.



THE GREAT MEADOW.—John Mack Brown, Eleanor Boardman, Lucille La Verne, Anita Louise, Guinn Williams, Gavin Gordon, Russell Simpson, Sarah Padden, and Helen Jerome Eddy in an M-G-M thriller of the pioneer life of America—a picture we're hoping every schoolchild will see. Ably directed by Chas. Brabin. A "still" from the film appears above.



PASSION FLOWER.—Chas. Bickford and Kay Johnson, above, are given the palm leaf citation for a very creditable performance with M-G-M's recent film. Kay Francis plays the vamp—the neglected wife who feels the physical urge to "play ball" with a strong, virile man—regardless of whose husband he might be. Lewis Stone and Zasu Pitts are in the cast.



THE MAN WHO CAME BACK.—The surest way to ride for a fall is to travel on reputation. This is what Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, America's Movie Pets, do in "The Man Who Came Back." Good photography, good moral, but gone, the old charm and spontaneity. In its place a hackneyed plot drags its weary length across the screen. Just an excuse for getting Farrell and Gaynor together.

CITY LIGHTS.—If Mr. Chaplin spent a million and a half to produce this picture we think he was cheated. Not that it isn't good; it really is fine—a laugh provoker of major character. Written, directed, acted, musical score, and copyrighted by Charlie Chaplin. Virginia Cherrill, the blind girl, shown below, supplied the real pathos and beauty the film needs.



MOTHERS CRY.—The nickel-nursing, pinch-penny policy of the producer prevented us from reviewing this picture at the Winter Garden, N. Y. C. Edward Woods, Helen Chandler, David Manners and Dorothy Peterson appear; all good actors. Here's hoping the publicity department will respect the wishes of our 150,000 readers. No hard feelings, folks—just play fair and we'll play fair.



THE DEVIL TO PAY.—One of the best things Sam Goldwyn ever produced. A sparkling, sophisticated and delightful English comedy, brilliantly conceived and ably directed. Ronald Colman, Loretta Young, Florence Britton, Frederick Kerr, David Torrence, Mary Forbes, Paul Cavanagh and Crawford Kent. Geo. Fitzmaurice, directing, assisted by H. B. Humberstone.

BACHELOR FATHER.—Bob Leonard directed this for M-G-M; a screaming comedy from the David Belasco success starring Marion Davies. She's supported commendably by Ralph Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith, Elizabeth Murray, Halliwell Hobbes, and Quinn Williams. There's a raft of merriment; and plenty of "embarrassing situations," in the picture. The blonde Marion always was comic.



INSPIRATION.—Greta Garbo's latest triumph, shown above, is an M-G-M product. With her we find Beryl Mercer, Robert Montgomery, Lewis Stone, John Miljan, and others. Capably directed, interesting, and what is known as "good screen fare." Greta's blonde beauty is still getting the crowds in spite of opposition from Marlene Dietrich and Elissa Landi. Strong, powerful and true.



ONE PUNCH O'TOOLE.—Tiffany's comedy of the prize ring and boarding house, directed by Paul Hurst, is really funny—exhilaratingly so! As an independent Tiffany has had a hard fight to keep in the ring themselves, but they've put over several good ones and are commanding more respect on the part of the exhibitors. We hope to carry their announcements.



THE SOUTHERNER.—Those who enjoyed Lawrence Tibbett, of the Metropolitan Opera Co., in "The Rogue Song" or "New Moon," will find exceptional enjoyment in his singing of southern songs and negro spirituals in this recent M-G-M film. Lawrence is a southerner as is his partner in the picture, Esther Ralston, and we're betting on its box office value.



THE BAT WHISPERS.—Chester Morris, Una Merkel, Hugh Huntley, and several others, combine to make this United Artists picture a real success. Try to schedule your visit to the theatre so you get in at the opening as it's a thrilling mystery story modelled after the stage success, "The Bat." Chester Morris is, of course, playing the title role. Spookier than the stage play.



THE EASIEST WAY.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's adaptation of the famous stage success, in which they made use of Constance Bennett, Pathe star. Adolphe Menjou, Robert Montgomery, Anita Page, Charlotte Greenwood, J. Farrell MacDonald, Clara Blandick and others appear with her. Interesting, sophisticated and entertaining in every way, and well worth seeing.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Fox uses Lois Moran in several of his pictures which are being pushed in the English and Canadian markets pretty hard, and she seems to be drawing 'em in. In this drama of the Northwest Mounted she is starred with J. Harold Murray and J. M. Kerrigan; supported by Erwin Connelly, Vera Gerald, Lumsden Hare, George Brent and Marie Saxon.



REACHING FOR THE MOON.—Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels, Edward Everett Horton, Claude Allister, Walter Walker, Adrienne d'Ambricourt, Jack Mulhall, Helen Jerome Eddy, June MacCloy, Kate Price, Niles Welch, Katherine DeMille, Luana Walters, Vivian Pearson and Emmett Corrigan appear in the cast. Written and directed by Edmund Goulding. No chance to review it yet.



ALOHA.—Tiffany's production of a Hawaiian story—the usual "never-the-twain-shall-meet" motif without the heroine getting even one break. The superimposed "double" shots were poorly done photographically. Raquel Torres and Ben Lyon did their best with a poor story and not-too-good direction. Robert Edeson plays Ben's father and does a good job of it. Passable!

SERVICE STRIPES.—A short comedy by Warner Brothers—a singing, dancing and talking epic of the world war from the burlesque-comedy angle, featuring several snappy comedians, and, best of all, Joan Carter Waddell—shapely queen of the dance and a well known New York musical comedy star. Joan's a world beater—at least she will be if given a chance.



MILLIE.—A Radio-Keith-Orpheum picture which makes use of the Pathe' star, Helen Twelvetrees. Don't just know how it is because the publicity men have been stung with their reviewer's passes—but one critic told us it "wasn't so good." We'll report on it later for the benefit of the exhibitors who read this magazine. Better luck next time! Helen should be good and we hope she is.



NO LIMIT.—Stuart Erwin, Norman Foster and Harry Green playing opposite the voluptuously beautiful Clara Bow in a recent Paramount picture concerning the gambling racket. Clara is always good, no matter how the stories may be or the direction, and a trip to the theatre just to see her "emote" is worth the admission. We recommend "No Limit" to you.

THE ROYAL BED.—A Radio Picture. R. K. O.'s theatre management gang went Scotch with the passes but we went to see it anyhow on the best pass in the world—made by the U. S. Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Enjoyed the film and Mary Astor's work. Lowell Sherman was no slouch, either. Anthony Bushell was good. We heartily recommend it.



THE CRIMINAL CODE.—One of the best pictures of the month—a real good one with a better ending than the original play had. Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, Constance Cummings and Mary Doran in a crook picture. Lots of action in the district attorney's office and in the prison scenes. Our hats are off to Columbia for this worthy effort. Fine. A fine arrangement for humane treatment in prisons.



FINN AND HATTIE.—As you'll see by the "shot" below, there's a load of action in this Paramount-Publix comedy. Leon Errol, Zasu Pitts, Mitzi Green, and Jackie Searl. What more do you want for a laugh? The screen-play went over big in New York City where Leon is quite well known; we feel sure you'll like it. Good. Zazu Pitts makes the most of her lines.



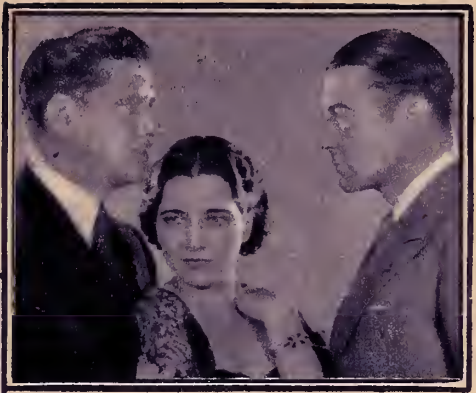
PART TIME WIFE.—Below a clipping from the film modelled after *The Saturday Evening Post* story; directed by Leo McCarey and Virgil Hart. Edmund Lowe, Leila Hyams, Tommy Clifford, Walter McGrail, Louis Payne, Sam Lufkin, Bodil Rosing, and George (Red) Corcoran are in the cast. A wealth of delicious and sophisticated humor runs throughout the entire production.

NEW MOON.—Another smashing success for Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore's debut in the talkies. Metro made a good job of this and it is thoroughly good. Roland Young's droll humor is a worthy addition to the Russian Cossack story. Watch for Grace from now on; she has demonstrated her ability and proved her worth; her smile is worth a million!



CIMMARON.—One can see the "fine Italian hand" of Sydney M. Ullman, one of R. K. O.'s art directors, a resident of the great south-west who understood the demands of the picture. Irene Dunne gave one of the best performances of the past year of the cinema in the role of Sabra Cravat in Edna Ferber's great story. Very good. The land rush scene in the first part of the picture is a classic.

THE RIGHT TO LOVE.—When Ruth Chatterton played opposite Ruth Chatterton we had a real picture. The photographic doubles were excellently done, and the story, while a bit sad, was superbly acted by some of the screen's most gifted stars. Paul Lukas, David Manners and Irving Pichel, principal male members of the cast, gave the best performances of their careers. Good.



SCANDAL SHEET.—Not as good as it should be, we're sorry to have to report, in spite of the splendid endeavor shown by Kay Francis as the "cheating wife" of a managing editor. Clive Brook's part is altogether too colorless and short, and the newspaper story a gross exaggeration of what actually happens in real life. Good enough with Bancroft, however, as managing editor.



THE GANG BUSTER.—Jack Oakie, Jean Arthur, Wm. Boyd, Wynne Gibson, Francis McDonald and Tom Kennedy in a rollicking, smashing comedy of gang life. Give Paramount-Publix a big hand for this effort which supplies a pleasing combination of melodrama and laughs. They couldn't have done better than to have built it around Mr. Oakie, the "dumb kluck" of the movies.

SIT TIGHT.—A Warner Brothers comedy starring Winnie Lightner. See the clipping from the film below. Winnie Lightner, shapely queen of laughs on the Warner lot, must be credited with giving a sterling performance in this recent film. She isn't as ably supported as she should be. Joe Brown is excellent, as he always is. Anyhow, the film is fairly good with those two comics.



RANGO.—When Ernest B. Schoedsack, former buddy in the movie outfit of the A. E. F. with Walter W. Hubbard of this magazine, went to Sumatra to produce another film, the world at large, and Paramount in particular, knew that it was going to be good screen fare. It is; so much so that Jesse Lasky's paying personal tribute to Mr. Schoedsack, saying it with advertising.



STOLEN HEAVEN.—Nancy Carroll and Phillip Holmes in an excellent "redemption-type" of picture, a Paramount-Publix production, and well worth seeing. It was made at the New York (Astoria) studios and bears the stamp of careful, thoughtful and competent direction. Nancy and Phillip are born actors and no words of commendation are needed for them. Reviewed at the Paramount.

TOM SAWYER.—Jackie Coogan's return to the films—supported by Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green, Lucien Littlefield, Tully Marshall, Clara Blandick, Mary Jane Irving, Jackie Searl, Dick Winslow, Chas. Stevens and Chas. Sellon. The Mark Twain story is superbly done and, naturally, appealed especially to the children who witnessed the Paramount snow. Jackie Coogan is good as ever.



REDUCING.—That wonderful comedy pair, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran at it again for the M-G-M outfit, and doing one of the finest screen comedies within the last half year. Anita Page, Wm. Collier, Jr., Lucien Littlefield and others. The "shot-gun marriage" is a wow, a real laugh with the drama back of it. You must see it if you believe in laughing to grow fat.



Above: Left to right; Alphonse Chimera,
Anthony Vincent Martone, Joseph Aguolera,
Carson Wicker, William P. Halloran.
Below: Mlle. Sonya Biersted.



Fidel L.

Brambila

Screen Doubles

(Continued from page 29)

hesitate to mail in your photograph—not rolled, to the editor of this magazine with information as to your age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, exact street and city address, telephone number, past experience if any, and any special talents you may have. Your photograph will be published and your name will appear in the pages of the magazine. The comment may not be printed in the same issue in which your photograph appears—it may appear before or after.

There are quite a few ahead, so be patient. Watch for your opportunities; we'll do what we can on this end. We make no wild promises of fame and fortune over night; we do not guarantee anything; this is not an advertising venture. Our files will soon be in ship-shape, and they will be at the disposal of casting directors, and executives of the stage and screen, as well as, in a few instances, of famous artists who are seeking certain types of models. Any employment secured by our contacts or suggestions, directly or indirectly, will mean nothing to us from the financial angle; this is not an employment agency and we get no fees or commissions now or ever.

Be careful of salesmen who may claim to represent us. There are only two studios with which we are working so far — A. Volpe's Grace Salon of Art at 1680 Broadway, New York; and the Evansmith Studio, 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. Broadway and Hollywood; that was our idea! We are not advertising these studios; when they make a photograph they send the bill to us and we have to foot it. So, unless you don't have a good photograph, you need not go to either of these studios. If you don't have a good one, by all means, if you live in the vicinity of Hollywood or New York, go to them. Both will photograph you under ideal motion picture lighting conditions; and



Jack

LeClair

there'll be no charge to you

And if you're not serious about wanting to offer your services, don't just send in your photo for a publicity stunt, please, as our policy calls for the publication of practically everything we receive. Later on our files, according to present plans, will be duplicated so that they will be available "on the ground" in Hollywood and Culver City.

Now as to the photos which have come in the past few weeks. Ruth Noble, who was photographed at the A. Volpe studios, resembles Corrine Griffith and Marlene Dietrich. If you don't believe it, look at her photograph. A shapely, talented blonde; good dancer. . . Jeanette Du Pont, attractive Lyndhurst, N. J., girl, speaks French and English; resembles a cross between Lillian Roth and Clara Bow, and, like them, has brownish red hair. French descent; dances, sings, plays the piano and ukelele; and swims. Sounds to us like a good bet for Paramount-Publix.

Mary Louise Winn, with Fanchon and Marco, is a beautiful blonde. Photographed in Hollywood by Evansmith. Wears pearls "like she was born with 'em." . . . Yvonne Evans, a real glory in the "young womanhood line," photographed by the same artist—is dancing at George Olson's Club in Culver City and has done small bits. Is out after bigger game and we think she'll land it. Will be George's loss, however!

Eleanor H. Smith, who resembles Kay Francis and Colleen Moore in certain respects, is a brunette from Allenhurst, N. J. A wee bit too heavy for her height; contralto voice; swims, dances, and has been on the speaking stage. . . Rene De Marco, one of the famous "De Marcos", now playing in Paris, has all the really beautiful points we find in Yola D'Avril and Mlle. Mistinguette. Photo by Evansmith of Hollywood. . . Shirley Ballfour Slater, of New Westminster, Canada, is a somewhat plump edition of Janet Gaynor and Lily Damita. Dances exceptionally well. Plump in face only because

she weighs 112 pounds; attractive blonde. . . Dorothy Louisa Sumner, of St. Louis, Mich., a blue eyed girl who resembles Colleen Moore and Fifi Dorsay; has already had some theatrical experience.

Continuing the acknowledgments of those of the fair sex who have mailed in photos we might mention Helen Travis, of Detroit, Mich., who looks like Sally Phipps. . . Marian Louise Pieper, of St. Louis, Mo., resembles Billie Dove. At least she says so; no photo received; hence we can't file the information. . . Oleta Marie Dudgeon, of Sudan, Texas, is a character-type, considering her age, 12 years. A brunette with certain characteristics of Evelyn Brent in her make-up. . . Barbara Meyer, of Freeport, Ill., weighs 110 pounds and is 19 years of age; slightly resembles Clara Bow and Ruth Chatterton. . . Ruth Peggy Wood, of Neillsville, Wis., has dark brown eyes and resembles Janet Gaynor and Helen Chandler.

AGE TURNED BACK



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Another young lady who resembles Janet Gaynor is Eleanor Lamborghine, of Sagamore, Mass., but she has a pair of lower limbs that would almost make Clara Bow or Claudette Colbert jealous. Suggest she changes her name to "Eleanor Lamb" if she lands in the films. Swims and dances. . . Mary Di Misa, an eight year old beauty, resembles Mary Brian as the Dallas girl may have looked at that age. Cute. . . Donna Marie Austin, of Canton, Ohio, says she resembles Kay Johnson and Vilma Banky. Better go to a Canton photographer and get a picture, Donna, so we can file it. . . Elsie Mackler, a Bronx, N. Y. C., girl, aged 8, resembles Baby Peggy and Mitzi Green. . . Beverly Jean Cameron, another Canton, Ohio girl who sent in a registration without a photo. We wonder if all the camera men have left Canton, or what? Says she resembles Clara Bow and Nancy Carroll. Beverly, we're from Missouri!

Lilyan Gold, of Los Angeles, Calif., a Jewish beauty, resembles Mary Brian in as close a way as we have ever seen photographically. Has had dramatic experience and training in elocution. . . La Ray, of Wichita, Kansas, is another Louise Fazenda, or better. Oodles of personality and shapely limbs. Blue eyes and worth grabbing off. This is an honest "tip" to some film company. . . Here's another real "hot tip"—an honest-to-goodness beauty—formerly of Earl Carroll's "Vanies": Won a couple of bathing beauty contests; has an excellent figure; fine skin and beautiful eyes. Yvonne La Verne, of New York City. Resembles certain things about Mary Brian, Clara Bow, and Billie Dove. . . Rosemarie Gagliani, of New York City, is a real beauty. But, Rosemarie, we can't present a fading red proof to a casting director. She looks like Nancy Carroll. . . Carmen Torres, of Kansas City, Mo., resembles Billie Dove and Renee Adoree. . . Grace Hill, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., weighs 117 pounds—and that's that much sheer beauty as her photo in a bathing suit proves. Resembles Clara Bow and has had some theatrical experience. . . Jeanne Carr, of New Brighton, Pa., resembles Janet Gaynor slightly. . . Blossom LaVeres, of the "Windy City", resembles Nancy Carroll, but she has a pair of "understandings" that would excite the envy of most any one of the screen stars. Is a good dancer.



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outside
looking in"**

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Another Hinton Graduate, John J. Minton of Bayport, L.I., writes that he secured a position with the Sickler Flying Service at \$50 a week, immediately after we recommended him for it.

Now Chief Instructor at Institution of Aeronautics, N.Y. Robt. N. Dobbins, a Hinton Graduate, writes: "I cannot thank you enough for the assistance you gave me in getting my present position. Last week they promoted me to Chief Instructor at a salary increase of \$15 a week. We have about 170 students and classes in all branches of ground work."

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Name _____ Print Clearly
Address _____ Age _____
(Must be over 16)
City _____ State _____

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____ Telephone _____
Sex _____ Race _____ Color and Type _____
Height _____ Weight _____ Color of Eyes _____ Age _____
What screen star do you resemble? _____
Previous theatrical experience if any. Accomplishments; dancing, singing, horseback riding, fencing, etc. _____

Make out a 3 x 5 card similar to the above, fill out and mail it in with photograph.



ANATOL, a play in four acts and six scenes, by Arthur Schnitzler; acting version by Harley Granville-Barker. Staged by Marc Connelly and Gabriel Beer-Hoffman; settings by Jo Meilziner; revived by Bela Blau, Inc., at the Lyceum Theatre, N. Y. C. In this interesting anatomy of love, we find Miriam Hopkins, Joseph Schildkraut, and others who have appeared in films, acting for the "legit." The music of the play is excellent, especially the Viennese waltzes.

When "Anatol" was first shown in New York nearly twenty years ago with John Barrymore it was reputed to be audacious. Anatol is a sinner. But not to Schnitzler, and hardly to the pernicious playgoer of today, for Anatol is a sybarite of love. He is punctilious about the deportment of conquest. He loves love. The seven scenes in his affairs reveal his susceptibilities—his anxiety over the fidelity of Hilda, his wounded vanity when Bianca no longer remembers him, his anger when he discovers one of his trollops coveting the booty of previous amours or another planning to supplant him with a chorus boy. For to Schnitzler love is full of savor and deception, honeyed tenderness and sweet languor. None of the hotblooded passion of the modern theatre bursts into his amorous hot-house. There is hardly a kiss visible to the naked eye.

FIVE STAR FINAL.—A choleric, yet dynamic editor is Arthur Byron in the latest A. H. Woods' production now running at the Cort Theatre, New York City. Wise crack after wise crack—scene after scene—all of the most dramatic intensity, follow in swift succession.

"Too much Ziegfeld publicity at the head of our dramatic columns every day," he shouts. "Find out who our dramatic critic is sleeping with." And scores of others like this. The story is too fast-moving, too interestingly pungent, to spoil it by telling you about it. Suffice to say that it is well on a par with "Gentlemen of the Press", "The Front Page", and other newspaper successes. Its attack is aimed against such tabloid sheets as the *New York Graphic*, it seems, as the name of the paper begins with a "G" and it is a New York afternoon newspaper.

As long as Tsar Hays is on the throne it'll never reach a Hollywood production lot in its present language, that's a sure bet! But go and see it if you love your plays salty and dangerous—with a propaganda punch. Kenneth Dana, Bruce MacFarlane, P. J. Kelly, Mike D'Arcy, Allen Jenkins, Alexander On-

slow, Berton Churchill, the movie star, Henry Sherwood, Frank Dae, Madeline Marshall, Helene Sinnott, Alvin Kerr, Laurie Jacques, Merle Maddern, Frances Fuller, Malcolm Duncan, King Calder, Kathryn Keys, Harland Tucker, Amy Dennis, Suzanne Porter, Georgette Harvey, Richard Huey and Fred House appear in support of Mr. Byron.

POM POM REVUE.—One of the prettiest set of girls our Pacific Coast reviewer has ever had a chance to look over. A sparkling, snappy and musical revue now being run off at the Pom Pom Night Club, Hollywood, Calif.

Onyte Burke in Shubert's
"Hello Paris"



PAGAN LADY.—A play in three acts by William DuBois—and, after seeing it, we do not wonder that Columbia purchased it for the movies. Here's hoping they won't delete it too much—but after seeing what happened to "Rain" we fear the worst. Lenore Ulrich, a movie star, would be the logical one to carry on with Columbia as she did so superbly in the leading role of Green and Gensler's production running, as we go to press, at the 48th Street Theatre, just off Broadway. The production was staged by John D. Williams, with incidental music by Hall Johnson; settings by Henry Dreyfuss.

The story of a real pagan in a boot-legging hotel, who, as she admits on the stage, sleeps with a young minister, broadens his viewpoint of life and makes him a better preacher. Ralph Morris is the young clergyman who "goes wrong" with the mistress of a booze baron; and whose love for her can't survive the bickerings of his preacher uncle. The close of the play finds him out on the hot sands waiting "for an angel to come down and spank him," as the bootlegger puts it. A red hot, colorful play which has a ring of truth to it and packs a heavyweight punch. Church papers—please omit notice!

REPUBLIC THEATRE.—Burlesque at 42nd and Broadway may have shocked the blue-nosed and undersexed reformers, but it brought a welcome sigh of relief to many who were suffering from the so-called depression period. Billy Minsky presented "Fanny Fortson from France," a smart, musical review, and, with the success of his initial offering, has agreed to run a new one every week for the tired business men.

GRAND HOTEL.—Will be reviewed in detail as soon as we've had a chance to look it over. Reported as being one of the finest things the Theatre Guild has ever done. Speculators are grabbing many of the seats, however, which are at a premium. Henry Hull, Eugenie Leontovich, Siegfried Rumann, Sam Jaffe, Hortense Alden and others. At the National Theatre, New York City.

GIRL CRAZY.—The little lady who stars with Paramount-Publix in the movies has scored a tremendous hit in Alex. A. Aarons' and Vinton Freedley's musical comedy which stars her, Ginger Rogers, as well as Willie Howard, the De Marcos, Ethel Merman, Allen Kearns, William Kent, et al. Interesting and tuneful, and well worth seeing. The Alvin Theatre, just off Broadway, N. Y. C.



DOLORES
GRANT and
PHYLLIS LOFT,
*Frivolity Club
Dancing Stars.*
Volpe photo

HOLLYWOOD

By DON BLANDING

HOLLYWOOD . . . Hollywood . . .
 Fabulous Follywood . . .
 Celluloid Babylon, glorious, glamorous,
 City delirious,
 Frivolous, serious,
 Goal of ambitious and vicious and clamorous.

Here are the infamous,
 Innocent, infamous,
 Striving, conniving to gain recognition,
 Faddists, fanatics
 And men who make batiks,
 Trying and crying in mad competition.

Millionaire movie queens,
 Milliners, Magdalenes,
 Movie-bug bitten, a fatal affliction.
 Eager young extra girls,
 Sinuous sextra girls,
 Fighting for fame in the flickering fiction.

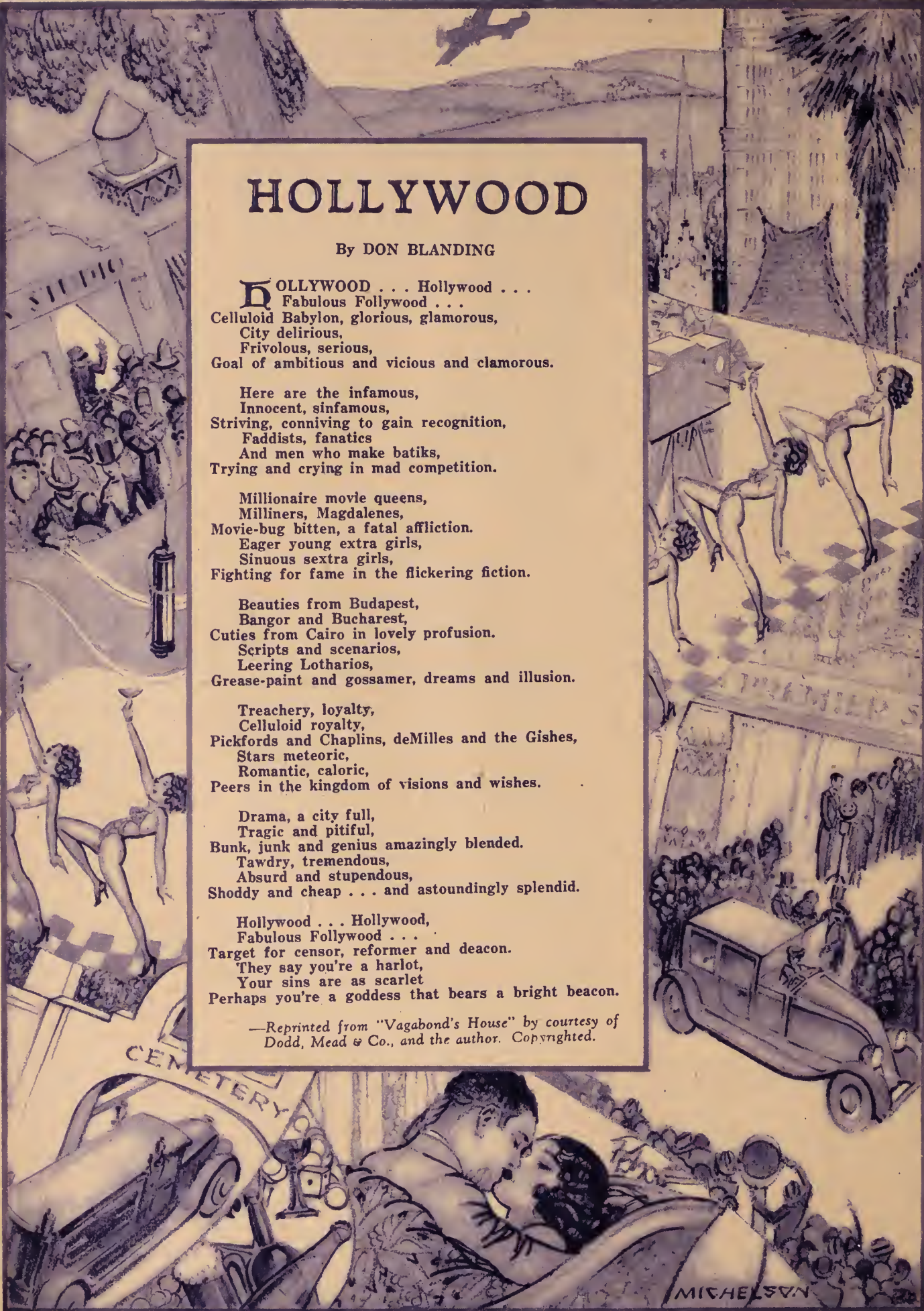
Beauties from Budapest,
 Bangor and Bucharest,
 Cuties from Cairo in lovely profusion.
 Scripts and scenarios,
 Leering Lotharios,
 Grease-paint and gossamer, dreams and illusion.

Treachery, loyalty,
 Celluloid royalty,
 Pickfords and Chaplins, deMilles and the Gishes,
 Stars meteoric,
 Romantic, caloric,
 Peers in the kingdom of visions and wishes.

Drama, a city full,
 Tragic and pitiful,
 Bunk, junk and genius amazingly blended.
 Tawdry, tremendous,
 Absurd and stupendous,
 Shoddy and cheap . . . and astoundingly splendid.

Hollywood . . . Hollywood,
 Fabulous Follywood . . .
 Target for censor, reformer and deacon.
 They say you're a harlot,
 Your sins are as scarlet
 Perhaps you're a goddess that bears a bright beacon.

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BILL BOYD, MARRIED

EVELYN LAYE, DIVORCED

ONCE rumored as being engaged—now they're hardly on speaking terms! The movie world is watching for fireworks in the co-starring of Gary Cooper and the sensuously beautiful Clara Bow, who used to be sweeties but don't speak any more. Clara wanted to change the color of his hair. Gary retorted in effect: "What the hell, gal?" dyed himself as ordered and was sorry afterward.

There will be at least two earnest attempts at picture stealing in this one, and Paramount should benefit accordingly.

Culminating a romance that began in a motion picture setting, Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian, were married in Las Vegas, Nevada.

After the wedding Boyd and Miss Sebastian left Hollywood driving to the Nevada city by automobile. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Adolph L. Shafer. Shafer is an employee at the Pathe studios where Boyd is under contract, and is a close friend of the bridegroom.

The romance had its inception when Miss Sebastian was Boyd's leading woman in the feature picture, "His First Command". In recent weeks, the two have been seen together constantly and the wedding does not come as a complete surprise to Hollywood. The bride, a shapely and beautiful southern girl, formerly worked for M-G-M and Columbia Pictures.

The newlyweds will return to the film capital immediately as Boyd has to be at the Pathe studios Monday morning to begin work in added scenes of "Beyond Victory". They plan an extended honeymoon later when production schedules permit.

Both bride and bridegroom have been outstanding film personalities for several years. Boyd is a Cecil B. DeMille discovery and was lifted to stardom by the sensational success of "The Volga Boatman", in which he played the leading role. Recently, his name was changed to Bill Boyd to avoid confusion with the William Boyd from the Broadway stage who is now playing featured roles in the films. Miss Sebastian is one of

the most popular of Hollywood's leading women.

Boyd's divorce decree from Elinor Fair became final on November 16 of last year.

The marriage, at Las Vegas, Nevada, recently, of pretty Dolores L. Salazar, 22, film actress, and John R. Holmes, 21, son of the late Payton R. Holmes, wealthy Minneapolis flour man, was revealed by District Judge William E. Orro, who performed the ceremony. Both gave their addresses as Los Angeles.

Miss Salazar announced her engagement to Mr. Holmes last Spring shortly after she had obtained \$17,000 damages from Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the artist, now living in Paris, for alleged breach of a prenuptial agreement. The announcement, however, was denied emphatically by Mrs. Payton Holmes and also by her son, who was a student at the University of Minnesota. Later the actress also denied the engagement.

"Sweet, Embraceable You," as a song, has a new meaning with a fair film fan. Scenes of affection with Marshall Neilan, film director, were admitted by Hazel Kendall Jameson, wealthy young matron of Pasadena, Calif., in filing a deposition recently to her \$50,000 damage suit for the alleged wrecking of her marriage to Homer H. Jameson, by his parents.

When Jameson went to Europe some time ago, she said he told her "to go out." She added:

"When he came back we discussed my going out. I didn't say anything in particular about being out with Marshall Neilan."

Asked if Neilan ever embraced her, she replied:

"Well, he has 'embraced' me."

She charged her former parents-in-law with threatening to blacken her character, and inducing her to go to Reno and obtain a divorce.

The Costello sisters, Dolores and Helene, are the most miserable girls in Hollywood, because their husbands, Barrymore and Lowell Sherman, don't get along. The favorite pastime of these two masculine stalwarts of the drama, when in their cups, is to get on the phone and bawl each other out, each using the strongest language he can lay his tongue to. Somehow, the idea of going back in the alley to have it out hasn't occurred to them. . . Lowell gave Helene two

dogs for Christmas—one a Scotch terrier, black as midnight, and the other a Sealyham, white as snow.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, both screen favorites, are the proud parents of a son—Harold, Jr., born recently. They already have two girls, one of their own and one adopted. The newest arrival was reported to be a premature birth, but, being a seven months' baby was reported to have more than an even chance to live and survive healthily. He is being raised in an incubator.

David Berend, Jr., made his appearance in the world recently. His daddy, a former member of the famous radio "Gold Dust Twins", and one of America's greatest banjo players, is teaching music to prospective "sound film musicians" at 1658 Broadway, New York. His mother, Astaire, a youthful, Mexican beauty is doing nicely, thank you!

Roger Wolfe Kahn, son of the international banker and art patron, Otto H. Kahn, was recently married to Hannah Williams, pretty dancer and singing star with the "Sweet and Low" company. Young Mr. Kahn is a jazz orchestra maestro.

Marilyn Miller, stage and screen star whose numerical chart, as presented by Mme. Adrienne Peabody in the November issue of this magazine showed she "will marry again before long," has just announced, "I'll surprise you all. One of these days I'm going to marry Fred Astaire."

Michael Farmer, wealthy Irish automobile salesman, insisted that he and Marilyn had been engaged for almost a year and stood pat on that statement. His foster mother, her fighting Irish up over reports that Michael had been jilted, denied the engagement ever existed.

Hugo Lederer, Marion Davies' nephew, reported to be Marilyn's current fiance, was not even interviewed.

(Continued on page 11)



HERE'S a good one *The Daily News*, of New York, quotes about one of America's most famous stage and screen stars—a Warner Brothers' player. John Barrymore never goes on a journey without first filling a bag with the kind of food to which the Barrymore appetite is partial. John has a weakness for salami and different varieties of pungent cheese that you never find on dining cars.

Ernest B. Schoedsack has returned to New York from Hollywood after completing final cutting on "Rango", the most recent of his unusual films, at the Paramount West Coast Studios. Schoedsack was the maker of "Chang" and "Grass". He is a "buddy" of Walter W. Hubbard, with whom he served in the photographic and motion division of the A. E. F.

Ruth Roland, charming screen personality, whose thrilling serial presentations have made each of us forget the humdrum of everyday existence as we sat gripping the seats and watched unfo'd before us a thrilling drama of make-believe, visits Nela Park, the lamp and lighting headquarters of the General Electric Company recently, to see the latest developments in lighting. Standing before the model street in the Lighting Institute, she saw her name in blazing lights announcing her picture, "Reno."

Here, with H. H. Magdsick, Director of Commercial Engineering, she learned of the latest developments in electrical advertising and visualized how the theatre front of the future will look, as blazing with light, it carried a message of her forthcoming movie productions.

Commencing with last month's edition, BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" is publishing more illustrated reviews of pictures every month than any other screen fan magazine in the world, regardless of its claimed size. This was also the first magazine to publish articles on the science of Numerology as connected with the stars, a feature which some of our competitors are now copying.

You can't make Clara Bow believe that daisies won't tell.

The war is on between two big movie concerns, and we hear in some confidential quarters that it is almost a "war to the death". Paramount-Publix has just lost to a competitor two of their best stars—one man and one woman. A raid by the Warner-First National combination upon stars of Paramount, and possibly other producing organizations, was disclosed when Warner announced signing of Ruth Chatterton and



RUTH ROLAND

William Powell, both Paramount stars whose contracts have not expired.

Hint of a movie war lies in the fact Miss Chatterton is signed up until next October with Paramount. Signing of a film player whose contract is unexpired is an unusual business move in the film industry.

At the Paramount offices it was stated: "We have heard about this matter, but such affairs are handled by our New York offices."

One executive said: "It looks like a war."

George Bancroft, another Paramount film star whose contract has just run out, is being negotiated for by both Warner and Paramount.

According to Hollywood Reporter, a local daily, the Warner-Paramount strife is the outgrowth of a business disagreement between Adolph Zukor, head of Paramount-Lasky, and Harry Warner, over a theatre deal. At the local Will Hays' office it was stated officials "were uninformed" about the trade war.

Duncan Renaldo, Roumanian sailor, who scaled the heights of film fame to the leading male role in the picture "Trader Horn," was arrested in Los Angeles recently on a Federal charge of illegal entry into the United States.

He gave his age as 27 years, and said his real name was Basil Coyanos. A deportation hearing will be held in two weeks.

Federal authorities said Renaldo landed at Baltimore in 1921 as a scaman and instead of remaining with his ship went to Hollywood. He encountered varied success as an actor until his selection for the principal part in "Trader Horn," which established him.

Last September his former wife, Suzette, filed a \$50,000 damage suit against Edwina Booth, leading lady of the film, alleging that she had stolen Renaldo's affections. The suit has not been tried, as yet, but it was definitely claimed by the injured wife that the "gob" had had intimate relations with the fair Edwina under the influence of the tropical moonlights and what goes with them.

Movies enter into the solution of a lawsuit! What, again? Lawyers for the government

and the estate of John Wanamaker, who, by the way, many years ago produced the first authentic pictures of American Indian life and financed the movies himself, renewed their battle recently over whether the estate should pay Federal inheritance taxes of \$10,041,932.09 on the gift of nearly \$40,000,000 that Mr. Wanamaker made to his son, the late Rodman Wanamaker, less than two years before the former's death on Dec. 12, 1922.

To refute the contention that Mr. Wanamaker made the transfer to save his estate and his son from paying the Federal taxes, Maurice Bower Saul, chief counsel for the estate, showed a moving picture in court to prove that Mr. Wanamaker was vigorous and active in 1922 and did not anticipate death.

In one of the recent issues of "*The Exchangeite*," official organ of the oldest service and luncheon club in America, there appears an exceedingly good article entitled, "A Visit to the Movie Lots," and is written by C. J. North, chief of the motion picture division of the U. S. Department of Commerce. Many actors of the stage and screen, theatrical publicity and advertising men, movie producers, etc., are members of these 750 clubs scattered throughout the United States.

During the thirty-nine years that he has been an outstanding figure in the American theatrical world, Spencer Charters has appeared in 479 different shows. Since he doubled in some of his earlier stock company engagements the veteran character comedian figures that he has played about 600 roles in the course of his career.

Following his hit in "Whoopie," with Eddie Cantor, Charters was brought West to play the same role in the film version and became so interested in talking pictures that he determined to center his future activities in them.

He will now be seen in "Lonely Wives," a Pathe production directed by Russell Mack, which boasts a notable cast headed by Edward Everett Horton, and including Esther Ralston, Laura La Plante, Patsy Ruth Miller and Maude Eburne. It is "sexy" and interesting as far as the plot goes.

Ninety-seven letters were received at our offices as a result of the article on "Vagabond Vallee" which appeared in our November, 1930, edition. Evidently Rudy has a following in case he should sign up for an additional film job.

We note with regret that the movement to mix the black and white races still prevails in the New York City theatres when



RAQUEL and
 RENEE TORRES,
 mounted on "Flash,"
 M-G-M's canine actor.
 Above, in circle:
 ELEANOR BOARDMAN
 and "Scotty," her prize
 Airdale. "Love me,
 love my dog."



KATHLEEN KEY, former M-G-M star, knocks off twenty pounds to win a "bet" with Buster Keaton

BROADWAY AND

Caucasian girls are used to form a decorative background for negro dancers and singers of the opposite sex. There are many theatres in the south who wouldn't employ a girl if they knew she was raising her skirts nearly to her hips and watching with open-mouthed glee while a negro singer strutted his stuff; waving her body and expressing satisfaction in general with the program as arranged by the Paramount Theatre managers. This is the wrong kind of "background stuff" for the theatres and it is high time the presentation managers woke up to it—at least before we start publishing names and facts in detail! And this is no crack at our very clever race of colored entertainers.

There are several publicity agents for theatres and not a few employees of motion picture companies in publicity departments who ought to get the Grand Bounce soon and their services replaced by competent, truthful and energetic employees. If you dare us, we're liable to mention names!

Several movie stars and directors—male, have been recently travelling "incog" aboard the yacht Sylph—leaving from Sheepshead Bay, L. I., for the deep sea fishing banks. It was formerly Secretary Mellon's government yacht, and cost approximately \$300,000 to build. A great boat for an enjoyable trip—we say this to the disciples of Izaak Walton—whether you're in the screen business or just a fan.

Motion pictures are being used more or less extensively by the Royal Tailors, Inc., of Chicago, Ill.—they being presented in a special device for window showing. Reports from the sales managers of that great clothing house show that the use of the movies as a sales instrument is a satisfactory and worthy expenditure. Practically all of their district and branch stores are equipped for the window showing of their commercial films in which a plot is delicately woven to aid in the sales of their clothing.

We would politely suggest that the Noo Yawk newspaper which is hollering the loudest for censorship of the stage and screen—place itself under censorship for a period of a year and see how it likes it. We nominate on the committee the reformer Canon Chase, the smut-hunter Johnny Sumner, the fighting Bishop Manning, and one or two flat-footed dicks of the P. D. who have been busy framing innocent women.

Floyd Gibbons, Richard Dix, Estelle Taylor and Regina Crewe were on the air together recently on the RKO Theatre of the air. Two radio interviews were held during this period: one between Floyd Gibbons and Richard Dix, and one between Estelle Taylor and Regina Crewe.

Gibbons evoked the highlights of Radio Pictures' "Cimarron" and episodes of its filming from Dix, who was starred in the production, a talking picture adaptation of Edna Ferber's novel. Some day, we hope, the "headline hunter" will take to writing a movie plot.

Estelle Taylor, now in New York, played the role of Dixie Lee in support of Mr. Dix, and Miss Crewe is widely known as the brilliant motion picture critic and interviewer for a New York newspaper. Next to magazines and newspapers, radio advertis-

ing is the best bet for the motion picture industry.

J. J. Murdock noted theatrical and vaudeville producer recently visited one of the studios. He had the opportunity to witness the work of numerous prominent stars but he spent little time at it. Instead he put in hours daily on the "Girls Demand Excitement" set at the Fox studios watching a comparative newcomer named Martha Sleeper. Miss Sleeper it developed, is Murdock's niece, and the producer was indulging in a bit of family pride.

Speaking of husbands, Florence Roberts, distinguished character actress, steps from her role in "Kept Husbands" into a featured part in "Bachelor Apartment," with Mae Murray, Irene Dunn, Norman Kerry and Claudia Dell. Both are Radio Pictures.... "Travelling Husbands," said to be a rapid-fire, sexy, comedy-drama, has been purchased by R. K. O. from Humphrey Pearson, who is both adapting and dialoging his own story.

We would be glad to receive gratuitous contributions of cartoons—either crayon or pen and ink sketches, of screen stars—from our talented readers and subscribers. Many budding young artists may be discovered and have a chance to have published, without charge, his first artistic efforts which will aid him in securing future employment. He, or she, will reach a very large audience.

Arkayo is featuring sex appeal in some of its new ones, with "Ladies for Hire" and "Kept Husbands" in production and "Madame Julie" near that stage. Joe Schenck is in New York on theatre business for United Artists.

From Oceanside, Calif., comes the story which states that William Boyd, who recently came to motion pictures from the New York stage, is charged with reckless driving in a warrant issued by Justice of the Peace Arthur Harris. N. M. Jensen of Cypress, who swore out the complaint, asserted Boyd, driving at a high rate of speed, side-swiped his car. The Jensen car turned over and Mrs. Jensen suffered fractures of the nose and collarbone.

The New York stage is well represented in the Pathe comedy, "Parading Pajamas", recently finished under the direction of Wallace Fox.

Playing opposite Johnny Arthur, the comedy lead, is Eleanor Hunt, who essayed the feminine lead in the Broadway presentation of "Whoopee", with Eddie Cantor. She also had important parts in "Animal Crackers", with the Four Marx Brothers, and "Just Fancy". Charles Baron, juvenile stage actor who portrayed the Walter Winchell part in "Animal Crackers", is likewise in the cast. Baron also played with Eleanor Hunt in Joseph Santley's "Just Fancy".

Margaret Clark brings three years of dramatic and musical stock experience to her role in "Parading Pajamas". Her latest appearance on the New York stage was in "New Moon". Ben Hendricks, Jr., completes the cast in this Pathe Checker Comedy. It's simple, sexy and snappy. 'Nuf sed!

(Continued on page 44)



CLAUDIA DELL, recently divorced; now starring in R. K. O.'s "Bachelor Apartment."

Jessie Le Seuer, shapely First National chorine, is one of Hollywood's aquaplaning champions and is a swimmer and dancer of no mean repute.

Dirty work at the cross roads! The shapely bathing beauty, formerly an M-G-M star—Kathleen Key, has crashed the front page by a vicious attack on Buster Keaton, and Hollywood's still guessing at the real cause which would make the fair one so violent.

The comedian Keaton's part in the affair, in his own words, is that he was beaten by her in an argument over money, while Cliff Edwards, the Ukulele Ike of radio and screen, and Clarence Logan, press agent, fled the scene.

And while Edwards and Logan were beating a hasty retreat, so Keaton afterward related, a little colored boy, Willy, man of all tasks for the screen clown, finally came to his rescue by calling police. They forcefully subdued the excited woman and took her to the Culver City jail, but later released her without filing charges. Miss Key is a relative of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The affair, as described by Keaton shortly after the battle while he nursed a face full of scratches and bruises, exceeded in action, Hollywood opined, the now historic battle between Gilbert and Tully.

The comedian, who is the husband of Natalie Talmadge, sister of the famous Norma and Constance, explained it this way:

Some time ago Miss Key expressed a desire to re-enter pictures, but Keaton told her she was too stout, whereupon they made a \$500 bet she couldn't take twenty pounds off. Keaton said time proved she couldn't but a try was a try so he was big-hearted and paid the bet.

To wind up the preliminaries, Miss Key came to Keaton and said she was \$4,000 in debt.

"I finally agreed to lend her \$4,000—and \$1,000 on top of that—for her to buy a ticket to China."

Yesterday was pay day and Miss Key came to the dressing room.

"I offered the check," Keaton said, "but she demanded \$20,000 more."

Then, Keaton said dismally, the main event opened up.

"She manhandled me something awful, breaking all the windows in my dressing room, scratching and bruising my face and screaming at the top of her lungs."

The world of the stage and screen is in deep mourning; a double bereavement.

Death has claimed the mortal bodies of Alma Rubens and of Anna Pavlowa. Within a few days of each other there passed into the great beyond the souls of two gifted artists—of the world of the theatre and the cinema, and the nation is mourning their loss.

Alma Rubens, faithful and beloved wife of Ricardo Cortez, left this vale of tears as a result of pneumonia and a weakened heart; Mme. Pavlowa because of a cold, a touch of pneumonia, pleurisy and a weakened heart. The former was, at one time, one of America's greatest stars of the screen, as well as being a vaudeville favorite of no small ability. She has been interred in the Fresno mausoleum at Fresno, California—not so

very far from Hollywood, the scene of her greatest successes as well as her greatest sadness—the battle she waged so unsuccessfully against the curse of "dope" which took Wally Reid and claimed other stars as well.

She will be remembered, however, for the sincerity of her efforts, the fine, uplifting character of the pictures in which she appeared and her gentle manners.

For twenty years, Pavlowa, who would have been 46 on January 31, was the world's outstanding exponent of the ballet. Her graceful, fragile figure, in the manifold skirts of white chiffon, has been seen gliding across the stages of every city in civilization. Kings applauded from the royal boxes, and their polite handclapping was thunderously echoed by hoi poloi in the galleries.

Pavlowa's art was such perfection that all could understand it, and all appreciated it.

Yet, while the world knew her dancing, there were few who knew the personality behind the genius of it. In private life, the Russian woman was little known. She explained why she desired this privacy six years ago, in admitting that she had married her accompanist, Victor d'Andre.

"For an artist," she said, "there is no husband. Pavlowa, the dancer, and Pavlowa, the wife—they are two very different persons, so I keep them separate. My dancing belongs to the world, but my husband—he belongs only to me."

While she continued appearances after her marriage, Pavlowa declared then that she wished to retire. Just after the close of the world war she adopted fifteen little Russian refugees.

"They are my family," she said, "and I want to keep house for them."

They still reside in her home in Paris, living evidences of the greatness of her heart and the Heaven-like charity of her soul.

Splits and Splices

(Continued from page 39)

Esther Ralston recently retired from the screen to await the birth of a child. In private life she is Mrs. George Webb. The child is expected in June.

Jessie Le Seuer



Evelyn Laye, starred with John Boles in "One Heavenly Night", was recently the winner in an absolute divorce suit, in London, Eng. She charged her husband with having known Jessie Matthews not wisely and too well. Her husband, Robert Hale Monroe, known on the stage as Sonnie Hale, in spite of the charge of misconduct and of intimate relations with the English dancer, formerly with Earl Carroll's "Vanities", is still appearing with Jessie in a revue.

The pay-off of that loudly-bally-hooed 400,000 alienation - of - affections suit brought by the pretty Mrs. Doris Endor against the former Edna Leedom, former Ziegfeld beauty and movie extra, now the wife of Frank C. Doelger, the brewery heir, was less than \$3,000 in cash.

This was revealed at Toms River, N. J., when settlement out of court of the much-postponed suit was announced.

Mrs. Endor originally wanted \$400,000 because she charged that Edna, when a showgirl, had stolen the love of Chic Endor, actor. Both girls were on the stage at the time Mrs. Endor charged she found Chic in the Leedom apartment only partly dressed. Mrs. Doelger denied all charges.

Jean Harlow, film actress, and star of "The Public Enemy", obtained a divorce recently from Charles F. McGrew, 2nd, of Chicago, Ill., at Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. McGrew did not appear at the hearing.

Attorneys said the couple reached a property settlement out of court, resulting in the husband withdrawing his cross complaint. Miss Harlow will receive a home in Beverly Hills, an allowance of \$375 a month and an automobile.

The actress, who starred in "Hell's Angel," testified that in February, 1929, her husband pushed her against a mantelpiece injuring her shoulder, and became enraged in front of guests when she mentioned her desire for a set of fox furs.

Miss Harlow previously obtained a decree, which was set aside on McGrew's showing he had not been served with notice of the hearing. He charged her, not long ago, with having posed for "naughty nudes", photos taken by Edwin Bower Hesser, a local camera man.

Health and Beauty

(Continued from page 25)

from a talk by a college teacher.

"I have never seen finer physical types than the women now at the University of Michigan." So says Dr. Margaret Bell, of the university health service.

She goes on to say, "The modern girl is far more able to face the complex demands of life and serve as mother of a new generation than were the women of twenty or thirty years ago." And that is true, as the men and women of a former generation know. The present day girl can go in for something stronger in athletics than a game of croquet without being considered a tomboy.

The healthy, pretty young married woman who takes care of her mind and body and respects both, has a chance to succeed in the movies. The flapper who announces in a stage whisper that she's "willing to pay the price" for success hasn't a chance in the world! Morals and movies are now almost as synonymous as health and happiness, and we hope it will stay that way.



THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue edited by: **ROBERT ARMSTRONG**



What Makes An Actor?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Much ignorant criticism has been made of the movie stars. Some have been called great for nothing. Others, truly great, have been called poor, by the same token.

What really makes a great actor?

Is it his ability to play some certain part which fits his person, better than any other actor? Of course not, for we all can do that. Any woman with a few drinks in her system could have played the woman drunkard in "Anna Christie" just as well, if not better, than Marie Dressler, and thus better than she, could have "stolen the picture" from Greta Garbo. For that is not acting. That is just being and expressing yourself. If that were acting, then a certain half-wit I know, who looks and acts like the silliest person in existence to my knowledge, would become the world's greatest actor if given the chance to just be himself in a character of a silly man.

What does Clara Bow ever do in her pictures but romp about like a girl of her type would do in real life? Or Nancy Carroll, but play a lovable little kitten; sometimes suffering mistreatment or misfortune, when she changes into a mother kitten, still more lovable; just as she would, and no doubt does, in real life. Or Ruth Chatterton, but clown with her overbearing tyrant nature and voice, just as she would in real life, if she did not curb herself? Or perhaps she does. Or Norma Shearer, but portray the highly intelligent, sophisticated, clever woman type, that she is in real life? Or what does Janet Gaynor ever portray but Janet Gaynor? And yet she was voted a queen of the movies! And so on.

Now put these actresses in the contrasting characters of "Anna Christie", "Madame Cavallini" and other Garbo characters, and what will you have? Comedies! That is the real test of an actress, or an actor!

And because there is no actress on the screen today who has proved herself better able to handle a variety of contrasting roles than has Greta Garbo, there is no greater actress than the great Garbo.

Curtis A. Carlton.

Make Your Own Guess

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Is it lawful to ask you if (name deleted by the editor here) make up is reliable? They claim to be a theatrical make-up and I was wondering if some of the seemingly extravagant claims mean anything, inasmuch as I found some of their powders and color sticks quite unsatisfactory.

I note that you are barring advertising of unwholesome and dangerous cosmetics from your columns, and I was wondering if the one I have mentioned has been barred by



you. I note you carry advertisements of Creme La-Ne-Ta, of Lucille Young's stuff, Stein's Make-up, and others—so I imagine they have passed your acid test. I want to conclude with the fact that our entire family is reading your magazine from cover to cover and that we get two copies monthly at our house.—*Dorothy K. Brown.*

Censoring the Stage

FALL RIVER, MASS.—In answer to your remarks in the February issue about Bishop Manning's attacks on the New York stage I have this to say as an observer. The musical comedies are fairly clean but the Columbia burlesque shows sometimes are unclean. When young men and women insult each other upon the stage in a manner which upsets their own morals and those of the audience, and then expect the audience to see them and pay, with honest money, I call that a filthy, corruptible and degenerate show.

This doesn't exclude John Murray Anderson, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., Earl Carroll, or George White either if they display that kind of a show. Do you get me?

A beautiful woman is neither cheap nor vulgar. I haven't criticized your magazine as yet as long as your women have lovely figures and not vulgar ones. Don't be ashamed to print the divine figures and beautiful faces of young ladies because such ladies do not appear cheap and vulgar; God didn't mean them to be. I can stand for clean speech, and clean and beautifully shaped men and women, as well as regular, clean music. Think it over.—*Curtis E. Borden.*

Editor's Note: The expressions on this page do not constitute an editorial expression of the one who edits the page nor of this magazine; they are published as received from readers if they have a point or two worth considering.

Didn't Like Rio Rita

SPOKANE, WASH.—I have found, through reading **BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES** that the best way to find out whether a movie is worth seeing, is to see what your critics say about it and then do the opposite. They have branded as "Impossible!" some of the best shows I've seen and others that they praised to the skies, were, to my way of thinking, not worth seeing.

Oh! How they raved about "Rio Rita." And what a flop it really was! A 5-minute story with 1 hour and 55 minutes of goofy music and still worse singing thrown in. The critics seem to overlook the fact that Miss Daniels spoke very broken English until she sang, then she used perfect English.

I must admit that I like your magazine better than any, regardless of price, but every time I look at the "Censor's List" or whatever you call it, I get sore.

—*George Haag.*

Probably We Will

MADISON, WIS. — Congratulations upon your series of articles on health, beauty and making-up; they are concise, well written, and we're glad to get these messages directly from the stars themselves. Why not publish them in illustrated book form for us?—*Hilda H. Johnson.*

Jean Resembles Joan

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—I have been reading and looking at the photos in your search for movie doubles. I do not know whether you allow any comments, nevertheless I want to say I think it is a wonderful idea.

One I am particularly interested in is the girl who resembles Joan Crawford so much; her photo was in your December issue; her name is Miss Margaret Jean Butler. I would suggest that you publish a larger photo of her real soon, or rather, as I am not the one to suggest, I certainly would appreciate it.

I think your magazine as interesting as any of 25c ones and I will never pass it up for one month even.—*D. David Burbank.*

Charley's Aunt

LONDON, ENG.—I want to say to you of America that you ought to attend a performance of "Charley's Aunt." I was slightly disappointed in the way our old-time favorite Flora Le Breton photographed, but on the whole the picture was topping. It was funny, it was blessed with a continuity of action, and a cast of competency and experience. I enjoyed it immensely, especially your American actor, Mr. Charles Ruggles. Here's luck!—*Edward R. Sownesbury.*



MARY DUNCAN;
*Universal's shapely
star who scored in
"Kismet," "Boudoir
Diplomat," and other
films.*



WINNIE LIGHTNER,—
*Comedienne with
Warner Brothers' pictures.*

Lenten Dishes

(Continued from page 23)

firm. Serve with a hot tomato sauce in which is sprinkled, just before serving, one-eighth as much grated cheese as there is tomato.

TUNA FISH A LA KING.—1 pound can tuna fish, 3 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives, one and one-half cups white sauce, one-half cup peas, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

To the white sauce add the other ingredients. Heat and serve with toast fingers. A white sauce made with meat or fish stock gives an attractive flavor.

SEASONABLE MENUS

LENTEN OYSTER DINNER

Coquilles of Eggs and Oysters
French Fried Potatoes
Artichokes with Hollandaise Sauce
Red Radishes Scallions
Watercress with French Dressing
Cheese Wafers
Fresh Pineapple Sherbet Coffee

COQUILLES OF EGGS AND OYSTERS

—Cut six hard-cooked eggs into eight even pieces each. Plunge twelve large fresh oysters into a pint of boiling water for two minutes. Drain, cut each in half and place them with the eggs. Mix and heat in a small saucepan, one tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of flour, then pour in three-fourths cup of clear oyster broth and a half cup of cream. Mix with a wooden spoon until it comes to a boil, then add eggs and oysters. Season with half a teaspoon of salt, two salt-spoons cayenne pepper and one salt-spoon grated nutmeg. Mix lightly and cook slowly for two minutes. Put the mixture into six ramekins, sprinkle a little Parmesan cheese over them, set in the oven to bake for ten minutes and serve at once.

BREAKFAST

Fresh Southern Rhubarb
Cream of Wheat Cream
Spanish Omelet
Corn Muffins
Milk Coffee

LUNCHEON

Convent Vegetable Soup
Celery Boston Brown Bread Cream
Cheese
Custard with Caramel Sauce
Milk Tea

DINNER

Cream of Spinach Soup
Stuffed Fish Scalloped Potatoes
Buttered Green Peas Broccoli
Romaine Salad Rice Wafers
Frozen Pudding with Hot Chocolate Sauce
Coffee

Africa's Blonde Goddess

(Continued from page 18)

poetry, too. It was very bad poetry, but I liked doing it."

Evidently "poetry" and "monkeying" was a long suit with Mr. Renaldo, too—at least the poetry of love—if we are to believe

Mrs. Susette Renaldo, wife of Duncan, who accused the fair Edwina and Duncan of having had an illicit love affair in Africa and of having trespassed the conventions of society while under the tropic moon. Mrs. Renaldo also charged that the actor had spent nights at Miss Booth's Hollywood home and that her husband had also made love to Edwina on the homeward-bound liner.

Miss Booth, who said her real name was Josephine Woodruff, denied the charges and testified *she did not know Renaldo was married* until the boat on which the film company went to South Africa was sailing through the Red Sea. She said another member of the party then informed her the actor had a wife and 4-year-old son.

"Is it true that you made love to Duncan Renaldo," Shapiro asked.

"I certainly did not," Miss Booth replied.

Q.—Did you tell your former husband, Anthony Schuck, that Renaldo was completely in your power, even to the point of killing himself if you would not marry him?

A.—Absolutely not.

Q.—Did you write your former husband that you searched Renaldo's trunk, obtaining photos belonging to Renaldo's wife and also letters she wrote him?

Miss Booth refused to answer.

On advice of her counsel she refused to answer other questions concerning annulment recently of her marriage to Schuck. The blonde actress emphatically denied she ever asked Renaldo to divorce his wife so she could marry him. Instead, Miss Booth testified, she urged Renaldo to return to his wife.

Several times during the questioning Miss Booth became excited, almost screaming her answers at the Los Angeles trial. . . Thus does Africa leave its imprint. But to return to the more pleasant and more adventure-some angles of her sojourn in Africa.

"Weren't you scared in the tsze-tsze fly country?" she was asked.

"Oh—we got used to it. When we went into the Murchison Falls country the British health authorities told us that one of the flies in many thousands carried the sleeping sickness, and we just got used to taking the chance. It takes a year and a half for it to become apparent after you're bitten—so why worry about that now?"

The whole party came back loaded with souvenirs—ivory, queer native bracelets and such things. Clyde De Vinna, the cameraman, brought back two red monkeys. Many of these seemingly worthless trinkets are now the objects of Hollywood's envy; so quaint and interesting are they.

"Duncan Renaldo, who plays Little Peru in the picture, had a tame leopard to take home, and they wouldn't let him have it on the steamer," she related. "He was very playful, and scratched a stocking off me once, but he didn't mean anything. Quite a few cheetahs are made pets of in Africa. They look like leopards, and really get tame as cats. Somebody told me they were canine animals and not felines like the leopards."

"One of the most dangerous adventures we had was the night the cloudburst flooded the camp. We had all gone to bed, when all of a sudden a whistling wind rose, woke us, and then came a crash of thunder the like of which one never hears in the United States. It just seemed as if the whole world was coming to an end. And then the rain! With a swoop solid sheets of water crashed down, smashing in the roofs of the tents,

and then a torrent from the hillside swept everything away from under us. We clung to tent poles until the native workers could rescue us. The whole camp was washed away into the river except the autos and trucks. Then, almost as suddenly, it all cleared, and the black boys got new supplies from the trucks and had camp going again. But I was terribly scared for a minute."

"Crocodiles," she said, "were a constant menace."

"They used to build a fence around the camp to keep them out when they lumbered around looking for food," relates Miss Booth. "After a while we got sort of used to them. They're all right if you keep away from their jaws, and don't get within striking distance of their tails. I think the rhinos are more terrifying, though they say the African elephant is the most vicious of all. The lions and gorillas kept away from us, —in fact we had to hunt for them to find them. Harry Carey lassoed a boa constrictor one day, and Mutia, Mr. Van Dyke's gun-bearer, killed it. Mutia came to the studio, by the way, to finish the picture. He'd never been out of the jungle before, and this civilization is mighty strange to him. It sort of reminds me of Tarzan."

Mutia, a full-blooded Mk'wamba, who plays Trader Horn's gunbearer in the picture, and Riano, a Massai tribesman, were with the company during their eight months' stay in Africa and were brought back by Director Van Dyke to appear in certain interior scenes which were filmed in Hollywood. The two natives are accompanied by an English interpreter, Saul Rifkin. They speak only their native dialects and Swahili, the language used by traders up and down the East Coast of Africa. Mutia is a close friend of Carey's.

Olive Carey, who played the missionary, and accompanied her husband in the jungle trek, also reveled in the adventure. Harry Carey is one of filmdom's "old timers", having received his first job in pictures and his start in the business under I. W. Ullman, of this magazine. In 1911, Mr. Ullman cast him in "The Man Who Lied", which, unlike Trader Horn, was an Arctic, not a tropic, adventure.

"Mrs. Carey," says Miss Booth, "is as good a hunter as her husband and a wonderful rider. She used to be a Western picture star once. She took every hardship just like a man, and liked it. In fact, I think she got the biggest kick out of the trip of any of us."

But just the same she was glad to be back in Hollywood.

"I had to have my old clothes made over, for short skirts were out of style—but outside of that, home is still home," she declares.

And, in closing, we're hoping that her home won't be broken up by lawsuits or unpleasant memories. The U. S. Government has seized Mr. Renaldo for entering the country without proper credentials, and the goose hangs high. Incidentally, the picture was one of the best M-G-M has ever made, and, with the crowds at the box offices, it needs no words of ours to state just how popular "Trader Horn" turned out to be.

\$2.00 is the bargain price for two years subscription to BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES magazine! Foreign \$3.00.

HOLLYWOOD MOVIES Dancing Dynamite

(Continued from page 12)

Chicago test like a true American girl!

Her first stage experience was as a dancer in a revue in that city in 1924. Next she appeared in a Shubert production, "Innocent Eyes" in New York and then was a dancer at the Winter Garden in "The Passing Show". She owns at least 27 silver and gold trophy cups acquired because of her dancing ability.

Miss Crawford's first picture was "Pretty Ladies," in which she was an extra. Next she was given an important part in "Old Clothes," a Jackie Coogan picture. That she made good is attested to the fact that she was not only given a contract but was cast in one of the leading roles in "Sally, Irene and Mary." Her dancing, which was literally terpsichorean dynamite, helped her to win these roles and win her laurels.

Among her pictures are: "The Boob" and "Paris," in which she played the leading feminine role and established her popularity with the public. Since then she has been featured in "The Understanding Heart", "The Taxi Dancer", "Winners of the Wilderness", "The Unknown", "Spring Fever", "West Point", "Our Dancing Daughters", "Dream of Love", "The Duke Steps Out", "Our Modern Maidens", "Untamed", "Montana Moon", "Our Blushing Brides", "Paid" and now "Dance, Fools, Dance".

She is five feet four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Has dark red hair and deep hazel eyes. Born March 23, 1908; the same month in which such actors and actresses as Lois Moran, Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Mackaill, Leslie Mae, Marion Lessing, Robert

Ames, El Brendel, Ruth Warren, Goodee Montgomery, Warner Baxter, Jean Harlow, and others, first saw the light of day.

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, who had the principal role in the dirty affair with Virginia Rappe in California some years back had some part in starting Joan off on her career as an entertainer, and in 1926 she won the Plantation club trophy presented by Mr. Arbuckle. But she lived down that event and continued on the upward climb.

As I wrote before, she became a changed girl after her marriage; for it was a happy one; one that has, and I believe will, endure. Mr. Fairbanks, Jr., is an extremely lucky man to be married to Joan Crawford. They are really in love. The silliness has worn off and in its place is a grand understanding and companionship. They like to do and talk about the same things, and most vital of all they know how to laugh together.

This domesticity of Joan's is not just the pendulum swinging high, wide and handsome in the opposite direction; it is a complete change in her life. Each day that she is married to Doug they find that they like each other better and that there are more dashing and intriguing things to do—exciting things like buying new curtains or pieces of furniture for the house, and discovering the most divine new sauce to be put over a *filet mignon*, and reading new books together.

Miss Crawford has been hungry for the life which she has portrayed so vividly and so well. Hungry for everything that her marriage gave to her. Starving for the real home she never had before, and for affection (what did her sleek-haired playboys know of love?) and companionship. Doug has brought her most of the good things of life.

But Joan has been able to appreciate

them. And that makes Doug just as lucky as she is. She's taken hard knocks. She's been broke and miserable, as many worthwhile people have been, but she's had a more bitter battle than that to fight.

The most discouraging sort of gossip has sounded in her ears ever since she came to Hollywood. And it doesn't let up.

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Ayres the Actor

(Continued from page 15)

the story as a stage play turned a few of the critics, heads so that they failed to grasp the profound beauty of it as a photoplay.

"The Doorway to Hell" claimed him and he did his best, although the role of an "Al Capone" really called for a homelier and older actor. The picture went over big, however, and gathered in the kopeks at the box office. Which was all the moguls required. He has just finished "Up for Murder", and, as this article is written, is doing "Many a Slip", which is a screen adaptation of "The Iron Man"—the novel by W. R. Burnett.

It was Paul Bern who first discovered Lew, however, and gave him a six months'

contract for Pathe during which time he made "The Sophomore." But his later success was to really commence when he was cast with the great Scandinavian actress, Miss Garbo. Literally a boy on the threshold of maturity thrown in by M.-G.-M. as the "lover" of the screen's greatest "blonde vamp"; it was a trying and embarrassing situation for the dark haired and dark eyed handsome young man.

Greta Garbo may be the "exclusive sort", but she made friends at once with Lewis.

"Won't somebody introduce me to this young man?" she asked on the lot. And during the "off stage" moments she would talk to him, smile at him, tease him, and ask him about love.

"She's the sort of woman I admire the most," he said afterwards. "I don't care so much for flappers. I guess it is because she is older and more experienced, and I am so young."

Young Ayres is a splendid musician; he has been known to play the organ all night; and is one of Hollywood's best banjo players.

"I like music so well," he confided, "that it is one of the reasons why I prefer to live alone. Some folks would think I was crazy if I got up at night to play for several hours; especially the classics. I hate jazz music—I got enough of that when I was playing in orchestras in hotels in Detroit and Los Angeles. I came naturally by music, I know, for my mother was an excellent pianist, and my father played with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra."

Lewis Ayres reminds one of Barthelmess in his earlier days and of Buddy Rogers—but it is certain that he will be himself in the future as he has been in his brief but successful past in pictures. . . He claims no success, however, in washing dishes.

He has a quiet, refined face—one of intelligence and masculine power, however. He is almost six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and possesses a fine, athletic figure—well-groomed and trained because of his activities on the basket ball and track teams of the San Diego High School. Like Marlene Dietrich he gathered unto himself a vast fan following as a result of his first starring venture, and I firmly believe he will hold it.

Kiss Me Again

(Continued from page 22)

and the able direction to William A. Seiter. Kisses by Walter Pidgeon and Bernice Claire; with a few others thrown in for good luck.

Knowing that a very brief resume of the story will not go amiss and will encourage, rather than discourage, you to see the picture, we'll state that the Maison Cecile, a smart gown salon in Paris, attracts not only wealthy women but gay boulevardiers and young French officers as well. Marie, daughter of General de Villefranche, has been patronizing Cecile's for some time, presumably selecting a trousseau for her wedding to Paul de St. Cyr, son of a friend of her father's. However, Marie has been meeting Rene at Cecile's. Marie and Paul do not love each other, but do not dare to tell their stern fathers. Paul, in turn, is in love with Fifi, who works at Cecile's and is ambitious to become a great singer. The shapely and pretty Bernice plays Mlle. Fifi's role.

The general goes with Marie to see what is taking so much of her time and upon see-

ing Rene, orders him away. Meanwhile, Paul has arrived and is holding a charming intrigue with Fifi, who sings to him, her love song—"Kiss Me Again." Paul's father, discovering that his son and Fifi are to elope that night, goes to her apartment and offers her a check to give him up. Fifi refuses, but later accepts it when the Count de St. Cyr tells her that she will ruin Paul socially and in the army by being below him in station.

When Paul comes for her, she tells him that she was out merely for money and has gotten her price. When he leaves, heart-broken, she tears up the check. Paul and Rene go to Algeria with their regiment. Over the radio he hears Fifi sing "Kiss Me Again." Fifi has left Cecile's, and is now singing in a cafe where she quickly becomes the favorite. Clad in a scanty dancing costume, she is winning many friends for the cabaret and keeping up her singing practise.

Fifi goes to Italy where she becomes a famous opera singer. She refuses an invitation to a ball in her honor in order to accept one from the Count who is giving a ball in honor of his son's homecoming. He does not know she is Fifi, since her stage name is now Bellini. Paul and Fifi are reunited, but she remembers that she has promised not to marry him without the consent of his father. When the Count recognizes her, he berates her, but Paul shields her. He threatens to go away permanently with Fifi if his father does not agree to their marriage, and the Count, seeing how much his son loves the girl, finally consents. Just at this time, the General discovers that his daughter, Marie, has agreed to elope with Rene. And everyone is happy.

Truly a charmingly beautiful picture, a sweet story with a happy ending, and music that will haunt you for weeks to come with its enchanting, old-time melodies. . . For these reasons we award "Kiss Me Again" the distinction of "Picture of the Month," and offer our profound congratulations to First National.

Peabody's Numerology

(Continued from page 19)

tell you a little of what your name means. You express better in writing than talking, and could really make this your vocation in life. Your vision is a broad one, you have the power to dramatize, and even if you are so situated that at present you are in some practical business, for economic reasons, try your hand at writing whenever you can do so. Later on in your life you will have the opportunity to use it seriously. (I can remember in my own life when I was told years ago that I could write how I laughed; at that time I was in commercial business but that was a necessary phase of development.) And so, dear H. H. M., remember that your business and executive training is necessary but so is it necessary for you to have some creative outlet. Every human being should have some beauty in life, and if it isn't possible to have music, painting, writing, or some of the many creative pursuits as a vocation everyone could have one of these as an avocation.

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same cap, blouse, sash and trousers. For example, two and nine are twins. But, there is one jockey—**AND ONLY ONE**—who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

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THE YEAR JUST PASSED



W. W. HUBBARD

WITH the passing of the first year in the history of this magazine, a word in retrospect would not be out of place, especially in view of the few unusual features of interest in that story.

During the past year two really great actresses have found their place in the sun as far as international cinema fame goes, and have been recognized in America by great producing organizations. In this recognition it is interesting to note that the first motion picture magazine to recognize their talent, use their pictures on the cover in full colors, and carry illustrated

stories of them on the inside pages was BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES. They are Marlene Dietrich and Elissa Landi.

Numerology, both as a fad and as an interesting science, is becoming quite popular in many magazines, even among the film fan magazines. The first articles on numerology in a movie magazine as applied to screen stars appeared in this publication, written by no less a person than Mme. Adrienne Peabody. Since that time numerology articles have appeared in other screen publications.

The first screen magazine to definitely adopt and maintain a department monthly for the legitimate stage is BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES.

The first film publication to institute and maintain, at its own cost, a departmental service to aid ambitious young men and women to secure work in the west or east coast motion picture studios was this one. The idea will doubtless be copied by other magazines in the future.

Space does not permit us to mention other items and facts. Suffice it to say that if you want it first—get BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES. The above is a brief summary of what has been accomplished in the first year. We know of no other stage or screen magazine, for example, which *more than doubled* its circulation with the third issue—a remarkable showing in view of the depressing period in business which is now, we feel sure, past.

To our readers we owe an explanation of this phenomenal growth, however. The magazine is a result of the best material, prestige, and editorial effort which came from *Cartoons and Movies* magazine, established 1911; and *Professional Bulletin; Stage and Screen*, and *Broadway: The Passing Show*, both of which were established a few years later.

In entering another year of endeavor we shall "carry on" as in the past, and pledge ourselves to a renewed effort for a better and a bigger magazine, and, what is still dearer to us, a closer friendship with you, our readers.

—WALTER W. HUBBARD

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CHARLES FARRELL,
*recently married to
Virginia Valli.*

A black and white portrait of actress Janet Gaynor. She is shown from the chest up, smiling warmly at the camera. Her dark hair is styled in soft, wavy curls that frame her face. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly floral or patterned, dress. The background is a plain, light color.

JANET GAYNOR,
Beloved Fox Star.

ELISSA, *the* ELUSIVE

By Dr.
Abbuh Randlaw

*Writer, Athlete,
Wife, and
Actress*

THERE is a line in an old poem, doubtless familiar to many, which reads: "Whoever named it, named it well." ... Elissa Landi's first American-made picture has been titled "Body and Soul."

The more fortunate of us who were privileged to see the internationally-famed actress, in person, on the stage in London and New York productions will appreciate fully the deeper significance of the wording "Body and Soul" as far as Miss Landi goes. For she is one of those whose work is so sincere, so earnest, so enthusiastic, and so well thought out, that one instantly recognizes the fact that she is throwing her whole body and soul into whatever she does.

And, like many famous film stars of today, her reputation preceded her across the pond. She has made four talking pictures for English companies, one for France in

*With Chas.
Farrell in
"Body and
Soul"*

*Elissa
Landi*



1930 in which Adolphe Menjou played opposite her, entitled "My Kid of a Father," and several in Sweden in which Lars Hansen, former M-G-M luminary, played opposite. She is dynamic, untiring, and resourceful. An authority in recording the faces of great stars, Max Munn Autrey, presiding genius of a Hollywood studio gallery said:

"Elissa Landi, a newcomer on the Fox lot, has a surprising range of facial expression. Her eyes are fascinating to experiment with. She poses herself before the camera and must

ELISSA LANDI, internationally famed stage and screen star, in an informal, early-morning pose. Below, in circle, the elusive **ELISSA** and **GLENN ANDERS** in a passionate embrace on the hospital bed; a scene from the A. H. Woods' production of "A Farewell to Arms."



have music to suit her mood or the character she is representing."

In this connection it is a particular honor which has come to me to be asked to see her and write her story, especially this magazine, because **BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES** was the *first* of the so-called fan magazines to recognize her genius and publish her photograph and the fact of her American engagement. This was done last year.

Elissa Landi, grandchild of the tragic Empress of Austria, and a countess in her own right, is a blue-blooded aristocrat from the tips of her toes to the crown of her head, which is, by the way, covered with a glorious mass of light, auburn hair. She has, however, none of the "unbending," stiff, or awkward qualities we sometimes associate with those who are directly related to even lesser persons than an Empress.

If history had been different, she might today be sitting on the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire instead of plugging at pictures in Hollywood.

... But whatever she does, Elissa loves her work in true British fashion. I say "British" advisedly, because Miss Landi was born in Venice, Italy—December 6th being her natal day. She was taken to London at an early age and spent most of her life there, which accounts for her marvelous command of our language.

She was discovered by Anthony Asquith, and played her first screen role in "Underground." It was during the filming of that picture in England that I first met her. There is a wistful beauty about Elissa Landi that is distinctly appealing, but she proved, in "Children of Chance," that she is an artist of great ability. She takes two roles, that of a decadent vamp married to a jail-



Above: Elissa and Chas. Farrell in "Body and Soul"

Below: Miss Landi and Glenn Anders in "Farewell to Arms"



BROADWAY AND

bird, a part played with strength and verve by John Longden. As the decadent heroine who inveigles her lover, who has no knowledge of the fact that she is a married woman, into "borrowing" his mother's pearls, the wistfulness of Elissa Landi is replaced by abandoned daring. Her mentality changes with her clothes, and as Binnie, who is "mistaken" for Lia Marita, enjoying success in a career of crime, she is innocent and girlish, charming everybody with a personality that is as sweet as a spring flower! She sings her way into the heart of a hardened theatrical manager, whilst the vamp has made off with the pearls! Gordon, her lover (John Stuart), is bewildered by the subtle change in her.

She finds herself in the vamp's flat alone with a drunken man. Her little friend, Mollie (Mabel Poulton), whose freshness and charm have never been seen to greater perfection than in this picture—comes to the rescue.

But when Great Britain has an outstanding success America quickly makes a bid for the prize, so Elissa Landi left to take the place of Janet Gaynor, and play opposite Charles Farrell. It will be extremely interesting to watch Hollywood's methods with this talented artist—for Elissa Landi has not only a delightful figure and a pretty face, but she has brains. Already she has two books to her credit, "Neilson" and "The Helmers," printed in 1925 and 1926, both of which were successful. She prefers to be known as a novelist rather than a screen star.

And next to acting and writing, she likes to cook.

She can prepare the favorite dishes of Italy, Austria, France, Switzerland and England. She is

now trying to learn how to make chile con carne as the Mexicans cook it. Another hobby is mixing perfumes, an intricate art.

In addition she is a linguist of no mean ability—speaking French, Italian and German as well as she does English,—an accomplishment equalled by one other screen artist, Marlene Dietrich. She is a trained dancer and studied for three years under Russian ballet masters.

She has a splendid mezzo-soprano singing voice, and is an accomplished pianist, having studied for many years in Europe. Had a "yen" to write plays and joined a repertoire company in Oxford, the English educational center, in order to secure material first hand.

She played a part in five productions, including her debut in "Dandy Dick"—before being given the leading feminine role in "Storm," which ran for five months at the Ambassadors Theatre, London. Her principal appearances since were "The Painted Swan," "Kismet," "Lavender Ladies," "Blind Alley," "Benediction," the sex play "The Constant Nymph," "Othello," "The Glimpse of Reality," "The Stage," and "After All,"—all London productions.

While doing this work on the stage, Ruben Mamoulian saw her, cabled Al H. Woods that he had the one girl who could play the role of the English nurse in E. Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms." . . . She got the job. I was in the audience on her first night and the tremendous ovation she received convinced me at once that America had a treat coming to her. Glenn Anders, her leading man, and the swaggering Crane Wilbur, of picture fame, played opposite her. Only the sadness of the story prevented the play from having a really long run.

John Barrymore's name has been linked with the Venetian "vamp" by the Fox publicity department who state that John's visit to Miss Landi after her first appearance was responsible for her continuing on with her stage career. Mr. Barrymore saw her after she had opened in "Kismet," which was not her first London appearance as is being stated in magazines and

Charles
Farrell;
U. S. A.



Lars
Hansen;
Sweden



Elissa Landi,
born in Italy,
of Austrian
royal blood;
lived in Canada.
Four of her lead-
ing men in films
of four different
nations.



Adolphe
Menjou;
France



John
Stuart;
England



newspapers. But never the less, the story is fundamen, tally true.

It seems that Barrymore's conversation with Elissa occurred after the first performance of "Kismet." She had anxiously scanned the reviews and found that the critics had been unkind. She became so discouraged that, against the advice of friends, she decided to renounce her dramatic ambitions and devote herself to the writing of a second novel, "The Helmers," based upon the history of an aristocratic English family.

John Barrymore, who was in England at the time, had viewed Miss Landi's

performance in "Kismet." He called her on the telephone, apologized for his presumption, and told her he had seen her performance and regarded her work as marvelous. She was convinced of his sincerity and changed her mind about leaving the stage. Thus the noted actor unwittingly saved a talented actress for the stage and screen. She is now finishing a play which she has been working on for many months—hoping to have it produced in England or America.

She prefers romantic and dramatic leads. . . . Her hobby is walking, and she covers many miles a day. Enjoys tennis but is reluctant to class herself as a good player. Another hobby of this gifted girl is wool embroidery and she does excellent work.

Landi is her real name—she being the daughter of Countess Zanardi-Landi of Austria. In private life she's Mrs. J. C. Lawrence, being the wife of an English barrister—and happily married. Her only regret, and she has said this with tears in her eyes, is that they have no children.

Elissa likes being alone; never drinks, but enjoys cigarettes. Enjoys motoring and is an expert driver.

Quite appropriately her favorite jewel is the pearl; strangely her favorite color is red. . . . Possibly not so strangely, either—for she is a red blooded, not a blue blooded, aristocrat. Her daily exercises and her knowledge of riding, swimming and dancing (Continued on page 49)

Men Call It LOVE

The Story of the Picture; Complete in this Issue.

SINCE time immemorial, when stories were first told, the plot of the unfaithful husband, the plot of the triangle, and the plot of the siren's lure have been found, again and again, in their make up. And in this story we find all three plots woven into our story.

Among the fast, ultra-liberal and smart set of people who made use of Henry and Callie Johnson's Westport home as a week-end carnival ground and internal filling station, a faithful wife was as rare as a black swan. Callie, smart, witty, highly sexed, and modern, was deceiving her husband openly. Helen Robinson, pretty "vamp," whose patient husband, Joe, had long given up any hope of wearing anything but horns on his bald head for the present and a halo for the future, was indiscreetly playing something more than golf with Bill Minot, the dashing golf champion. In fact, one could go down the list of persons who frequented Callie's house and find that every wife was carrying on a love affair and every husband was just carrying on—with any one handy.

Black swans are rare, but they exist, and there was one faithful wife in Callie's set—little Ethel Mills. She was passionately devoted to her husband, Jack, and, although nearly every man who looked at her unconsciously summed up the chances of hanging her scalp to his belt, Ethel never looked sidewise at those amorous gentlemen.

Bill Minot,

whose natural good looks and charm were greatly enhanced by the fact he was a champion golfer, growing tired of Helen Robinson, had looked upon Ethel Mills and had found her good. That was enough for a man of Bill's temperament. He wanted her; ergo: go get her.

He was trying tonight. Twice he had come out of the barroom onto the dance floor only to find her dancing happily with her husband. Now he moved forward to cut in. Jack Mills saw him coming. He and his wife were at the other end of the ballroom before Minot had got anywhere near them.

"Darling, please!" Ethel said, gasping for breath and laughing. "What is it? Somebody wish that all your father's children would be acrobats?"

Jack grinned at her.

"Bill Minot was trying to cut in again. Wouldn't you rather break one of your pretty legs than be bored with him, Ethel?"


"But we won't be able to avoid him forever—and anyway, you can't dance every dance with your own wife."

"But I have no intention of dancing every dance with you—we're going to sit out some of them."

Ethel smiled softly, pressed her face against his shoulder. He continued to dance her around in that one safe corner. Bill was still standing by the

*Bill Minot
and Ethel
fall in
love.*





"Be loose, eh?
That's how I
lost my hus-
band." — from
*"Men Call It
Love,"* starring
Leila Hyams.

edge of the dance floor, waiting for Jack and Ethel to appear again. Helen Robinson came up without his noticing her at first.

"Looking for somebody?" Helen asked.

"Of course I am—you."

As Helen looked up at him with a queer little smile, the dance music stopped and there was a loud roll of drums. Every one looked toward Callie Johnson, who stood up with her husband on the orchestra platform. She had the orchestra leader's megaphone in her hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Callie cried out, "I'm sorry—dames and bozos. Needless to say, I didn't throw this party just to pass out a little food—you've all been eating off Henry and me for months—you know by now, ladies and—er, well, as I said before, you know by now that we're not one to wear our heart on our sleeve. We're not one to wear any more than the law allows."

With this she revolved before the group in mannequin fashion, revealing an extremely low-cut gown, voluptuously beautiful. There was laughter, cheers.

"That is why we have chosen to make a festive occasion for the sad announcement you are about to hear," she went on. "It's simply that the old established firm of Callie and Henry has on this day been dissolved—forever and ever. Amen."

There was an instant of startled silence; then Callie's guests started crowding about her and her husband in delight. Ethel watched incredulously.

"What a perfectly divine stunt, darling!" one woman said.

Jack is
"ramped"
by the
fair
Helen



"Listen, Henry, old man," a man protested, "you can't go through with this—it doesn't leave us any place to go week-ends."

"Don't worry. The junior partner will be found at the same address as usual."

"And the senior partner will be found at a lot of different addresses—as usual," Callie remarked.

"I hate you, Callie. Why didn't I think of this first?" Helen said, coming up to Callie.

"You're not leaving Joe, are you?"

"No, but I would in a minute—if I could think up a gag as smart as this."

Callie laughed as Helen moved away, clinging to Bill in a proprietary fashion.

On the small pitch and putt course on Callie's grounds, Bill and Helen were going around by moonlight. There was silence as Helen made a perfect drive.

"Remember the first time we played together, Bill?" Helen said. "I hacked my way around in about 180, hooked three balls into the wood—and broke your favorite mashie. All you said was, 'You're going to be a great player one of these days, Helen.'"

After an uneasy glance at her Bill took his stance.

"Well—I was right, wasn't I?" Bill asked. To which she replied: "Yes, you were right."

They walked on in silence for a few moments. Helen gazed at him steadily; Bill purposely avoided looking at her.

"It's really gone cold, hasn't it?" Helen asked.

"What has?" Bill asked evasively. "Our love," she replied quickly.

"What nonsense!"

"We're alone, aren't we? Have you kissed me?" she quizzed.

"The night hath a thousand eyes, my dear."

Helen stared at him, a bit scornful of this alibi. Bill stepped closer to her.

(Cont'd on
page 46)

LOIS LOSES

"The Bridge of Saint LaRoy" by Lois Wilson

I REALLY must tell you folks about a bridge game we played on location recently. Rene Macready, Rita LaRoy, Selmer Jackson and myself were at loose ends one afternoon. There had been some unexpected delay in shooting some scenes, so we decided to pass the time in a friendly game of bridge. As it happened this was one of the most interesting hands I had seen in ages, so I shall try to reconstruct it for you.

Miss LaRoy and Miss Macready both passed and Mr. Jackson bid a No Trump. (I neglected to state that we were playing auction.) The rest of us passed and I proceeded to lead my Deuce of Clubs (indicating my strongest suit). When Mr. Jackson took the trick in Rita's dummy hand with the Queen, I realized that Clubs was his weak suit and that my partner had the other two honors, otherwise he would have finessed through the Queen. Incidentally, that play was the only one that would insure Selmer making game.

Rene and I were sure to make three Clubs and a Diamond, and Selmer's problem was to hold us down to that to save game. That first Club trick—already won, four sure Spades, one Heart and a Diamond assured—he still needed two tricks to make game. He might have made a successful Heart finesse but that would be only one of the necessary two.

Belmer's best chance to get the two extra tricks lay in the Diamond suit. He could afford to lose one Diamond trick provided he was enabled to take three others in that suit. From his next lead it was evident what his plan of action was to be. This lead was the Jack of Diamonds—and you can see why it was the logical lead. No matter

what Rene played on this it wouldn't matter. If she played her King on it, Mr. Jackson would overtake with the Ace—establish the rest of the Diamonds after he ran his four Spades.

If I took the Diamond trick with my Queen and led my three Clubs, it wouldn't matter what I led then, as the Declarer has the remaining tricks. Should I lead a Spade, Selmer would win with either Ace or King and establish the Ten in Dummy by overtaking the Jack with Dummy's Queen. Then leading the Ten of Diamonds—again Rene was powerless to stop him as either way his game was assured.

Rita LaRoy's a saint; never makes a mean wisecrack and never prods her partner or opponent unmercifully. For that reason I call card parties with her "The Bridge of Saint LaRoy." Before we realized it the game was over and we got back to work feeling quite pepped up after the short respite.

As if a Pittsburgh, Pa., girl ever needed "pepping up." For, as most of my fans know, I hail from the smoky city in the Quaker State. When small my parents moved me to Birmingham, Ala., and there's a live town for you! I don't know to this day whether they play more bridge in Birmingham,—or in Pittsburgh. Certainly they're almost "fiends" at it in both cities,—both in auction and contract games.

From Birmingham I moved to Chicago, Ill., the "windy city," and that too, as the radio broadcasters have found out, is a good town for bridge playing. I met Miss Lois Weber here and she gave me a small part in "The Dumb Girl of Portico." Every once in a (Cont'd on page 49)

S. A-K-J
H. A-Q-8
D. A-9-8-7
C. 9-8-3

Selmer
Jackson

Lois
Wilson

S. 7-4-3-2
H. K-10-3
D. Q-2
C. A-K-7-2

Rita
La Roy

S. Q-10-8-5
H. 7-6-2
D. J-10-3
C. Q-6-5



Rene Macready

S. 9-6
H. J-9-5-4
D. K-6-5-4
C. J-10-1

GARY COOPER and one of his favorite
leading women, Fay Wray.



COWBOY COOPER

Gary the Great, — in War and "Westerns"

By Anita Delglyn

IT IS doubtful if there ever was an actor in Hollywood better fitted to actually "live the part" in the western roles they are called upon to play—and I am not excepting the famous Bill Hart—than Frank J. Cooper, known on the Paramount-Publix lot as just plain "Gary Cooper."

And "just plain Gary Cooper" it is, for there have been few so modest, so unassuming, so patient, and so tolerant in their attitude towards both their work and the social and commercial phases of Hollywood as Gary. He is a stoic as far as banter, criticism, sarcasm, delays and misunderstandings go; he possesses the uncanny knack of an Indian in patiently unravelling the problems which face him from week to week. Disappointments galore have assailed him, from his first homesickness in England—a yearning for the Montana ranch and home—to recent developments in the casting of pictures.

Rumor had it for a while that he had a disappointed love match with the vivacious and attractive Lupe Velez. Again, rumor had it that he was to be loaned to United Artists for the making of that epic picture, "Abraham Lincoln." Being six feet two inches tall he was infinitely better qualified, as far as physique went, to fill the role taken by Walter Huston. And so it goes. There's a girl back in Iowa who can point to the billboards and movie-lobby displays blazoning the picture of Gary Cooper, Paramount star, and say: "If it hadn't been for me he probably wouldn't be where he is now." Her name is Doris and she was Gary's first love.

"If it hadn't been for Doris," he reminisced during the making of his latest picture. "If it hadn't been for Doris . . . I rushed her for about two years while we were students at Grinnell College. She was my first love and you know how that is. We talked of marriage and I decided to quit school, get a job and prepare for matrimony. I liked the advertising business and the newspaper game, and I did well in my journalism work at college."

Doris, it seems, wanted to go to California. She urged Gary to seek his fortune there, and that led to their first quarrel, for her sweetheart loved the ranches and mountains of Montana. Nevertheless they decided to be married as soon as he could "establish" himself, so Gary left Grinnell in the spring of 1924 and returned to Helena. There he took a job as a cartoonist on the Helena Independent.

But Doris' admonition to go to California still bothered him and he at last departed for Los Angeles with a \$200 bank-roll.

"I didn't know a soul, but I was still deeply in love with Doris and determined to make good," he says.

But "establishing" oneself in the busy California city was no light task. City editors didn't think so much of his ability as a cartoonist and he was reduced to working as a house-to-house canvasser for a portrait photographer at \$2 a day and then sold advertising space on theatre curtains with the sale of drapery as a side-line. Finally, this failed and he was down to his last dime.

With it he bought a loaf of bread and went to a motion picture studio for work as an extra.

His giant frame impressed the casting director and he was given a part as an extra in a western. The road to the top in pictures was long and dreary and somewhere along the way he lost Doris. He had stopped writing to her when he was down and out, and when he did write he learned that she had married the son of a local druggist.

But Gary bears her no hard feelings. "If it hadn't been for Doris," he says and grins. We don't know why Doris didn't "get wise" to herself, for she had a real he-man in the person of the tall, blue-eyed Gary Cooper.

For a year after his first appearance at the studios he played extras. Then came the opportunity to play a leading role in a two-reel picture. His work pleased the

director and he was given
(Cont'd on page 43)

Gary wants an airplane so he can fly to his Montana ranch





GWEN LEE is a real screen beauty if there ever was one.

BEAUTY

and the Beast

By GWEN LEE; M-G-M STAR



Miss Lee's figure is as nearly perfect as her complexion.

IF THE corn fed, wind swept State of Nebraska gave me nothing else except a finishing school education, it also gave me a complexion, according to the casting directors who have engaged me for parts in pictures. As far as a clear skin, solid flesh and real health are concerned, I have nothing of which to complain. The Beast of Old Age, Worry, Overweight, Fallen Arches, or what-have-you hasn't attacked me to date.

And there is no other recipe other than common sense and care. Beauty need never fear the Beast as long as she takes care of herself, and I don't refer to the kind of "care" which keeps one spending a fortune on cosmetics or visits to plastic surgeons, or keeps one awake nights wondering whether she is going to look just right at the dance tomorrow night.

A sane and sensible outlook is to face your problem and say to yourself: "As long as I am able I am going to be as pretty and as attractive as possible; and in so doing I am not going to worry about it." Then live up to that promise!

At some time in her life every girl is complimented upon the shape of her legs; without excess vanity I might confess having been in the same boat. No matter how fat or how thin our "underpinnings" might be, someone, at some time, is sure to like them. It therefore behooves us to keep our arms and legs, as well as the rest of our body, at the peak of perfection; firm, solid and shapely flesh, covered by clear skin.

I like dancing. I feel that dancing has done a lot to strengthen and beautify my body, particularly my thighs, ankles and calves. I might shock a few of my 150,000 readers, but I prefer both brevity and frankness when dealing with a subject which is so preciously interesting to the American girl. And, so many folks ask me how to develop the legs, that I'm going to give you the recipe.

Nothing is better to develop flabby or "skinny" legs than daily exercise and a massage with a

fattening cream. The following exercise, if done faithfully and vigorously, will develop the legs. You will notice a great improvement in a month's time. Suspend a pillow in the doorway on a level with your shoulders. Stand back about two feet and kick the pillow, first with one foot, then the other. Be sure to kick hard. Gradually increase the height of the pillow.

Pain—another Beast, causes much trouble for Beauty, and, surprising as it may seem, sometimes this is caused by poorly fitted shoes. It's almost impossible to wear an ill-fitting shoe without falling into faulty posture in standing and walking. Have yourself fitted for shoes. It is rather expensive, but worth the extra expenditure in the comfort guaranteed and the mental relief—all of which makes for Beauty.

Now, as to the arms! Perhaps the only woman who never worried about the condition of her arms is Venus de Milo. Certainly the modern woman who displays these members of her anatomy from morning till night, from the beach to the ballroom, must attend to them with the same scrupulous care she affords her complexion.

In view of this modern mode of exposing the arms, let us take inventory of ours—from shoulders to finger tips, and let us act on what we discover.

Perhaps no part of us is as often neglected as our elbows, for these we never see unless we determine to do so. How often one notices a girl in
(Cont'd on page 48)

Miss Lee's Pretty Arms and Hands





IRENE
DUNNE, above; and a
scene from R. K. O.'s
"Eimarron".

EDNA FERBER'S

"Cimarron;" the Picture of the Month

Reviewed by A. R. ROBERTS

WE HAVE chosen this gripping story of our "last frontier" as the picture of the month. Adapted from the original of Edna Ferber, the producers have followed the continuity closely, for which we thank them.

Wesley Ruggles is to be congratulated upon the finished product and no small measure of praise is due the Art Director and his assistants, Sydney M. Ullman, Doran Cox and Dewey Starkey.

The "big scene" of this picture is the land rush of 1889 when the government opens the Oklahoma homesteads. The handling of this is excellent, and one of the finest shots we have seen in many a day.

The story concerns the lives of two people closely identified with the development of Oklahoma territory. Yancey Cravat (Richard Dix) poet, printer and pioneer, after being cheated of his holdings in the new country, by Dixie Lee (Estelle Taylor) returns to his home in Wichita, Kansas. Over the opposition of his wife and her family he packs up their household effects and moves his law practice and printing plant to Osage, Okla. His efforts to bring law and order to the wild frontier town, the gradual development of the place, to an important community, portray a scene never to be duplicated in our history.

You instinctively feel his unrest as affairs prosper and three years later Yancey hitches up again when the "Cherokee Strip" is opened. This time, however, his wife, Sabra (Irene Dunne) refuses to go with him. As the story unfolds, you see her raising her two children, managing both home and newspaper, writing and becoming increasingly powerful politically.

Five years pass before Yancey returns to his home—this time in the Rough Rider uniform of the Spanish War. He finds the town ready to put Dixie Lee on trial as the town's "Scarlet Sister." His pleas for

her falling on deaf ears, he goes into court as her lawyer and obtains her freedom. His next care is the Indians, but again, as soon as his work is complete, the urge to move on overwhelms him and he drops out of sight.

Sabra carries on alone, except for
(Con'd on page 43)

Irene
Dunne
and Richard
Dix in
"Cimarron"



JOBYNA RALSTON, *and,*
in circle, her husband,
RICHARD ARLEN.



JOBYNA'S JAMBOREE

By HELEN HARRISON

SOME women have problems. . . Others' duties. . . Still others complexes.

Jobyna is having a jamboree!

Jobyna Ralston—you remember—is the same Jobyna who quietly stepped out of Harold ("Feet First") Lloyd's pictures, just as she had so ably stepped into Mildred Davies' shoes as the heroine in Lloyd pictures.

Jobyna was born in South Pittsburgh, Tennessee, the daughter of Mrs. Kemp-Ralston, South Pittsburgh's only photographer. Mrs. Kemp-Ralston was intrigued by the movies, which, all about her, had made manifest careers and unheard of fortunes. She was adamant. Jobyna should

key trial," in which the late William Jennings Bryan took such a prominent interest.

A basis for dramatic expression was already well laid in this charming miss who held her head with unstudied regality tempered by an appealing modesty.

Jobyna's family had exchanged their rose covered cottage in Tennessee for the roses of California and Jobyna started in pictures with no haphazard approach—but rather as one setting out upon a given business in a businesslike way.

At the Hal Roach studios the "cublette" made her debut. It was at the time Lloyd was looking about to fill the gap made by Mildred Davis upon her marriage to Harold. There is a similarity of type in these two lush blondes and it was not surprising that Lloyd, realizing this, went no further in his search for a leading woman.

Jobyna sallied into the role of first femmie for Lloyd features with her innate equanimity. Simple, unaffected, unspoiled, she did the work at hand in the best possible way, and, of course, cinched a valuable contract.

Followed work in other Lloyd successes including "The Kid Brother," "Mental Sunshine," "The Freshman" and "For Heaven's Sake," and opposite Eddie

*Contd.
on
page
50*

*From
"Sheer
Luck"*



Nick
Stuart
and
Jobyna

be an actress, a movieactress of charming graces, faultless technique and a delicate poise. And so it came about that Jobyna was posed carefully, constantly, in the little studio at South Pittsburgh and the while she was told that the business at hand had nothing whatever to do with beauty. It was but the prosaic routine of a given profession. Wise Mrs. Kemp-Ralston!

From this exacting apprenticeship at the completion of a High School education, emerged a lovely adolescent. Her father, Judge Raulston, it will be remembered, presided at the Scopes "mon-

The MOVIE GAME

Do You Resemble a Screen Star?

THEY stop at nothing—the screen aspirants who can't get past the Movietone City gateman. While working in "Women Of All Nations," Victor McLaglen had a strange experience with an ambitious screen extra who, instead of filling out a registration card with a movie magazine, decided she had a better way to "crash" Hollywood's gates.

One day he drove his roadster to the studio. He had hardly parked the car before he noticed the lid of the rumble seat rising. He peered under and there was a girl, embarrassed to tears over her discovery. A member of the vigilant police force at Movietone City ushered the young lady outside of the studio walls before Victor could interpose in her behalf. We wonder if he really would have interposed!

The policeman was merely obeying orders. The ingenuity of some ambitious persons has reached such heights that it takes the combined efforts of a gateman, a police force, several information clerks and other office help to keep them out. Several have even climbed over the studio walls. "I wouldn't be surprised," said Victor, "if one of them tries to drop in by parachute from an



Stella Eitmant

airplane on to the Fox lot. It's a great privilege and an honor to work for the movies; a tempting bait."

We'd like to see Elsie Botton get a part with Victor McLaglen, or any Fox star—or with some of the movie companies. She speaks English and Italian correctly, is well educated, and has a profile that betters Bille Dove. Comes from Kirkland Lake, Ontario, Canada, and is in our humble opinion, a "splendid bet." Sings and dances. . . . Another good bet comes from the south, this time, and that's in the person of Mamie Powers, of North Orange Avenue, Orlando, Fla. Mamie's been on the stage before, is five feet tall and cute as they make 'em. Refers us to several prominent business men in Or-

lando as to her qualifications and charm. Sings, dances and rides horseback; a red-head with dimples and a million dollar smile!

Florence Howell, Urbana, Ill., sends her photo in. She looks like a cross between Louise Fazenda and Marlene Dietrich, and we're not trying to be funny when we say that. Both are great actresses. . . . Mary McCabe, photographed by Evansmith, is a (Continued on page 40)

Mamie Powers



Elsie Botton

NUMEROLOGY

By ADRIENNE PEABODY

THERE are three things that people come to me about—or I might say four. They are love, wealth, health and expression. I put love first, advisedly, because of all social problems love and sex take up the most thought. And when the emotional and love life is happy, health, and even wealth, follow as a natural result. When the reverse is true you have the answer to lack of interest in everything in life.

We all crave some personal happiness, but of course the only true happiness is in service to others. Life's failures are all examples of lack of interest in others. The sense that we are all a part of humanity—all one great family, saves the inferiority complex. It is really this sense that makes for all great achievement. The person who is accomplishing something, who has some goal, is the only truly happy individual.

Numerology and other interpretative sciences can be compared to a road map. When the way seems clouded or lost, help can be given to put you on the right track. This science reveals your inner nature; sometimes we do not fully understand ourselves and our own re-actions. It also reveals the talents we possess, and the faults—where there is too much emphasis—and even though we may admit these faults, it is good to have someone point them out constructively.

A singer came to me not long ago who could not keep a job (he sang over the air and in a cafe) because he so lacked cooperation. He let petty personal dislike of people wherever he worked spoil everything in life for him. He called it being temperamental, but I call it a serious handicap in life. We are all inter-dependent, and could not get along a day without each other. Think of the other fellow's point of view once in awhile—The girl or boy who seems to have a grouch may be having some brave struggle—no one knows anything about.

The chart of this little movie Queen says that, in spite of her being an actress and having a life that gives her change and excitement, she really loves a home more than anything else. She can, I am sure, make her surroundings attractive wherever she may be; and, like

Mrs. Martin Johnson, the famous explorer's wife who cooks delicacies in the heart of the African jungle, so will Maureen O'Sullivan have the power of making everyone comfortable around her, whether she actually does the cooking or not.

As desire rules the world, I predict that she will make an early marriage, and it will be one of wealth and position. She will probably not go on with her career, after marriage, but later on will stay more in the background of a home. There is a great deal of travel and change indicated, especially in this early part of her life, so I wouldn't be surprised to hear of her having a trip to Europe this year if she hasn't already done so. This year is a very good one for her public success, and in the Fall there are indications that she will start

something brand new.

What do you want in life beyond all else? And are you willing to pay a price for it? The law of compensation works at all times! But so often I must point out to people what

they have to be thankful for,—to be happy over. We are all too close to the perspective of our lives.

Miss O'Sullivan's hobbies give expression to her personality. First there is her love of animals, which was clearly indicated when she took her water spaniel Tony to Hollywood. She used to raise poultry, and loves horses and horseback riding.

On the aesthetic side, Maureen enjoys music and singing and has studied both. She is a great reader, has a wide range of interests in her reading, but says she prefers detective stories.

The longer one studies this science of numerology, the more convinced one becomes of the definite plan underlying the whole scheme of things as they now exist. Of course we find cases where the name and dates are not harmonious. There is just one thing to do where this condition exists, and that is change the name. There is added advantage in doing this because in choosing another name yourself, you can, by following numerology get the very best possible combination to suit your personality.

Next time I will write on changing of names and what it means. Write me in care of this magazine if you have problems on your mind or heart, always giving full correct name, exact birth date, and address.



Born
May
17, 1911

Maureen O'Sullivan

5	1	
1 3 5 5	3 9 1	6 Ideality
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN		
4 1 3 9 5 5 5	6 1 3 3 3 9 4 1 5	7 Expression
5	1 1	
May	17, 1911.	11-5
5	8	3
		7 P. O. L.



NO "APRIL FOOLS" HERE
 here are three honest-
 beauties of the screen.
 In the corner we find Kath
 and talented Universal star. Center
 and she's sterling quality, too! Ha
 with Fox Films and pretty as a
 want us to tell you that all she ha
 and a hat—but it seems to be suf
 DONIELDS, on the right, is one
 to the Mack Sennett productions o
 . . . Three of the latest "spring
 girl types.



No foolin' at all—
goodness American
the upper left-hand
Crawford, shapely
left: Hazel Sterling,
is a featured player
cture. She doesn't
on is a pair of shoes
ent. Sh! THELMA
the latest additions
shorts and comedies.
ashions" in pretty





RESURRECTION.—Another triumph for Lupe Velez in Universal's production of Tolstoi's novel. John Boles is slightly less wooden than usual. The plot is so well known it needs no comment here. The direction was good, especially in the courtroom and prison scenes. The march of the exiles across the snow is exceptionally fine. Nance O'Neill gives a creditable performance.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN.—Ole Olson and Chick Johnson are funnier than ever in Warner Bros. film based on the stage production of the same name. Helen Broderick, Claudia Dell, Carmelita Geraghty, William Gaxton, and John Halliday help to keep up the pace and make things entertaining. Two friends trying to win the same lady—principally for her money. Don't miss it.



DOCTORS' WIVES.—Just to prove that half the lies they tell about the profession aren't true—Fox, with Frank Borzage directing, starts white-washing. As you've probably guessed it is all about wives suspecting their noble mates of philandering. Warner Baxter, John St. Polis, and Victor Varconi are fine in their parts. Joan Bennett, Nancy Garnerer, Helen Millard are also good.



TEN CENTS A DANCE.—Lionel Barrymore wields the megaphone for Columbia. Barbara Stanwyck gives a sympathetic performance as one of the girls who sell their dances for a dime. Of course our heroine sticks to her poor lad, only to have him betray her trust. Ricardo Cortez, Monroe Owsley, Sally Blane, Blanche Frederici, Phyllis Crane and Martha Sleeper are all good.



NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN.—A new story of bad men; gold rushes, kidnapping, etc. Fay Wray has the lead in this Fox Movietone. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody, and Bronco Dawson are three bad men who occasionally do some good. Robert Warwick is a bad, bad man; and Franklyn Farnum, David Worth, Eddie Gribbon, James Farley, Carol Wines, Joyce Compton appear.



FIGHTING THRU.—Ken Maynard and his horse are starred in this latest western release of Tiffany's. Jeanette Loff, beauteous blonde and willowy beauty—his leading lady, gives a very creditable performance. On the whole an interesting bit of film fare and one you will doubtless enjoy. Atones, in a way, for some of the poorer ones Tiffany has released. See above.



DON'T BET ON WOMEN.—Edmund Lowe who has paid well to learn that "All women are bad," Jeanette MacDonald, Una Merkel, Roland Young, and J. M. Kerrigan are in this Fox production. The plot is entertaining and concerns a \$10,000 wager that Lowe can't kiss his (Young's) wife, Jeanne (Jeanette MacDonald). Lowe loses the wager and confesses his love for her.

KIKI.—Mary Pickford plays the part of the madcap in United Artists' film produced by Sam Taylor. Reginald Denny, Margaret Livingston, Joseph Cawthorn, Phil Tead, Fred Walton and Fred Warren support "America's Sweetheart." Save for some minor changes to bring the old stage play up to date, it is substantially the same light comedy in which Lenore Ulric starred some years ago.



DRACULA.—A Universal production of the stage play seen here. Bela Lugosi rather overacts his distasteful role. Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye were good. In case you've forgotten your folklore, the story is concerned with vampires, human ones, who prowl about the earth seeking their unfortunate victims. Quite terrifying at times, but remember it's just a myth. See above!



TARNISHED LADY.—A Paramount release featuring Tallulah Bankhead and Clive Brook. Miss Bankhead you may remember is the young lady from Alabama who has scored so many triumphs in England. She has great dramatic ability and we hope to see more of her in pictures. The story is slight concerning a woman's crack-up after separating from her husband.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE.—A 100% Will Rogers picture done by Fox Movietone. The combination of Mark Twain and Will Rogers leaves little to be desired as far as pure comedy is concerned. Myrna Loy as the Queen has some funny scenes with Will. William Farnum plays the King, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Albertson, Mitchell Harris, and Brandon Hurst help to enliven it.



ONCE A SINNER.—Dorothy Mackaill stars in this Fox film. Supporting her are John Halliday, Joel McCrea, Ilka Chase, C. Henry Gordon, Clara Blandick, Myra Hampton, George Brent, Sally Blane and Theodore Lodi. Leaving "the easiest way" behind when she falls in love and marries, Diana is happy until a chance visit to the city brings her in touch with her old friends.



THE FLOOD. In which "Ole Man River" plays an important part in this Columbia picture. Eleanor Boardman, Monte Blue, Frank Sheridan, David Newell, William V. Mong, Violet Barlowe, Eddie Tamblin, Arthur Hoyt and Ethel Wales are in the cast. Joan (Boardman) unfairly compromised is forced to leave home. She marries an engineer and the river saves her happiness again.

SUBWAY EXPRESS.—Just to show you what can happen on the subway. Aileen Pringle, Jack Holt, Fred Kelsey, Jason Robards and John Kelly give a good account of themselves in Columbia's production of the successful stage play of the same name. If you like unusual mystery killings here's your chance—and it's all laid in the car of a subway train. Get aboard for lots of excitement!



DRUMS OF JEOPARDY.—Lloyd Hughes and June Collyer are featured in this Tiffany production. This smacks of the Fu Manchu type of detective mystery, only this time Warner Oland is cast as a Russian instead of a Chinaman. The usual mystery play "clap-trap," creaking doors, etc., are in evidence. Not quite as good as we'd like to see it, because of poor direction.



GUN SMOKE.—A typically "western thriller," starring Mary Brian, whose portrait adorned the March cover of this magazine—and Richard Arlen. A typical Paramount-Publix picture with the Brian and Arlen combination hitting, as usual, on all six. Not poor, but not too good. The story could have been improved a little and the direction should have been a little bit better. See above.

DISHONORED.—Another winner for Paramount, largely due to Joseph von Sternberg's expert direction. Marlene Dietrich stars in this Austrian spy story and is better than ever. Gustav von Seyffertitz has his best role to date. Victor McLaglen gives a very convincing performance as a Russian spy. Barry Norton has a small bit which he does well. Don't miss this one!



DAYBREAK.—Ramon Navarro and Helen Chandler are featured in this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release. Jean Hersholt, William Bakewell, Kent Douglas, C. Aubrey Smith, Karen Morley, Edwin Maxwell and Clara Blandick are in the film. Austria before the World War is the locale of the picture. The plot is a romantic love story just made for Helen Chandler's type. Fair, that's all.



THE LADY REFUSES.—A light story of intrigue with an English background. A blackmailer and his accomplice are thwarted in their plan to ruin a noble family and the lady who saves them disappears into the night as poor as she came. Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery, John Darrow, Marguerite Livingston, Ivan Lebedeff, Daphne Pollard, Edgar Norton and Reginald Sharland are in it.

FAIR WARNING.—An outdoor thriller done by Fox, starring Louise Huntington, George O'Brien, Mitchell Harris, George Brent, Nat Pendleton, John Sheehan, Erwin Connelly, Willard Robertson, Alphonz Ethier and Ernest Adams. There is plenty of action, a corking good fight, hide-outs, U. S. marshalls, in short plenty of tense moments to keep you on the edge of your seat. Good.



THE BACHELOR FATHER.—Under Robert Z. Leonard's expert direction, Marion Davies again stars in a winner for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Sidney Blackmer, James Gleason, Polly Moran, Marie Prevost, Clara Blandick, Robert McWade, Johnny Arthur, Hilda Vaughn and Emily Fitzroy ably support the star. Small town stuff with the usual small town scandal and the unlooked for ending.



GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT.—Just another picture of college life with the co-eds—this time without a football game. John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill, Marguerite Churchill, William Janney, Martha Sleeper, Helen Jerome Eddy, George Irving, Winter Hall, David Rolins and Emerson Treacy are in this Fox Movietone. A basketball game between the co-eds furnishes one of the highlights.

SKIPPY.—Percy Crosby directed this Paramount release. Skippy (Jackie Cooper), Dickie (Jackie Searl) and Harley Nubbins (Donald Haines) have some amusing adventures in Shantytown. Although forbidden, Skippy and Dickie enjoy playing there and you can picture their state of mind when they learn from Dad Burke (Guy Oliver) that Skippy's father wants to wipe out the town.



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.—Paramount adapted this production from the well-known stage play of the same name. Norman Foster, Carole Lombard, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette are featured. There are plenty of laughs in this comedy and the advertising slogans are sure to tickle your funny bone. Of course the usual complications arise, including misunderstandings later ironed out.



HONOR AMONG LOVERS.—Claudette Colbert and Frederic March star in this Paramount release. Charles Ruggles, Ginger Rogers, and Monroe Owsley are in the supporting cast. Ruggles is good as always. Rather than become an office wife, the heroine marries a weakling. She sets her mistake when the man of her dreams helps her through some bitter experiences. Melodramatic, and good.

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS.—Another story of what a woman in love will do for her man. Mary Astor has the lead in this Radio picture. Robert Ames, Ricardo Cortez, Edna Murphy, Catherine Dale Owen and Kitty Kelly are in the supporting cast. A new angle to the "woman in business" theme—her ambitions for her lover, with the usual happy ending.



EAST LYNNE.—In spite of the tremendous changes in our social system since this was written, Fox has created a very sympathetic and charming photoplay. Ann Harding as Lady Isabel does some fine acting and looks bewitching in the gowns of the 60's. Conrad Nagel, Cecelia Loftus and Clive Brook are all admirable. O. P. Heggie is splendid in his small bits. The Prussian War scenes are good.



COMMAND PERFORMANCE.—A James Cruze production for Tiffany. In this film royalty goes courting. Neil Hamilton and Una Merkel are the royal sweethearts, Helen Ware, Albert Gran, Lawrence Grant, Thelma Todd, Vera Lewis, Mischa Auer, Burr McIntosh, William von Bricken and Murdock McGuarrie complete the cast. It smacks of the old Graustark romances.

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE.—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release starring Joan Crawford. Lester Vail, Purcelle Pratt, James Gordon, Clark Gable, Natalie Moorhead and Cliff Edwards are in the supporting cast. Another dramatic triumph for the incomparable Joan. Natalie Moorhead is very good in her part. Some good scenes aboard a yacht—including one where the girls undress themselves.



ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT.—Another one of those things—Evelyn Laye, Leon Errol, John Boles, Tashman and Fitzmaurice, the director, rendered much; but not sufficient to bolster up a very lame story. Some pretty shots—something near a picture and some script writers have the habit of putting the burden of imagination on the audience. Evelyn looks happier since her divorce.



THE LION AND THE LAMB.—Montague Love and Carmel Myers are featured in this latest release of Columbia pictures. The story is mediocre, the direction poor and no amount of clever acting on the part of the cast could make it anything but a total loss as far as entertainment is concerned. Here's hoping that their next release will be better. Because this was way below par.

LONELY WIVES.—Esther Ralston and Edward Everett Horton are exceptionally good in this Pathe release. Horton plays the part of a successful lawyer given to blooming with "ladies of the evening." His secretary (Patsy Ruth Miller) and her friend (Laura La Plante) help him to forget his lonesomeness. Spencer Charters, Maude Eburne, and Gerorgette Rhodes make it enjoyable.



THE PAINTED DESERT.—This seems to be Pathe's contribution to the growing list of "westerns." If you think the days of feuds are past just go and see this one. Of course it all comes out right in the end. Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees patch up the broken bond of friendship between William Farnum and J. Farrell MacDonald. Howard Higgins directed.



MY PAST.—Where, outside of this latest Warner Bros. offering, one would find such altruism it is hard to decide. Bebe Daniels, in love (they call it that) with a married man (Ben Lyon), is loved devotedly by John Thornley (Lewis Stone). Natalie Moorhead plays the wife who obligingly gets a Paris divorce. Not all wet, just slightly damp. Formerly titled "Ex-Mistress." See above.

THE LAST PARADE.—In Columbia's picture of gang life, Jack Holt gives a very good characterization. From a newspaper office through the world war back to civilian life—one man returns to his place on the police force, the other finds no opening and turns to racketeering, ending in death. Tom Moore, Constance Cummings and Gaylord Pendleton are also in the cast.



TOP SPEED.—Joe E. Brown and Bernice Claire are featured by First National in this Vitaphone production. Laura Lee, Jack Whiting, Billy Bletcher, Frank McHugh and Edwin Maxwell are in the supporting cast. Plenty of action, a snappy chorus, and if you like slap-stick comedy Joe E. and Frank McHugh fill the bill. Miss Claire has had better roles and deserves them. See scene above.



Ernest Torrence

CHARLES FARRELL, hero of many a screen romance, and Virginia Valli, also a star in films, were married at Yonkers early one Saturday morning, recently. The license was obtained on Friday, the thirteenth, but neither wanted to be married that day.

After visiting Rev. Ralph M. Houston, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, at his home, 156 North Broadway, Yonkers, and making arrangements for the wedding they returned to New York for dinner. Accompanied by Alice Joyce and Carlton Hoekstra, the latter Mr. Farrell's business manager, and Albert Scott of 270 Park Avenue, a friend, they returned to the minister's home at midnight. As a bride, Virginia was more beautiful than she had ever appeared on the screen.

The young couple hoped to keep the wedding a secret until their departure on the S.S. Augustus of the N. G. I. lines for Italy, but their secret leaked out. They will be in Europe two months or more. Miss Valli has a home in Beverly Hills and Mr. Farrell has one at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. They have not decided yet where they will live.

The romance began four years ago when the two met at the home of friends in Hollywood. They have never appeared together in pictures, but here's hoping they will. When Mr. Farrell left Hollywood for New York Miss Valli was on a vaudeville tour. Recently they talked to each other over the phone between Seattle and New York, and he induced her to cancel the remainder of the trip and meet him in New York for the ceremony.

A report from Greenwich, Conn., where many elopers go, says that such an insignificant obstacle as five dollars delayed the impending nuptials of Edgar Allen and Valerie Ramier, blonde beauty in the Ziegfeld shows.

Allen will be recalled as the former manager of Peaches Browning who was divorced from Mrs. Katharine Allen two years ago

after Peaches had almost been named as correspondent.

Now, it seems, Allen is yearning for the matrimonial leash once more. This time the pale and lovely Miss Ramier, pal of the dead Myrna Darby, is going to be Mrs. Allen. Edgar wanted to fill out papers which would permit him to get a license to marry Miss Ramier in five days. "The fee is \$5.00," said assistant Town Clerk Murphy, a young lady.

"I'll pay it when I pick up the license in a few days," she says, Allen told her.

But Miss Murphy is a stickler for rules and wouldn't have it that way. When Allen protested, she calmly took the application and tore it up.

What happened then, only Allen and his bride-to-be know, for they left for New York.

Recently, according to the *N. Y. Daily News*, Justice of the Peace John J. O'Brien received a telegram which read:

"Wedding off until further notice. Regards.

Edgar Allen."

Justice O'Brien explained that Allen had arranged to be married by him at Greenwich on a Sunday.

"Miss Ramier and I intend to marry some time in the future, but the ceremony is simply in abeyance, you know," Edgar Allen explained at his offices in New York recently.

He wouldn't go into detail about the \$5 fiasco, but admitted he had conferred with O'Brien about a ceremony.

But later on Allen phoned *The News* to contradict his earlier statement that his marriage to Miss Ramier would take place at some future date, stating they had already been married about six months.

"We had hoped to keep it a secret," he said, "so you see the story is all wrong. I went to see Justice O'Brien about something entirely different. Here, I'll let you talk to Mrs. Allen (Miss Ramier)."

"Why, yes, the story is entirely incorrect. We've been secretly married for a year," she said.

When the *News* reporter pointed out the discrepancy in the length of time as given by the supposed newly-secretly-wed Allens, there was a painful silence, after which Allen stepped to the phone to explain Mrs. Allen is all upset by the story. It's really only six months.

They're planning to split up. Estelle wants a Paris divorce. The old-fashioned

Estelle Taylor

married life—sitting in the chimney corner and such—has no appeal for Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor—whose latest picture is "Cimarron." They recently met in New Orleans, La., headed in opposite directions. Estelle even suggested she may some day use monkey glands to keep her pep up.

"I'm going to work and stay with the stage as long as I can hold myself together," said Mrs. Dempsey. "When I lose my youth I'll resort to monkey glands and face lifting to keep myself presentable.

"Babies? Never! They are not in my scheme of things at all.

"I couldn't be a fifth wheel in Jack's life. I tried to travel with him, but found myself always an outsider in a man's world of fight talk. I worked before I married and I have worked ever since."

Estelle said she would oppose any attempt to get Jack into the movies as she believed husband and wife should have separate careers. They will spend a couple of days together in New Orleans, and then will go their ways. Being apart, both agreed, has not cooled their affection for each other.

Ernest Torrence was forced to attend the wedding of his son with a three weeks' growth of heavy whiskers to accompany his full dress clothes.

The marriage of Ernest Ian Torrence to Miss Liliore Green of Beverly Hills was scheduled before Torrence signed for his role in "Fighting Caravans", Paramount's production of Zane Grey's story relating the further adventures of "The Covered Wagon" frontiersmen. Torrence went to location at Sonora with a healthy set of whiskers and was permitted to return to Hollywood on a hurried trip for the wedding. His beard, being essential in the story, had to remain intact despite the formality of the ceremony.

Miss Eva Clark, formerly with Ziegfeld Follies, became the bride of Larry F. Binyon, at Rye, N. Y. The bridegroom is the musical director of "Girl Crazy," the Gershwin

(Continued on page 43)



STARTLING details of a supposed stock swindle, in which thousands of Catholic clergymen and laymen were victimized out of their life savings in subscribing to a plan to promote clean motion pictures, were revealed in New York City to the federal grand jury, which will be asked to return indictments against the originators of the scheme.

Practically all of the money, raised among members of the Daughters of Isabella and the Knights of Columbus, has been spent in multiple commissions to stock salesmen and the production of a single picture, "The Rainbow Man", featuring Eddie Dowling, it was disclosed. **BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES** magazine did not think much of the idea of "fleecing" stockholders as was suspected, and refused to carry any illustrations, comment or criticism of the picture; likewise advertising just "wouldn't have been welcome."

Don't know how it's all going to turn out, but if the allegations of some are correct, it was far from being "on the up and up." Among those prominent in religious and Catholic circles, whose names were used, unknown to themselves, as indorsers of the project, federal authorities assert, are Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Cardinal Hayes, Alfred E. Smith and John J. Raskob.

Officers of the corporations are Louis B. Pallen, son of Conde Pallen, noted Catholic editor, author and educator, president; Thomas A. Lynn, 361 Haywood Ave., Mount Vernon, secretary-treasurer; Miss E. M. Flautt, 253 West 77th St., assistant secretary, and C. D. Goebel of the last address, production manager.

About thirty salesmen were employed by the concern, which maintained elaborate offices at 1440 Broadway.

Charles Chaplin, screen comedian, may be called to a Los Angeles, Calif., court to defend himself in a \$100,000 damage suit in which Antoinette Kopetsky, scenario writer, claims one of her manuscripts was pirated by the comedian's film corporation. The suit was filed two years ago and was reported ready for trial recently.

Jack Frost has one of the hottest jobs in Hollywood. Frost is a projectionist at the Paramount studios.

He works in a metal-lined, fire-proof booth, hemmed in by oven-like projection lamps. He likes his job. He hates cold weather.

Carmelita Geraghty and Clyde Cook appear in the cast of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Daybreak," adapted from Arthur Schnitzler's famous novel. Ramon Novarro is starred in "Daybreak." Jacques Feyder directed the new screen play.

Ruth Chatterton

Kay Francis—Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna to you!—is the latest Paramount screen star to join the Warner Brothers' list. Now the boys have Miss Chatterton, Powell and Miss Francis. Also, Miss Constance Bennett from Pathe (Pathe will deny this, but we're merely printing what we hear!). Miss Francis' new Warner contract will go into effect as soon as her contractual agreement with Paramount has terminated.

Lewis Stone has been engaged by Fox Films to appear with Elissa Landi in "Always Goodbye," her second picture in this country. Lynn Starling has written the continuity and dialog. Kate McLaurin wrote the original story. Kenneth MacKenna and William C. Menzies are co-directors. Miss Landi's first American film, "Body And Soul," has been released. She's another Garbo and Dietrich.

John T. Murray has a part in the Will Rogers' picture, "Cure For The Blues," which Frank Borzage is directing. This is from an original by George Ade.

There are several publicity agents for theatres and not a few employees of motion picture companies in publicity departments who ought to get the Grand Bounce soon and their services replaced by competent, truthful and energetic employees. If you dare us, we're liable to mention names!

Barney Sarecky, Associate Producer at Radio Pictures studios, has been assigned the task of whipping into shape an original mystery story with a new slant, according to William LeBaron, production chief. There's no title as yet.

The *N. Y. Daily News* publishes the story about the small time movie producer who sold his company in one of those many mergers and came into the big money for the first time in his life.

This producer decided that now he and his wife would live the way they had been dreaming about for years. He immediately purchased a town car, a few diamonds for the wife and started for Southampton to spend the summer. He stopped at the most

expensive hotel there and rented a suite of rooms. He was making certain to let every one know that he had money.

The second day there his wife went in swimming and had to be carried out by the lifeguards. They had just managed to save her and were working over her furiously when the producer reached the scene.

"How is she?" he asked excitedly.

"Not so good," replied one of the guards. "I'm afraid we'll have to give her artificial respiration."

"No—no—" sputtered the producer. "No, you don't! You give her the real thing. I can afford it!"

The latest ambition of Raoul Walsh, directing "Women Of All Nations" for Fox Films, is to direct in the near future a real love romance which he has had in mind for many years.

Walsh is one of the few directors in the movies who receives as much fan mail as many outstanding stars and more than many featured players. The difference in the contents of the letters is marked, however; most of the letters are from girls aspiring to the screen and seeking the noted director's advice on how to proceed. Like many directors, his time is so taken up that he cannot undertake to help people to get into the movies; a function which is better handled by movie magazines and by booking agents.

He was slow, for she asked: "Do you love me, John?"

To which he replied: "Why, of course I do."

To which she replied: "Then why don't you look soulfully like the hero in the movies?"

El Brendel, explaining to a group of newspaper folk about the recent injury to his eye when the shapely leg of 18 year old Antoinette Morales carried a heel too close to that optic, says it this way:

"As an American-born actor playing 'Olsen,' a Swede, I was kicked in the eye by a French heel . . . worn by a Spanish dancer . . . sent to the hospital by orders of an Irish director . . . had my eye treated by a Russian surgeon . . . my nurse was Danish . . . the orderly was an Armenian . . . the driver of the ambulance was a German . . . The Danish Consul called up daily . . . Greta Nissen, a Norwegian, sent me flowers . . . Victor McLaglen, an Englishman, called daily at the hospital . . . as did Marjorie White . . . a Canadian . . . and my African maid . . . and my Philippine house boy . . . had trouble explaining to callers what it was all about . . . but the Japanese gardener



SALLY ST. CLAIRE—In Columbia's "Subway Express"

... who talks good English ... helped them out."

"Maybe they'll change the title of the picture to ... 'People Of All Nations.'"

The sad part of the story is that it has ruined the career of Mlle. Morales who has returned to New York vowing never again to try to work in the movies. She had gotten her job after eight months of waiting. ... On the set a Spanish orchestra was softly playing a tango off stage. Between scenes some of the girls danced and Antoinette's trained grace attracted Walsh. A subsequent scene required a girl to execute a few dance steps on the top of a bar for the entertainment of Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, as "Flagg" and "Quirt." Antoinette was selected.

When the scene was about to be filmed Walsh noticed that she was wearing a crucifix. Believing that this might be criticized in the finished picture, he asked her to remove it. Antoinette demurred. She had worn the medal night and day since she first acquired it. It was a talisman.

But Walsh explained his reasons and Antoinette made what to her was a considerable sacrifice in the interest of her future. She removed it.

It was less than five minutes afterward that El Brendel, doing a bit of comedy business, was struck in the eye by Antoinette's flying heel.

The girl became hysterical and she and Brendel were taken to hospitals at the same time. For days it was feared she might be permanently deranged.

Brendel recovered and left the hospital but Antoinette remained. Hoping to cheer her, Director Walsh sent word that when she recovered she was to return to the picture for a much more important part than originally planned.

Finally Antoinette left the hospital. She went immediately to the Fox Films studio and demanded to see Brendel. She was not convinced when he told her that his eyesight was unimpaired. To prove it to her he covered his uninjured eye, asked her to hold up a certain number of fingers and told her how many he saw. She was satisfied and left the studio with the understanding that she would report for work the following day.

But the next morning she was absent. A studio employee telephoned her home. The manager of the apartment answered and said: "Miss Morales left for New York last night. She is not returning to Hollywood."

Harry Thaw, who once dabbled with movie productions and is surrounded, every once in a while, by two or three beautiful and shapely queens who'd like to "do it again," recently had a judgment of \$16,000 awarded against him because of the sadistic paddling, or spanking, he is supposed to have administered to the fair limbs and back of Marcia Estardus, theatrical entertainer and classic dancer.

Talkies have turned Hollywood into one huge night school. The enormous technique of sound recording which came with sound pictures, and the necessity of knowing foreign languages, has caused copious purchases of the far-famed "midnight oil" in and about the picture colony.

Over 2,000 players, writers, directors and electricians have taken the ten weeks' course in sound reproduction as arranged by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

A rumor from Paris says that the Valentino films revived with sound and speech, with a voice double for the dead actor, have a prospect of considerable support.

The existence of phonograph records of Valentino's singing voice is one of the arguments made that a convincing vocal double can be provided. "Blood and Sand" is named as the first Valentino silent picture planned to be converted into a talkie.

The film director was making a Western thriller, and working very hard to get action into it.

Finally he turned from the brink of a cliff, mopped his brow and glanced at a dummy made of straw and old clothes lying on the ground beside him.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Who was it we threw over the cliff?"

Search is still being made for one Gabriel Brandt, photographer and commercial photo printer, and his son Mortimer. The elder Brandt has, according to his own statement, "served time." They are being hunted by the National City Bank of New York, and, because Gabriel Brandt has photographed stage and screen stars, any information as to their whereabouts could be forwarded to this office.

Hope Hampton's favorite fable concerns the touring stock troupe's misleading man who was giving one of the many plays in his repertuar.

During one performance he forgot his lines and edged over to the wings and whispered to the prompter: "What's the line?"

"What's the play?" was the devastating reply.

Have you gotten into the "screen resemblance registration" yet? You must send a photograph with your enrollment—not a negative and not a halftone reproduction or a tinted "ping pong" picture. This is NOT an advertising scheme; it is a costly proposition for this magazine; and you need not be a subscriber. It is not an employment agency, but an unselfish service we are trying to render to those sincerely interested in trying to get into the "movies" or to do bits in the news reels.

Two pretty film "extras," writes the *N. Y. Mirror*, were speaking of another girl.

"I can't understand that Margie's success," said the first. "She isn't as pretty as a lot of others, but she certainly gets the dough from those suckers. Maybe it's her pep that does it. She's always on the go."

The second one nodded.

"You've guessed it," she replied. "Her pace is her fortune."

June Day, supposed to be an actress and a former Ziegfeld beauty—was with Ziggy some years ago—seems to have forgotten her marriage vows and deserted her husband. As a result Kenneth B. Jopp, socially prominent and a gentlemen, of Malden, Mass., received a divorce from her recently. The Jopps were married in 1925 and the Court was told that she took French leave from her husband the following year. She once got into the public eye by suing an art publication for using her picture—one of those "half draped" studies, but never got a cent out of the deal.

(Continued next month)



JEAN MURRAY—One of Big Four's Comedy Cuties



Robert Montgomery Born in Beacon, N. Y. Educated at Pauling School which he left at the death of his father. Favorite pastime is writing, although he rides (horseback), flies and golfs.



Joan Blondell This cunning cutie who is under contract to the Warner Bros. will next be seen in "The Public Enemy." Nothing personal, we assure you.



THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—William Harris, Jr., presents Zoe Akins' latest at the Sam H. Harris Theatre. If you like snappy lines, sophisticated subjects, this is your play. The settings have been done by Livingston Platt. Muriel Kirkland, Verree Teasdale and Dorothy Hall play the parts of three "ladies of the evening." It would be hard to find three more dissimilar types, and as the play develops, this becomes more and more evident. Theodore St. John as Dey Emery is good in his part. Gerald Cornell is most convincing as the famous violinist and Percy Ames fits his part beautifully. Jack Bennett, Don Beddoe, Harold Heaton, Helen Kingstead and Ethel Hamilton are also good.

The plot concerns the lives of three girls, retired from the Follies for more lucrative and less onerous positions. Polaire, Jean and Schatze by name, they impress the audience at once with the fact that they are quite successful in their chosen field. Their meeting with the world famous musician Boris Feldman, Dey Emery a young man whose father is rated as one of the world's richest, and the critic Louis Small (Don Beddoe) opens up a new vista for Polaire.

She is tricked out of her chance to make something of her music and later on finds that Emery hasn't enough faith in her to take her word against what appears to be proof of her theft. The cleverest schemer of the three Jean (Verree Teasdale) is on her way to the altar with the elder Emery when she decides to go to Paris with her friends. Fortunately for her Emery had settled a million on her, so she really had nothing to worry about. Some very clever repartee, but some of the language will shock your grandmother.

HEAT WAVE.—Roland Pertwee's "Heat Wave" is playing at the Fulton Theatre. Laid in British India with the full quota of black boys, ayahs, tom-toms not forgetting the whisky and sodas. Basil Rathbone plays the part of a high-minded planter, who loves the charming wife of a very mean prig. Being much misunderstood Basil has acquired quite a reputation for philandering although he is entirely innocent of any wrong doing, even when pursued into the privacy of his home. It all ends beautifully as you probably guessed it would, and he and the lady of his dreams, leave for England. Selena Royle has the lead, and Betty Lawford, Henry Daniel, Lionel Pape and Frank Henderson, do all they can to bolster up this very thin piece of playwriting. Not really worth seeing.

WOMAN DENIED.—Recently opened at the Ritz Theatre, N. Y. C., advertised as a sex play. It is. An innocent country youth strangled the worldly-wise Parisian model because she was about to desert him. That is the denouement of "A Woman Denied," a three-act drama adapted from the Italian of Gennaro Curci and presented by Jimmie Cooper.

With the rather familiar story of a scheming French model's unrequited love for a
Isabel Brown in Publix and R. K. O. Revues. Photo by Volpe



struggling Italian painter; his purely platonic and inspirational interest in her, and the usual conglomeration of wealthy art patrons and miscellaneous schemers, "A Woman Denied" moves placidly along the greater part of its three acts.

There is a fleeting moment of tenseness in the final scene of the second act, where Barbara, the model is spurned by her idealistic artist, and in a pique tries her amorous technique on his brother and finally on the sheep-herding Apollo. Attired in a series of intriguingly pretty pajamas and negligees, Mary Nash proved acceptable in her characterization of the lovelorn model. McKay Morris gave a restrained performance as the Italian painter. Donald Douglas was excellent as the shy country youth, and Genevieve Belasco amusing as the philosophical old servant.

The other roles were played by Horace Sinclair, Jules Epailly, Donald Kirke and Herbert Braggiotti.

IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES.—Presented at the Bijou Theatre, N. Y. C., and casting Charles Richman, Johnnie Brewer, Grace Filkins, Alfred Brown, Florence Edney, Derek Fairman, Mary Arbenz, David Morris, Lenore Sorsby, Enid Romany, Perry Norman, and Marion Warring-Manley. A good farce by Anita Hart and Maurice Braddell, which gets a bit weary in the telling of it. Could be "jazzed up" and made real interesting with a slight revision. Concerns the actions of five adult males, all anxious to disclaim the joys of illicit paternity. As usual, some female members of the cast are supposed to be shocked at the production of the illegitimate child on the stage.

DOCTOR X. presented at the Hudson Theatre by William and Harry Brandt, is a mystery melodrama in three acts. If you like your murders gruesome and gory, you'll like this, altho we almost imagine that you'll spot the guilty party right off. Then you have nothing to do but wait to see him caught, which is some job on the stage. The scenery used in Dr. Xavier's laboratory is awesome enough to give an innocent person the creeps, so you can imagine what it should do to one whose murders are to be recounted.

The cast is well balanced and includes Eden Gray, Paul Everton and May Vokes, who you may remember as the maid in "The Bat," Robert Lowing, Florence Shirley, Virginia Stone, George Roberts, Leslie Adams, George Blackwood, Barry Macollum, Boris Marshalov, Gordon Richards and Charles Edwards.

MLLE. BASETTE,
dancer and
screen "extra."
Photo by
Volpe.



BETTY SUNDMARK, at
right, appearing in Earl
Carroll shows has the shape-
liest calves on Broadway.
Photo by De Mirjian..





Some of our mail enrollments. Reading from left to right: Charles Beronefsky, Richard E. Beltram, C. S. Mauldin, Eddy Smith, Stanley L. Slivonik, Walter Whitten, Albrinn W. Ross, and W. Y. Hepner.

The Movie Game

(Continued from page 24)

Hollywood, Cal., beauty of rare charm. Does an Indian dance that's a "wow"; poses for artists; dances. Youthful and shapely. . . . No photo received from Ethel Fay Reno, of St. Joseph, Mo. . . . Lola Chillon, who speaks English, Italian and Spanish, might make good in the talkies. She resembles, at times, Pola Negri, Lillian Roth, and Evelyn Brent. Hails from New York City. . . . Emily G. Phillips, shapely seventeen year old girl, resembles Barbara La Marr and Theda Bara; with a slight trace of Pola Negri in her. Spanish and Irish type, which is a rare combination and an attractive one. Comes from San Francisco, Cal.

Another smiling girlie from California—Melba Scherdtfeger of Oakland. German and Irish extraction. . . . Mrs. Mollie Cohen Patushna, of 449 Howard Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., looks very much like Patsy Ruth Miller. An attractive type. . . . Norma Marie Levy looks like Marion Marsh and Anita Page; curly blonde hair and blue eyes which photograph nicely. Slight dimple in the chin and a marvelous smile!

There's something of Nancy Carroll, Marlene Dietrich and Dorothy Jordan in the face of Lorraine Miller, Chicago girl; nineteen years old. . . . Dorothy Lane, of Cleveland, Ohio, also looks like Dorothy Jordan; a wee bit like unto Janet Gaynor too. . . . Miss Audrey Puckett, of Galax, Va., neglected to send in her photo although she claims resemblance to Nancy Carroll. Sings, rides, swims and dances.

One of the most beautiful juveniles on the stage today, and one who would doubtless make good in the movies, is Sedel Waldman, a Brooklyn girl whose dancing and singing has attracted crowds to the Roerich and the President theatres where she was playing. She takes her acting ability from no mean source—being a cousin of Morris Schwartz, the great tragedian whose fame has been measured by his international successes on the London and New York stages, as well as in other large cities. She is also related to John Wexler, talented author of "The Last Mile," one of the successes of the 1930 season in New York drama. Mr. Wexler is now under contract with a Hollywood producing company, engaged in writing script for the screen. With such a background as Mr. Wexler and Mr. Schwartz, little doubt is held but that Sedel will make her way upwards and eventually land in the electric lights.

Phoebe Lee, shapely New York beauty whose beautiful teeth enhance her winning smile, has some of the facial characteristics of Lily Damita and Elissa Landi. Her

friends are hoping she will take to the screen seriously. Swims. . . . Ruth Buckhout, beautiful Poughkeepsie, N. Y., girl, resembles a cross between Genevieve Tobin and Fay Wray. Dances, sings, swims, and has a pleasing voice. . . . Georgiana Moser, of Salem, Missouri, photographs something like a cross between Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford. Red-headed, and has had some theatrical experience. Weighs 103 pounds.

Mrs. Winifrede Paris, of Hammond, La., is a mature, yet youthful-looking lady. Resembles Lina Basquette. Has a clear, soothing voice; French and Indian descent—five feet five inches tall, and profoundly beautiful. . . . Effie Sightler—just bubbling over with personality—if you don't believe it ask the boys on New Brunswick Avenue, Perth

Amboy, N. J.). A plump type of brunette with a fine, clear voice. Has had dancing, operatta and dramatic experience in high school. Swims. . . . Victoria May Small, of Buzzards Bay, Mass., has already done something in the picture line—having appeared in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Looks like a cross between Beatrice Lillie and Sue Carol; shapely legs; sings and dances.

From Illinois come several beauties—one of them, Billie Ann Starr, of Bensenville, shoots her picture in on a mirror, and we've been afraid ever since that it would break and mean seven years of hard luck. For whom? She's the Colleen Moore and Irene Bordoni type; send in a new photo, Billie. Do you swim? . . . Betty Fay of Chicago is a combination of Mary Pickford and Alice Joyce. Musical comedy experience; a refined brunette type. . . . Ann Janek, also of Chicago, looks like Pola Negri and Lya de Putti; sings and dances. Photograph too small for filing. . . . Mildred Arline Sidell, of Canton, Ill., a child actress, brunette; is a real Mitzi Green type. Sings and dances quite well; weighs 74 pounds. Let's hear some more from Chicago, particularly the children and the bathing beauties!

Doubles are being constantly discovered in the oddest of ways, and this recent incident from actual studio life will convince even the most skeptical of the value of the screen registration cards. We hear these remarks:

"Why, you look like me!"

"And you look like me!"

The first is Nancy Carroll speaking. The other is May Slattery, a former Follies girl and screen extra whom Miss Carroll discovered while she was making "Stolen Heaven" at the Paramount New York studio. Miss Slattery was waiting to see Frank Heath, casting director, when Nancy passed through the studio lobby and was struck by the likeness. Film company executives are constantly on the look-out for types and for good doubles.

Later Miss Carroll suggested that the girl be used as a "stand-in", the term used to describe one whose job it is to stand before the cameras until the lenses are accurately focused for a scene. Stand-ins must have the same shade of hair and complexion and be approximately of the same build as the star and Miss Slattery filled that bill as it had never been done before.

"She'd have to have a good old Irish name like Slattery to have a face like mine," Nancy remarked. The Paramount star's parents hail from County Mayo, Ireland. Several girls of Irish descent have sent in their photos to be reproduced, and they will be published. Every name sent in will be printed as soon as possible, even though there might be a slight delay in getting the pictures in.



Sedel Waldman, Dancer

We acknowledge, this past month, receipt of photographs from Estelle Planthaler, of Washington, D. C., beautiful, red-headed type who weighs 125 pounds; and from Virginia E. Enloe, of Boulder, Col., a brunette who is an experienced dancer. Miss Vera Cruse, of Port Chester, N. Y., is five feet three inches tall—a brown-eyed beauty who resembles a cross between Loretta Young and Jean Arthur... Helen Jackson, of West 49th St., New York City, resembles Lila Lee and Billie Dove.

Hazel Conley, photographed recently by Evansmith of Hollywood, bears a resemblance to Mary Brian and what Marjorie Rambeau must have been in her younger days... Vera Trett, formerly with the Earl Carroll "Vanities" and Ziggy's "Follies," as well as the George White "Scandals", is a shapely queen who resembles Carmel Myers and Anita Stewart... Frances Upton, young comedienne, featured in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopie", is a real "swell looker", no mistake... Patricia Strom, reddish brown hair, shapely as they make 'em, and a dancer *par excellence* on the R. K. O. vaudeville circuit, photographs like a million dollars in a recent screen test... Lois Crump, film extra dancer, resembles Jeanette MacDonald and Jean Arthur according to the recent Evansmith picture received from our Hollywood offices.

Marion Lane, a perfectly formed beauty, a talented dancer, and possessing a good voice, slightly resembles Lilyan Tashman and Joan Blondell; a bit prettier... Melba Fair—already has landed a few parts as a result of her applying in the proper manner in Hollywood and registering, also resembles what Marjorie Rambeau must have been in her earlier days, and has a certain "Clara Bow-ishness" about her now... Emma Pearl Kelly, of Preston, Ont., Canada, is of French and Irish descent, a good combination. A brunette who is more fitted for youthful character roles... Bernice Wood's photograph prevents its being filed; too poor. She dances, swims, is a song writer, and a linguist... Berta Lockner, of Glendale, L. I., N. Y., is a real beauty; fine complexion; age 20. Belongs to a dramatic society and has certain facial characteristics of Mary Brian, Lillian Roth and Jeanette MacDonald... Shireley Tilton, of Plandome, L. I., N. Y., has a smile that ought to convince any director she could "make good." Photographed by Volpe, as was Lee Lockman, whose fine profile reminds one of a cross between Kay Francis and Helen Twelvetrees... Gertrude Carlson, of New York City, is good looking, has shapely legs, and is a blonde you'd look at twice, or more! Dances and swims...

Edna M. Frankie, of Richmond, Calif., is of Austrian descent, five feet three inches tall; dark brown eyes—and smiling eyes, at that!... Helen Casey, of Jefferson, Mass., looks like a cross between Lupe Velez and Gloria Swanson. Sounds like a funny combination, but not so strange when you see her. Good Legs... Rose Donahue, age 21, looks like Colleen Moore if she wasn't so cross looking in the photo we received. Weighs 120 pounds... Vera Martin, presumed to be Countess Marcel de Muller, a famous model, looks something like Greta Garbo and Betty Compson. We would appreciate a better photograph, one not clipped from a contemporary magazine. Lives in Noo Yawk!... Margaret Ellis, of West Palm Beach, Florida—a really attractive

and substantially beautiful young girl—if she wouldn't rouge her nails! Has had entertaining experience in local theatres and club entertaining; sings; swims. Sweet sixteen and blonde.

Jean Andrews, brown-haired beauty from Richmond Hill, N. Y., resembles Elissa Landi and Nancy Carroll. Sings, dances—fond of athletics... Sylvia Zadik, of Utica, N. Y., weighs 98 pounds. A child actress of the Baby Peggy type and a refined Mitzi Green. Plays the piano, sings and dances. Piano playing is a social asset nowadays.

Shirley Schafer, of New York City, looks like a beautiful edition of Sally Phipps. Sings, dances and acts. A Mineola beauty of extremely youthful charm... Jean Gloria Beggy, a baby actress, from Rochester, N. Y. looks like a worth-while bet to us. Likes to sing, dance and pose... Betty Mitzel, of Brooklyn, is a type all of her own; a sturdy, physical beauty.

Lillian Farren, Brooklyn girl, five feet, one inch tall, resembles a cross between Theda Bara and Virginia Valli—plus a little of Frances White. Rides horseback; sings and dances. We could use a better photo of you, Lillian—why not get one made at our expense?... June Brewster, of New York City, slightly resembles Marjorie White and Janet Gaynor. Swims, dances, and rides horseback; weighs 115 pounds. Wavy hair... Geraldine Kelleher, over fourteen years of age, is an accomplished swimmer and dancer, and strikingly pretty. Considerable stage experience. Comes from Fort Plain, N. Y. Well formed.

Shirley King, of Long Island City, sends in a photo which is far out of focus. A real beauty, however—even prettier than Nancy Carroll. Delightful Southern accent in her voice... Ann Heintz looks like a combination of Una Merkel and Lillian Gish. Hails from Roslyn, N. Y., aged 20. Photographed by A. Volpe.

Another one of the photographic contributions from the Grace Salon of Art which we purchased was that of Corrine King, Long Island City "light brunette" who weighs 107 pounds. Blue eyes that photograph dark. Looks like Norma Shearer and Lillian Roth. in a way.

Above the average in feminine pulchritude we find Anita Stone, a "Windy City" girl with almost as pretty a figure as you'll find



Miss Estelle Planthaler

in the State of Illinois. Looks like a cross between Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow and weighs 105 pounds... Sue looks like Sue. In other words, Miss Walbert looks like Miss Carol; she also slightly resembles Clara Bow. Hails from Chicago too; has red hair. 'Nuf sed!... Lilian Kaufer, New York blonde, slightly resembles Charlotte Greenwood and Ruth Chatterton. Has had experience in dramatic stock, vaudeville, and as a dance artist... Another fair maid is Yvonne La Verne, also a New Yorker—who resembles a cross between Billie Dove and Mary Brian, a bit of Clara Bow. Took "Kathryn Ray" parts in the Earl Carroll shows; an excellent figure. Would make a fine artist's model... So would May Vallee, a beautiful Franco-American type. Mlle. Vallee is an ivory-skinned brunette beauty of rare and exotic charm; possesses a fine, rich voice which registers well.

(Continued Next Month)

Name			
Address			
City & State	Telephone		
Sex	Race	Color and Type	
Height	Weight	Color of Eyes	Age
What screen star do you resemble?			
Previous theatrical experience if any. Accomplishments; dancing, singing, horseback riding, fencing, etc.			
.....			

Make out a 3 x 5 card similar to the above, fill out and mail it in with photograph.



THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue
edited by: GENEVA MITCHELL



Wants "Free" Theatre

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mayor Walker's sudden outraged attitude toward the stage is so palpably an effort to cover up the disgraceful conditions resulting from his incompetent administration that I am constrained to express these statements.

Nothing that the stage produces could cause as much immorality and vice as the present conditions existing in the Police Department. Nowhere in the world would a community of people permit such outrages as are now being revealed by the special investigation before Judge Seabury to exist but the city of New York under the vice-like grip of Tammany Hall.

I hold no brief for certain plays which are produced on the stage, but if there is any department of human expression that should be free of any censorship whatsoever it is the realm of drama. The theatre is peculiarly situated. Performances are not open to the public. Only a limited number of people can see a performance at one time. The price of admission is, as a rule, almost prohibitive for certain people, particularly the people that Mayor Walker and some of the newspapers supporting him want to "protect."

All liberty-loving people should band together to see that the blight of censorship, which is very often stupid, bigoted and biased, does not hamper the theatre in its effort to give us the best of dramatic art.

—Forrest A. Remington.

Likes Editorials

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I buy your magazine every month just for its editorials. You have more punch and power in your editorial page—and certainly more courage, than all of the other screen magazines rolled into one. You tackle subjects they tremble to approach. I notice one screen magazine has copied your idea of running Numerology articles about the stars, a feature which you started. Keep up the good work.

—Jack Wheeler.

Likes Dramatic Reviews

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Since our "back to Hoboken" theatre movement has failed, we of New Jersey must again look to New York for our amusements, particularly the legitimate theatre. I get a powerful kick, once in a while, out of your dramatic reviews, but I find you are hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they may.

Just once did I venture to attend a show which you had "panned", and my wife lectured me all the way home. I like the illustrations for your stage "department" as well as the frankness and "breeziness" of your reviews. Jacob L. Heinen



We Censored This

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What a "smell" Juanita Guerrero's letter gave to "The Month's Mail" in your March issue. Please tender to her the Bronx Cheer gratis. Never fear, Miss Guerrero, with your innocently revealed meagre perspicacity, you will never be more than a "mere fan."

While your choice of stars is startlingly ghastly, your choice of cinema fare is rather commendable. The difference however, is, quite drastic. Since you speak of the "best," Greto Garbo, Barbara Stanwyck, Ramon Navarro and Lewis Ayres remain, but I fear the others you mention must go.

Also: If Phillips Holmes reminds you of Lillian Gish, I can't well imagine whom you resemble. And: When you commit yourself to the effect that Miss Chatterton, our supreme technician, is too old to act do you realize what you are saying? I think not.

—Bob Jordan.

Another "M. D." Admirer

ROSWELL, N. M.—I am simply overwhelmed by the acting of Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco". Think she is a wonderful actress and hope to see her playing in lots of pictures. Where can I get a life-sized photograph of her?—Madge Henry.

Likes a Fight!

DOVER, DEL.—Newspapers tell us there's a war on between Paramount-Public and the Warner-First National outfits. Let's have it, and make it a good fight! Both of those organizations have been below par in the quality of their pictures, and too much mediocre stuff spoils the game and turns the public against the movies. May the best "man" win!—Charles C. Johnston.

Hammer Stein

DENVER, COLORADO—I don't want to knock, but I think it is necessary to do a little hammering here. "The Lottery Bride" seems to be a flop here—and I'm sorry that Mr. Stein directed it, for he's a namesake of mine. The Hammerstein production featuring Jeanette MacDonald could have been a lot better but for those wierd, ultra-theatrical effects and the fact that the heroes insist upon bursting into song on the slightest provocation—just as a situation is becoming interesting. The terrors of the arctic floes are a joke.—Sarah L. Stein.

A Scot's Compliment

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your article "Setting the Pace" is the most virile offering on the actual climb back to better days of any I have ever read. I came here following a business luncheon in New York today; read same en route and delivered it to my friends for perusal and the actual figures fairly staggered them because of the confident picture you painted. Salute this one, I say, and let's have more!—Cameron King.

We'll Do It Soon!

AVALON, PENNA.—The October copy of MOVIES has come to my attention and I think it is a splendid little magazine. Right up to the minute and filled with newsy chatter about the films and their makers. Since you are so near to Astoria why not put a column into your MOVIES covering the activities at Astoria and other eastern film studios? It will be the first column of its kind and should gather you many new readers. The tip is gratis and I wish you all kinds of good luck for the coming year.

Again accept my congratulations upon BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES and may it have a long and prosperous existence. Very sincerely yours,—Victor McGovern.

Likes MacDonald

GREAT NECK, L. I., N. Y.—For some time, Mr. Hubbard, I have been trying to sit down long enough to compose you a letter of thanks for my subscription copies of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES. I've enjoyed reading them very much.

I compliment you on your success in putting forth this very attractive little book. The articles are very well written and appropriate for this type of magazine. The cuts are very lovely—particularly those that accompany your article on Jeanette MacDonald. I should judge that it would have rather a good circulation and newsstand sale. I hope so and wish you and Mr. Ullman every success connected with its publication.—Esther Wahlberg.

Cowboy Cooper

(Continued from page 17)

the lead in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

When the picture was completed, Cooper found himself with plenty of offers from large and small producing concerns, among them one from Paramount. He didn't let it "go to his head," however. The Indians had taught Gary to be patient and watchful.

A conference was set for Friday. At the appointed time Cooper called at the Paramount studio, was ushered down a hallway to a door and told to enter. All unknowingly, the tall Montanan stepped into the regular weekly executive meeting. Jesse L. Lasky and B. P. Schulberg had arranged this most trying of film tests.

Utterly surprised and painfully embarrassed, Cooper blushed, stammered and then grinned. That winning grin won him a contract. There are few girls who haven't been thrilled by that captivating smile of his; it's contagious.

With the ink from his signature to the contract scarcely dry, Cooper was rushed to San Antonio, Texas, where the aviation epic, "Wings" was in production. He took a small but effective part in the picture, then hurried back to Hollywood where he was cast in another epic-maker of a different type, Clara Bow's "It."

Then came "Children of Divorce," "The Eagle," "Arizona Bound," "Nevada," "Beau Sabreur," "The Legion of the Condemned," "Doomsday," "Lilac Time," "Half a Bride," "The First Kiss," "The Shopworn Angel," "Wolf Song," "Betrayal." He was starred in "Seven Day's Leave," and since then has contributed smashing successes in "Only the Brave," "The Virginian," "The Texan," "The Man from Wyoming," "Fighting Caravans," "The Spoilers" and "Morocco."

Cooper, the son of English parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cooper, lived on his father's cattle ranch sixty-five miles from Helena, Montana, until he was twelve. There he learned to swim and ride as only he can. At twelve he went to England to school, and is understood to have given his Eaton-collared classmates many exciting moments with his tales of the range and feats of daring on horseback.

Returning to Montana, Gary lived the life of a cowboy for two years after an automobile accident which almost ended his life. Then he went to the middle west, entered Grinnell College at Grinnell, Iowa as an art student and met Doris. His father, who had, with his mother, come from England in 1884, became a Superior Court Judge in Montana, which position he held until Gary went into pictures. Now he lives with his parents in a simple, sprawling house set in old-fashioned gardens on a conservative street. Architecturally not important, its homelike comfort is something of an achievement in Hollywood. Judge Cooper is retired and assists in the management of his son's business affairs. Mrs. Cooper jealously supervises Gary's health and welfare. An energetic, intelligent woman, she also finds time for civic and charity work and is president of the local Montana Society. To both his parents, however, Gary is the primary interest in life.

On his dressing-room walls we find stuffed eagles—the taxidermy having been performed by Gary himself—antlers and pelts.

On his dressing table is a curling iron, forgotten by a hairdresser during the making of "The Wolf Song," in which Gary submitted to the ignominy of having his hair curled. He refuses to part with the iron, finding it convenient as a cigarette lighter.

I am reminded that in this picture he was co-starred with Lupe Velez—the picture opening with him skipping out of town because he had done the traditional thing many young men do—gotten a girl into trouble and hot-footing it out of the community. One scene shows him stripping down to stark nudity to enjoy a swim in a creek, and one catches a glimpse of fine, broad, muscular shoulders and slender waist and hips—muscular arms and fine hands; the typical figure of a well trained and not over-trained athlete.

To return to the subject from which I have digressed, a phonograph, seen in one corner of his room, is stocked with cowboy and mountaineer records, every one of which he knows by heart and plays constantly.

Mr. Cooper has turned his Montana property, "Sunnyside" into a dude ranch; he and his father run it. It will be open again this summer for its second season. He has his own definition of a dude ranch. In case you don't know, it is as good as any other.

"A dude ranch," says Gary, "is a place where the cowboys are only accessories."

His closest friend is Richard Arlen, and between them exists a deep affection. Gary is essentially, one concludes, a man's man—most at ease in the understanding freedom of masculine society. When, however, romance does seek him out, he is absorbed by it with no hint of foolishness. He's been frequently compared to William S. Hart. Gary's nature, however, is a bit more tractable than Hart's. In one way it is unfortunate. In another way it will save him from many of the heartbreaking experiences that fell to the lot of the older man.

Hart believed devoutly he was right in his plan of making pictures. He would rather leave the screen than sacrifice an ideal by listening to the commands of producers who knew nothing of the West.

Mr. Cooper doesn't "blow up." Never since he has been in pictures has he been "temperamental" or hard to handle. He would tell you as well that he would be farther along and making more money if his disposition were not so calm. The producers rather respect a little judicious temperament, and imagine they're really getting their money's worth.

Being in aviation pictures such as "Wings," "Legion of the Condemned" and "Lilac Time"—all of which were highly praised at the time of their release by *The American Aviator*; *Airplanes and Airports* magazine, has had its effect upon Gary. Now he wants to buy an airplane and fly to the ranch whenever he gets a day or two between pictures. "It only takes twelve hours to get there," he said.

Edna Ferber's "Cimarron"

(Continued from page 21)

her faithful friends, and as the years go on, her state recognizes her contribution to its development and elects her to Congress.

At an unveiling of a statue to the Oklahoma pioneer, in reality a statue of Yancey, she is told of an accident to one of the laborers working on a new gusher. Rushing to his assistance, she holds Yancey in her arms

for the last time, a broken figure of the man the state was even then honoring.

Forty years is a long span for two people to portray in a picture, but Richard Dix and Irene Dunne manage it superbly. Miss Dunne, a newcomer of the screen is certainly a capable actress as well as a beautiful woman. Edna May Oliver, George E. Stone and Roscoe Ates who also grow old in the story are exceedingly fine. Estelle Taylor makes the most of her small bits. Nance O'Neil is well cast as Sabra's mother. Altogether this picture has a very splendid cast and only lack of space prevents our saying more.

Other notable "Pictures of the Month" in the past year are: *Vagabond King*, *Hell Harbor*, *Hell's Angels*, *The Divorcee*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Holiday*, *Outward Bound*, *The Big Trail*, *Morocco*, *Royal Family of Broadway*, *Free Love*, and *Kiss Me Again*.

Splits and Splices

(Continued from page 32)

musical comdey. They motored to Greenwich, Conn., for the ceremony, but decided they couldn't wait the five days the law requires. Such is love.

Evidently Paul Whiteman and Marriage simply do not agree. Again the fat boy will hot-foot it to the divorce court to cancel his marital contract with Vanda Hoff. It is rumored that she's agreeable, provided he pays her \$600-per month for the support of herself and young son, Paul, Jr. Margaret Livingston is said to be the "other" woman.

Richard Bird, actor, and Joyce Barbour, a star in a musical production, were married recently in London. They are both well known here.

Dixie Lee, featured film player, and "Bing" Crosby, orchestra and radio singer have separated and Dixie has announced that she intends to bring suit for divorce. Miss Lee is nineteen and hails from New York.

Col. Tim McCoy, war hero and star of western films, and Mrs. Agnes Miller McCoy have separated. In an interview, her lawyer is reported to have said that the Col. requested his wife to bring divorce proceedings. They are prepared to fight any attempt McCoy may make to get his freedom.

Contrary to published reports, Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay are not contemplating calling it a day. When interviewed Miss Stanwyck was busy making a shortcake for the boy-friend, and we must add that they both looked happy.

Rumor has it that Lina Basquette and Peverell Marley, screen photographer, will be reunited before their decree of divorce becomes permanent. He has planned to meet Miss Basquette at Yuma, Ariz., when she drives through on her way to Hollywood from New York.

William Seabury, much married vaudevillian, has just taken another. Holley Hall, who replaced Zelma O'Neal in "Good News," is the lady in the case. This is her first venture.



CLAUDIA DELL, 32 years
divorced, starred in
Warner Bros.' "Sally & Sam"



BEBE DANIELS in "*My Past*,"—formerly entitled "*Ex-Mistress*." In private life, Mrs. Ben Lyon.

Men Call It Love

(Continued from page 14)

making an obvious effort.

"I still love you, Helen."

"Ugh! I could feel the gears grinding that time."

"My dear—"

"No, thanks—I don't want you to kiss me."

"You mean you don't want to kiss me?"

"Not any more."

"Why suddenly this?"

"Isn't it sudden? You stopped caring for me—at least a month ago. About a month ago you began to get cautious. It seemed to occur to you for the first time—that I am a married woman. You know, Bill, Ethel is a married woman, too."

Bill gave a guilty start.

"What are you talking about?"

"Never mind. I really don't care. After all, it was a very successful affair—and, of course, we must remain the best of friends. We have many tournaments before us. Love can be tossed aside, but golf—ah, golf must go on forever. And now you may kiss me—goodby."

Bill kissed her.

They broke away as Ethel came running up.

"You crazy lunatics," Ethel said. "I've looked all over for you. Joe's terribly sick, Helen. I think you should—"

"I know what I should do with him—but it would be just my luck to get a jury of women. Where is he?"

She moved off.

"With Jack—in the library," Ethel answered.

"Ever try playing by moonlight, Ethel? It's grand," Bill asked.

"It must be. I can't see the ball even in the daylight," she replied.

"You ought to go into vaudeville," Bill replied. "That disappearing act you've been putting on all evening is pretty good."

"Disappearing act?"

"You know what I mean. You might have danced just once with me."

"Well, you see, it's this way, Bill—the thought of dancing with a golf champ is enough to make a miserable sod-buster like me swoon with embarrassment."

"Come now—you can't be that bad."

"Want to see my score for today?"

Bill looked at her curiously. She held out her hand before him.

"Two callouses and a blister."

"Too bad," Bill said, bending to kiss her hand.

"Some days it's different, though—some days it's two blisters and a callous."

Bill laughed and held out his golf club to her.

"Come on—have a try. Maybe I can give you a few pointers," Bill suggested.

Ethel halted and stared at him in amazement.

"Haven't you had enough laughs tonight?" she asked.

But she took the club from him and started winding herself about it.

"Hey! You're not supposed to eat that—it's no peppermint stick," Bill was convulsed.

"It's no use, Bill—and I'd rather play a good game of golf than—than have naturally curly hair."

"There's nothing to prevent you from playing a good game. Just don't tighten up

so much before you hit the ball—that's your trouble."

"But I can't help it! Heaven knows I've tried to loosen up. Guess I'm just not the type."

Bill's laughter stopped abruptly as an idea seized him. He halted.

"Listen! I've got an idea! You know how loose you feel when you take a practice swing at an imaginary ball?"

"Yes, that's right. You do."

"All right. Now when you step up to hit the ball, make believe you aren't hitting it. Make believe it's just another practice swing. Here, take the club. Now!"

Ethel, in a daze, took the club, made a nice, easy swing and stared at him like one who had seen a vision.

"Why, Bill, that's genius!" she cried out.

"Not a bad idea—if I do say so."

"You've opened a new world to me. Bring on your Glenna Collett! Loose—loose—loose—make believe the ball isn't there—make believe it's a buttercup—loose—loose—loose—loose."

In her frenzy she swung the driver without direction, slashing the green, and ended by hitting the driver against a tree and breaking it. She sobered instantly.

"Oh, Bill—I'm so sorry—"

Bill, ignoring the wreckage as he stared at her appreciatively, said:

"You're going to be a great player one of these days, Ethel."

A few moments later Ethel came breathlessly into the women's dressing room.

"Oh, Helen," Ethel cried, rushing over to her, "I could simply kiss Bill."

"I dare say it could be arranged."

"Do you know what he's done? He's made me looser!"

"Already!"

"It didn't take any time at all."

Helen gave her a sardonic glance, but Ethel, entirely unconscious of her attitude, started swinging in front of the mirror, chanting:

"Be loose—be loose—be loose!"

The door of the bathroom opened. A woman came out and regarded Ethel with surprise, then laughed. She started across the room.

"Fine advice," she said as she passed Ethel. "That's what cost Henry his happy home."

Ethel, made a little serious by the mention of Callie's and Henry's separation, stared after the woman for an instant, and as she turned back to Helen she noticed that the latter had stopped mending her stocking and was staring glumly into space.

"What's the matter, Helen?" she asked.

"You wouldn't know, would you?"

"Why no. What is it?"

"Well, it's quite simple. I've fallen out of love."

"You mean you don't love Joe any more?"

"I couldn't love him any less."

"But, Helen, if it isn't Joe . . . Oh."

Helen smiled.

"I thought it was golf between you two," Ethel continued.

"It made a great excuse, didn't it?"

"Lucky you play, too. Don't look so darned innocent! I know he's in love with you now."

"And we tried so hard to keep it from you!"

"You succeeded—until a few days ago. How long has it been going on, Ethel?"

"Didn't you know? For weeks, dear. Jack goes over to the club every night—so

BROADWAY AND

we can have the house to ourselves."

"You're not going to give anything away, are you?"

"Don't be like that, Helen! Bill isn't interested in me. And even if I had broken up your little flirtation . . . Helen . . . it was just a little flirtation, wasn't it?"

"It's time mummy's little girl learned about the facts of life."

"Oh."

Ethel was stunned. She hid her agitation by turning back to the mirror.

"Shocked, I suppose," Helen jeered.

"I can't help it, Helen . . . I'm afraid I am."

"Yes, you are! Be your age, Ethel!"

"He has hurt you, hasn't he? I'm sorry, dear."

"Ready to go?" Ethel asked.

"And lock myself up with Joe for the night? No, thanks!"

She waved airily and moved off toward the bathroom. Ethel watched her uncertainly for an instant, shrugged and went from the room. In the hall she met her husband.

"Oh, Jack," she asked, "mind going now?"

"Not if we can bum a ride, darling."

"What's wrong with our car?"

"I just tried to play ambulance for Joe—the batteries are dead."

Bill came up behind them in time to hear this.

"What's this? I'm just going in case you need a lift."

"Good of you, Minot, but—"

"Bill, the life-saver. Come on—we'll have to make pretty speeches to Callie first."

When Bill Minot's roadster drew up before their house Ethel invited him in.

"Come on in, Bill—you deserve a drink for this."

"We haven't a drop in the house, Ethel," Jack said quickly.

"Wait!" Bill cried. "Want to see a conjuring trick?"

He opened a trick compartment in the car, fitted up like a bar.

"There! And nothing up my sleeve!"

"Is there no limit to this man's genius?" Ethel exclaimed.

"Which would you like? Gin or Scotch?"

"Gin. Scotch."

They moved toward the house, Jack far from happy.

As Jack, Bill and Ethel entered Bill put the bottles on the table while Jack helped Ethel with her coat.

"You get the ice, darling, will you?" she said to her husband.

"All right," he said.

He took the bottles and went out to the kitchen:

"How would some sandwiches go, Bill?"

"Fast!"

"I knew I shouldn't have asked that one."

She started for the kitchen.

"Ethel!"

"Yes?"

"Listen, Ethel—how would you like to be my partner in the championship?"

"Are you crazy? Anyway, you're playing with Helen."

"I said—do you want to play with me in the championship?"

"Do you? Listen. If you really want to be a great golfer, I can make you one. It's up to you. What do you say?"

"Why do you want to do all this for me, Bill? Why are you offering me this string of pearls?"

"Well—just because I like you, I suppose."

Isn't that all right?"

"How much?"

"A lot. Isn't that all right, too?"

"You'd better stick to Helen, Bill. I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed in me."

"Then—you don't—like me—do you?"

"Oh, yes."

"But not a lot?"

"No. And I don't think I'd like you at all if you didn't happen to be a golf champion."

"Well, that's not very nice to hear, but it's good and honest."

"Tell me—did you ever fall in love with a woman who wasn't married?"

"No, I don't think I ever did."

"Well, that's honest, too!"

"Wait, Ethel. Would you like me better if I could prove to you I wasn't a bad sort?"

"Not specially."

"In other words—you're in love with your husband."

"Yes, I am."

"I guess you are, at that."

"Oh, there's no doubt about it."

"Well, well."

"Isn't that all right?"

"It's all right—but it's very astonishing."

"Well, that's the way it is in this house."

"Well, well, well—"

As Bill stared at her in unfeigned amazement there was a crash in the kitchen.

"I think Jack wants me," Ethel said, smiling and moving off.

"Have a wash, may I?"

"Upstairs."

She started for the kitchen again.

"Right. I won't use the guest towel."

Ethel laughed and went out.

In the kitchen Jack had one of the ice trays out and was mechanically banging it in the sink to get out the cubes, while he eagerly glanced at a newspaper which was propped up against the liquor bottles on the sink beside him. Consequently, the cubes of ice were mostly landing on the floor. Ethel appeared in the doorway.

"Jack, dear, what are you doing?"

He came eagerly over to her with the newspaper and held it out to her.

"Take a look at this baby. I guess he's a palooka, hey? That fight next week is going to be a honey, Ethel."

"The fight tonight is going to be a honey—unless you hustle those drinks."

She started toward the icebox, but stepped on a cube of ice and skidded.

Jack dived to her support.

"See! Almost broke my neck."

Jack stared at her, an idea in process. He finally said:

"Say, send Minot out here, will you?"

He carefully skidded a piece of ice directly in front of the door.

"Jack!" Ethel said reproachfully.

"Say, Ethel, you don't really like that big cheese do you? No—do you—you don't, do you?"

"Jealous?"

"No!"

"Not just a little bit? Not that much?"

"Not the slightest."

"Jack, I think I ought to confess something to you. I think it's only fair."

"What do you mean?"

"You won't be terribly hurt, will you?"

"Good heavens, Ethel. What are you talking about?"

"If Bill did mean a little to me—ever so little—would you care?"

He stared at her—looking so horror-struck that she capitulated at once.



Ethel (Leila Hyams) kisses her husband (Norman Foster) good-bye after discovering his infidelity.

"How white you are. My dear, don't you know I'm only teasing. Please, darling, don't be silly. Would it be possible to make you believe I care anything about anybody except you? Don't you know who I love—with all my heart?"

Jack swept her into his arms.

"Yes, I know. And who do I love?"

"Me."

"You're sure, aren't you?"

"Positive."

He hugged her. The sound of piano music came from the living room.

"Somebody else doesn't have to be coaxed to play the piano!" Jack remarked.

"Listen, honey, I'm going to get rid of him. What do you say?" Jack asked.

"But how can you, Jack? After all, we asked him in."

"Sure. And now we'll ask him out."

"You know perfectly well you don't dare."

"All right, watch me."

"You think I'm going to stand looking on, while you perpetrate this horrible deed? Picture my embarrassment."

"Well, listen at the door."

"I will. I simply can't see how you think you're going to do it."

"Elementary, my dear Watson! I shall give him a drink to break the ice—pass a few friendly remarks—and then tell him quite civilly to get to blazes out of here and stay out."

"And then what? He'll just laugh."

"They laughed when the waiter spoke to me in French—and you know what happened that time."

"Well, I don't know how it's all going to come out, but I can see it's going to be good."

Bill, strumming at the piano, didn't notice Jack coming in. Ethel was just visible behind Jack, warning him to silence. As she flattened herself against the wall of the passage way to the kitchen, and cautiously pulled the door almost shut, Jack moved toward Bill and put a drink down on the piano.

"Here you are, Bill."

"Thanks, old man," Bill said, taking the glass.

"You're quite a pianist, Bill."

"Oh, I strum."

Jack winked at Ethel behind the door.

"Bill—"

"Hello?"

"Tell me, Bill, what do you come here for?"

"Huh?"

"What do you want?"

"What do you mean?"

"You don't come to see me. You and I don't like each other. You know that."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Well, you know it now."

"Could you give me some rough idea of what all this is about?"

"Certainly. This is what I'm driving at! The only interest for you in this house is Ethel. And your interest in her doesn't interest me. In other words, how would you like to get to blazes out of here?"

"Serious?"

"Quite."

"Well, it's your house."

He picked up his hat.

"Yes, sir. My house. Keep that fact constantly in your mind and I predict a happy—and safe—future for you."

Bill smiled, shrugged, started for the door and then stopped and looked back at Jack.

"Oh, yes—those two bottles I brought in—"

"Afraid I broke the corks getting them open. Be too bad to have them spill all over your car."

He stared steadily at Bill and made no move to get the liquor.

"Accept them with my compliments."

"Thanks."

"Yes—yes, I see what she sees in you."

"Thanks."

"She loves you—if that's news."

"Not news, but I'm always glad to hear it."

"And you're right. I do love Ethel, or at least I would, if I ever had any encouragement, which I haven't. No, she's all for you."

"I'm lucky," Jack said.

"I think so," Bill answered. "And if I were you—and had a wife like her—believe me, I'd appreciate her. I'm darned if I'd be playing around with a 'Follies' girl the way you do . . . So long."

Bill went out.

There was a dead silence. Jack was stunned. He ran out toward the kitchen.

Ethel was standing in the passage, her hands braced against the wall. Jack entered the scene. They stared at each other, paralyzed.

"Ethel!"

She started, but did not reply. She went uncertainly down the passage toward the kitchen. Jack followed her.

"Ethel! You don't believe that, do you? You don't, do you? . . . Do you? It's all so absurd . . . just a silly mistake . . . it was this way . . . I mean, I see how the mistake happened. You see, a friend of mine is going with a 'Follies' girl . . . and one night I had dinner with him . . . this friend of mine and this girl . . . Before we were through, he was called away on some business. Naturally, I had to finish dinner with her, and . . . well, just to be seen with a girl who is as well known as this one is enough to start any rumor. But that's all there is to it."



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a salary increase
of \$15 a week. We
are about 170
students and
classes in all
branches of ground
work."

"And you've never seen her since?"
"Never! You believe me, don't you?"
"Why didn't you tell Bill that?"
"I was stunned—I didn't know what he was talking about."
"I've got to believe you! I've got to!"
"It's the truth, Ethel. Do you think I could look into your eyes and lie?"
"Oh, you couldn't, could you? You couldn't lie to me."
"Lie to you? Listen. If I'm lying to you, I'm struck dead."
"Oh, Jack!"
"Did you hear that?"
"Yes, I hear. Oh, my darling! Darling!"
She broke into tears of relief.
"It's all right, dear. It's all right."
He held and comforted her. Unseen by her, his desperate lying left him weak.
Ethel got out of his arms, still half crying, half laughing.
"But it's just too ridiculous, loving you like this. What's the matter with me?"
"You dear!"
"I've got to do something. I'll fix you a high-ball. Let me do it. And there's never been another woman, either—has there?"
"Never!"
"You've always been—all mine?"
"You know it. What is it, dear?"
"I was just thinking what a cruel thing rumor is. Why, even when it isn't true it gives you thoughts you've never had before. I wish I hadn't heard it—I wish I hadn't—"

But it was true. Although Jack dearly loved his wife, he was fool enough to risk his happiness with her by going about with cheap chorus girls.

A few weeks after Jack had ordered Bill from the house, Callie Johnson threw another party. Jack couldn't go because of a business engagement, and Ethel decided to go alone.

Hardly had she left the house than Helen Robinson, who was still angry at Ethel, blaming her for Bill's lack of interest in her own charms, came over for a cocktail. This was her opportunity to humiliate Ethel. She made a bold play for Jack and, although he resisted at first, anxious to keep his business engagement, she finally taunted and cajoled him into making love to her. *They went upstairs to his bedroom.*

Ethel, obeying a blind impulse, and under the impression that she had forgotten something, turned her roadster about a few miles from home and drove back. To her surprise, she found that Jack had not left yet and, going upstairs, she found him with Helen. She was dazed by the discovery. It was the usual sordid thing which the scandal sheets rave about; a messy affair!

Jack was penitent, but could not find any words to explain the situation. Warning her to think twice before doing anything rash, he went off to keep his appointment in the city.

No sooner had he gone than Ethel, thinking to revenge herself, called up Bill Minot.

Hurt to the core, she summoned Bill, and recklessly told him that she was his for the taking. She thought that she hated Jack, but her interest in Bill was simply an unconscious intention of hurting Jack as he had hurt her. Bill really loved Ethel, and when he realized what had happened he didn't have the heart to force his love on her. He allowed her to stay at his apartment that night, while he went to his club.

Jack, shocked by Ethel's manner, was

almost frantic. He learned that she stayed at Bill's, but could not accuse her after what he had done.

Ethel said she didn't want a divorce, so they went on living together. Bill was her constant cavalier, and Jack could not object. At last Ethel told Jack she wanted a divorce, to marry Bill. Then she found out—from his refusal—how much Jack really loved her and knew that, although he might again stray, he would love her still. She knew that she adored him, no matter what his faults, and she told Bill that she did. Disappointed, but graciously, Bill retired from the scene knowing that Ethel would never care for any man but her husband, no matter how worthless Jack was, but Bill hoped that Jack had had his lesson and would appreciate Ethel in the future.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is modelled after the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture "Men Call It Love;" and is reproduced through their courtesy and that of the N. Y. *Morning Telegraph*. In the cast we find Adolphe Menjou as Bill Minot, the golf professional; Leila Hyams as Ethel; Norman Foster as her husband, Jack; Helen's part as the cheating wife and sex-hungry vamp is ably disposed of by Mary Duncan; Callie by Hedda Hopper; Joe by Robt. Emmett Keane; and Brandt by Harry Northrup.

Beauty and the Beast

(Continued from page 19)

a lovely evening frock with elbows roughened—even reddened and calloused! Yet ten minutes twice a week would remove these faults. The secret lies in the hot oil bath—just plain olive oil, heated and placed in the bottom of two finger bowls. The patient sits with her elbows in the bowls and reads a book—surely not a difficult thing to do. She keeps up this semi-weekly treatment until she sees results, after which she is always careful to continue to scrub her elbows vigorously with soap and a stiff brush whenever she takes her bath.

A good emollient cream after the bath is a precautionary measure, and, if she has formed the habit of sitting with her elbows on a desk or a chair arm, she will do well to discontinue that practise. Sometimes the elbows are stained. Peroxide, diluted with water, half and half, makes an excellent bleach for the elbows. Lemon juice is also good.

The beauty of arms rests largely on their contour, their color and their smoothness. For contour, there are exercises—not only the general all-over exercises, such as playing tennis, swimming, golf, which will fill out lean arms or reduce fat ones, but special beautifying exercises like the one where the exerciser clasps her hands first in front and then behind her, or the other where the arms are swung over the head, down in front as far as can be reached without bending, and back up again. Indian clubs, of course, are good, and the fancy swings are fun.

For arms that are little and bony and shapeless nothing is better than to lie flat on the floor, face down, palms on a level with the shoulders, raising and lowering oneself on the arms. Throwing the medicine ball is also splendid exercise, if one can find a friend to join in the sport. Hand-ball, of course, is one of the best there is, for it tones up the whole body at the same time.

Elissa the Elusive

(Continued from page 11)

have given her one of the finest bodies, from a "glorified beauty" standpoint as is to be found on the stage and screen today. Elissa Landi is every inch a gentlewoman—a young lady of charm, beauty, brains and international distinction.

Without hesitation I predict her unqualified success in America. She is the height of most successful actresses,—five feet five inches and weighs but 120 pounds. Like Jane Winton, she has green eyes.

In her recent picture, "Body and Soul," with Mr. Farrell, we find the story of a handsome young American officer in the Royal Flying Corps, during the World War, who meets and falls in love with a beautiful girl who, later, is accused of being a spy. He becomes involved in the accusation and faces a court martial when the girl reveals her true identity and, by her ingenuity, exposes the real spy in a climax that is even more sensational and dramatic than the events that lead up to it. While the picture has a war background, the dominant note is love, and sex, tempered by sin, and the story is one of the most fascinating ever brought to the screen, silent or audible.

Go and see her; see her on the stage whenever you get the chance, and you will be well repaid for your trouble. Comparisons are usually odious, so we won't try to say that she reminds us of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. I will state, however, that she fills the niche in the Fox's productions which is occupied by the two actresses just mentioned for M-G-M and Paramount respectively.

May the Venetian jewel of such rare beauty long shed her radiance in our midst. For she is bound to dim much of the false lustre and artificial glamor that is Hollywood's.

Lois Loses at Bridge

(Continued from page 15)

while, if I get "set" several tricks and I have a partner who is *that way*—he, or she, looks at me as if I were still the "dumb girl of Portici."

Bridge is a lot of fun with the right crowd, crisp, new cards, and table and chair sets to match—and, of course, the right kind of music and refreshments. Bridge parties might be a great success if just a little care is given to the decorations—to the list of guests, and to a tasty buffet menu. If monogrammed linen is used, then certainly monogrammed cards are in order; matching the colors as well as can be done.

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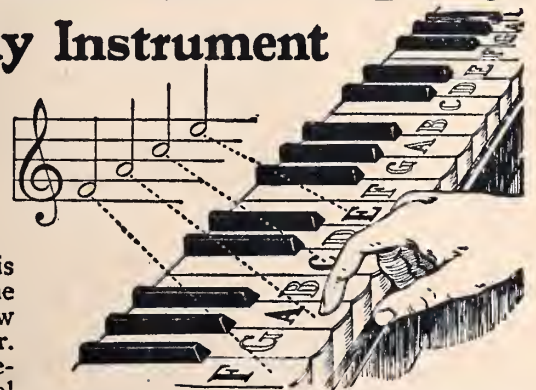
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Jobyna's Jamboree

(Continued from page 23)

Cantor in "Special Delivery."

It was while Jobyna was on vacation between pictures that she met one Richard Arlen. Dark, quiet, but also a Southerner who savored of the gallant so dear to each girl's heart of the Southland, Jobyna found herself attracted to this ardent Arlen. They played together in "Wings," that other day epic of the air, and then Jobyna was back in a Lloyd flicker, gayly going through the comedy paces and romanticizing on the sidelines.

Then a bombshell fell amid the highly inflammable live film stock of the Cinema Capitoll

Jobyna Ralston was to become Mrs. Richard Arlen—and not in name only! Jobyna was to give up her career to really be an unreel wife! Unheard of then! Jobyna had set a vogue.

And for some two years or more the Arlens have worked — and played — at being "folks." Dick would don his overalls, grab his lunch can and step into his Packard. (You know how it is!) Jobyna would stand at the garden gate of the rose covered cottage, with mortgages one, two, three, and wave goodbye for hours, after which she would go back and do the chores. Perhaps it isn't just that way among Hollywood's elite—but they played at it—and had lots of fun!

But somehow, even simplicity palls—at times!

One day Jobyna and Dick thought it would be no-end fun to bring the good old family album up to date, via the record. With

characteristic enthusiasm they embarked upon their plan. When it was completed they invited to their home a small group of intimates. As Dick's recording was played and he gave his birth date, characteristics and impressions, the gathering rocked with glee. Dick, the salt of the earth—good old Dick! Funny—egad! And then another leaf was turned and a sweet feminine treble with fascinating dulcet tones and a faint Southern drawl—Jobyna, of course! Precious Jobyna. There was one man there who listened, quite intently, and ever so seriously. That man was Bruce Mitchell, the well-known director who, even Luck" for Big 4. Mitchell had made up Jobyna's mind. She was to be his new leading lady.

Next day the Arlens were approached—Mr. and Mrs.! Dick laughed at him, Bruce said, Jobyna with him. They both thought the idea was "so fun-ny!"

"I never knew a director was required to be such a good actor," Bruce will reminisce, "but I acted all over the Arlen lot. I told them a voice like Jobyna's was worth a million—net—and that I was anxious to make a first down payment! I told them . . ."

But what does it matter to you, fan, or to me as long as she will be seen by the hosts of admirers who have always loved her for the sweet, pretty and sincere trouper that she is?

Talking to Jobyna we asked her just how she would define her comeback. Was it permanent—temporary—a whim—a career?

She cast her sweet solemn glance at a much loved Dick's face. Dropping her chin into her cupped hands she answered with hesitation, measuring her words in an evident desire to be utterly sincere. "Until I

BROADWAY AND

am quite, quite sure I'd rather not say. Perhaps it's for keeps, perhaps one picture will satisfy the desire." Then a spirited, gay, joyous Jobyna rose, "It's a holiday," she trilled, "a grand and gay adventure, a spree — call it — call it — 'Jobyna's Jamboree'!"

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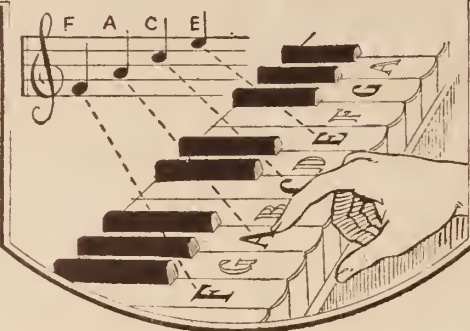
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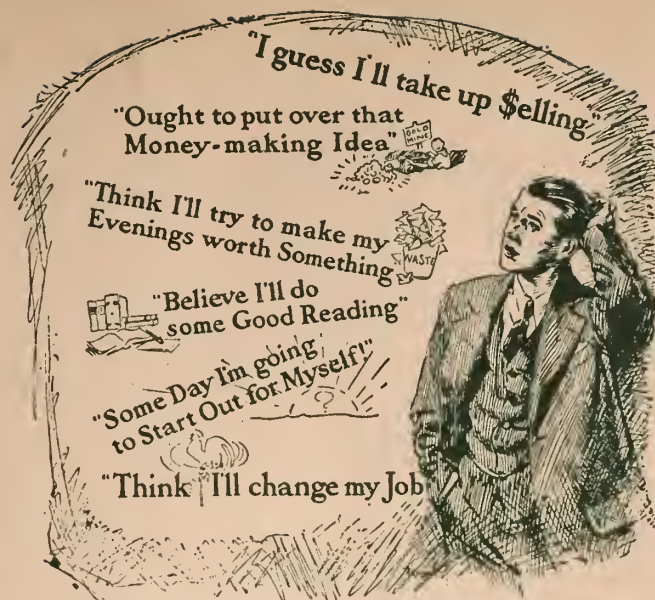
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Tomorrow's News Reels



W. W. HUBBARD

EVERY news reel, of late, has carried a shot or two of the recent Nicaraguan situation,—flashes of the U. S. Marines, of army sergeants drilling the Nicaraguan National Guard troops, and the like. Statesmen are bellowing themselves sick with their opinions via the talkies, and the newspapers are doing everything in the world but ignoring the issue.

But tomorrow's news reel, unless the situation changes in a marked way as we go to press, will be a "horse of another color." For we are informed by the powers that be that the 1,500 U. S. Marines stationed in that so-called republic are to be withdrawn as expeditiously as possible. The best support that American business men, soldiers and travellers, male or female, is the advice to "beat it."

Our only hope is that we at least conduct an orderly retreat. Let us put on a brave front and do our best to try to forget General Sandino and his insurgents. Let us hope that the sounds recorded on tomorrow's news reels will not be of muffled drums nor will they show us scurrying to shelter. . . . If we've been licked by General Sandino, let's take it with a smile, recognize him, and get the h— out of the country.

Fortunately there were no news reels during the War of 1812 when a small British army invaded the country, marched on the capital at Washington, captured it and burned the government buildings to the ground. Possibly, we can get censorship from Washington which will bar the taking of this retreat.

No one wants war. The stench of rotting bodies lying in tropical undergrowth while scavenger flies swarm about isn't a pleasant point to consider. No one wants to send a dollar-a-day soldier to his doom via a soft-nosed bullet. But it seems to me someone once said something about a Nicaraguan canal as an adjunct to the Panama Canal; both as a war measure and as a commercial proposition should the locks at Gatun and Colon be unable to bear the traffic.

Will the news reels filed away for historical reference ever cause posterity to point the finger of shame at this great Republic because of our abandonment of a comparatively helpless nation and the deserting of our own citizens there? Must the insurgent flag of General Sandino triumph above the Stars and Stripes? Will the country of Nicaragua ever be able to call out in anguish:

"I was sick and ye visited me not!"

At Oyster Bay, Long Island, there lies, in unbroken slumber, the body of a great American president who would have been able to face the issue.

—WALTER W. HUBBARD.

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MARY ASTOR,
Auburn-haired
cinema star.



JOHN
MACK
BROWN,
M-G-M star.



**BLONDE OR
BRUNETTE?**
*Joan Marsh and
Conchita Montenegro,
M-G-M. featured players.*

BLONDES VERSUS BRUNETTES

By Anita Delglyn

Noted Psychologist Studies Emotional Reactions of Fair and Dark Types

WHO are the most passionate—blondes or brunettes—and why? It's an age-old question that bobs up every once in a while, and one which is right now occupying the astute attention of every producer of motion pictures who wishes the flow of gold to be towards, instead of away from, him.

From the dark haired "vamps" such as Barbara La Marr, Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Carmel Myers, Pola Negri, Lya de Putti, and others who were the personification of expressed "sex" in pictures a few years ago we have come to expect our sirens among the blondes—Lilyan Tashman, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich being notable examples. In the old days people took it for granted that all angels, Helen of Troy, and most moving picture heroines, were blondes; while the devil, grand opera villains, Oriental

*Vilma
and
Ronald*

*"The
Prodigal"*



*Lawrence
Tibbett
and Esther
Ralston*



philosophers, and all vampires were more or less brunette.

Now comes a professor at Columbia University with statistics to show that the blonde may not even be on the side of the angels; that she and the brunette and the red heads have been frequently misunderstood, and that they all are openly flaunting their true characteristics wherever they go. The professor is the distinguished Dr. William Moulton Marston of the Department of Psychology.

For years Dr. Marston has been engaged in special research, as a result of which he is finally able to explain away the mystery of fiery or phlegmatic temperaments that lie beneath hair that is gold or raven or tints between. He has found that the pleasant and unpleasant facets in our natures, as well as the shades of our hair, eyes and skin, are determined by certain chemicals in the blood. He

and the *dynamometer*—instruments that are strikingly free from preconceived prejudices and sympathies, and can be depended upon for a true report.

That the brunettes should have shown the greater passionate and emotional reaction under the conditions employed—was no surprise to Dr. Marston. Pigmentation has come to be—for him—such an unfailing sign of character and peculiarities that he seldom enjoys the luxury of surprise from the actions of any one. And the learned Doctor didn't have to be a Hollywood casting director to find it out.

"Look, for example, at a redheaded girl," he suggested. "That red-head simply serves as a flag or signal that indicates the probable condition of the constitution beneath."

To illustrate the relation between outside appearances and inner complexities, the doctor



The blonde siren Greta Garbo and four of her dark haired, leading men. John Gilbert, Ricardo Cortez, Antonio Moreno, and Garin Gordon. Greta's casting directors prefer brunettes to play opposite her.



was convinced of that years ago, when he took over the task of segregating tendencies in connection with the human color scheme. He has found out things about blondes, brunettes and auburn haired beauties which, in some cases, can't even be published. His studies have been most exhaustive and complete.

Dr. Marston's data in support of his belief that diversities in pigmentation are definitely related to personal peculiarities came to light a few weeks ago when he was asked to supervise laboratory tests of blonde and brunette representatives of the theatre to determine the relative emotional susceptibility of light-haired and dark-haired ladies. This thing was not done in any haphazard manner. The studies were made on the basis of reactions registered by the *sphygmometer*, the *pneumograph*, the *galvanometer*



submitted these discoveries from his clinical laboratory, and suggested that they might serve as useful signs in selecting friends or life companions.

The redhead's emotional drive is one of inducement and disinclination to submit.

A blonde has to be "loved" pretty constantly if you want to keep her happy and steer her away from adventure.

A brunette is more interested in the process of *making you love her than she is in loving you*, said the psychology professor.

Thousands of individuals contributed to the research which brought the doctor to these conclusions

patients in office and hospitals, students in his classes, pupils in public schools, prisoners in penitentiaries. From the mass of details accumulated he has come through with what he considers clarifying enlightenment

BLONDES OR BRUNETTES? WHAT DO YOU SAY?

on the apparently ever-changing and elusive human riddle.

Dr. Marston believes that much that has been considered inscrutable and unpredictable in human behavior is really the natural and inevitable functioning of forces which are openly acknowledged in our faces, hair, and eyes. This barometer of our facial characteristics operates infallibly whether the individual is a famous screen star or just a movie fan—even as you and I.

We quote Dr. Marston after one of the scientific laboratory tests on sets of blondes and brunettes:

"When confronted with love situations brunettes show the greater emotional activity in every case.

"The brunette responds more in anticipation while the blonde responds to the kiss itself."

How did he find these things out? Well, in one of the previous tests, the love situations were the more fiery moments of the John Gilbert-Greta Garbo love team—so fiery in fact they were censored out of "Love" and "Flesh and the Devil" and only brought to light in the interests of science for these tests.

Remember all this was done after the various instruments were attached to the girls' bodies. Then these ardent scenes were allowed to pass before their blushing gaze.

The organist played tender and melting melodies of love, the caresses began on the screen and Dr. William M. Marston and his assistants made their notations.

Gilbert's sudden seizure of Greta in a fierce embrace in her bedroom while she at first resisted, registered best in increasing the girls' blood pressure.

In the case of brunettes, the blood pressure rose from 80 to 132 just before the climax. The fluctuations in respiration were fully twenty per cent greater than the blondes. It is significant that the brunettes reached their highest point of emotional thrill a little before the climax to a love scene. The seductive wooing of Garbo and Gilbert aroused the brunettes to white heat so that they really anticipate and enjoy the embrace before the action takes place on the screen.

The blondes are slower in their reaction to passionate love scenes, and reach their highest emotional thrill at the exact instant of the screen climax.

Who among us whether blonde or brunette could help getting excited when Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky emote for the movies? They have given some of the most realistic love scenes ever seen on the screen. Another team counted on to raise the public's blood pressure are Lawrence Tibbett and the golden-haired Esther Ralston, who were seen recently in "The Prodigal." Jean Barry and Edward Woods in "Mother's Cry" had some torrid emotional moments on the screen.

John Boles and Evelyn Laye in "One Heavenly Night" and Ona Munson and Ben Lyon in "Hot Heiress" are two more teams that must be included in the list of those who make your pulse palpitate.

Looking back on all the love scenes, historical and movie, one striking fact stands out. From "Helen of Troy" with Maria Corda and Ricardo Cortez down to Norma Shearer and

Robert Montgomery in "Strangers may Kiss," opposites have attracted. The blondes, one and all, "got their man" and he a brunette.

Every rule has its exceptions and the blondes versus brunettes have theirs. Among the blonde stars who have worked well together in love scenes are Helen Twelvetrees with Phillips Holmes in "Her Man," with Fred Scott in "Swing High" and with William Boyd in "Painted Desert." One of Gish's finest performances was in "La Boheme" opposite John Gilbert.

Anita Page and Robert Ames in "War Nurse" is another example of two blondes emoting successfully. Ames also appeared opposite Ann Harding in "Holiday," and those who saw it will remember the charming love scenes. Bill Boyd is one blonde star who has appeared opposite brunettes, notably Dorothy Sebastian. It will be remembered that their love scenes led to the altar.

Before the era of the talkies John Gilbert was one of screenom's "best bets" as a lover, and he has been consistently cast opposite light blondes. The few exceptions have but proved the rule. Even in "Way for a Sailor," in which he appeared with Leila Hyams, his casting directors had taken good care to see that he had a true blonde to work with. In this connection I need not remind my readers that he married a real blonde—Ina Claire, Broadway actress.

*Jean Barry and Edward Woods
in a fond embrace.*





RUTH CHATTERTON

Along Came RUTH

By A. R. Roberts

TO give you an accurate picture of the "First Lady of the Screen" is no mean task. The reason for this being that like most humans who have lived and suffered and fought on, Ruth Chatterton meets the world in mask and armor.

It is not until you pierce this protective covering that you can get a glimpse of the real woman underneath. To many in Hollywood Ruth is a snob, a supercilious, coldly aloof sort of person. It has often been said and I must repeat it here that wherever you go you will find that people either praise her extravagantly or condemn her bitterly. This in itself is interesting as it helps to explain the woman. No one who isn't vitally alive could cause such violent reactions in their fellows.

Miss Chatterton appears to be about five feet two inches in height, and her weight must be around one hundred and ten pounds. She has expressive blue eyes and a lovely shade of brown hair. She dislikes strong colors and never dresses in anything but black, white and grays. She has an almost regal bearing and it is a pleasure just to watch her walk across the room. Many people think that her chief charm lies in her musical



Miss Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes.

voice. It is pitched quite low, and she seems to end her sentences in a drawl. Her voice has been described as the answers to the "mixers" prayer. Her articulation is thoroly trained and she possesses a wide range, which is a wonderful asset for the microphone.

A short resume of Ruth's life would not be amiss here, as it would serve to show how this incomparable actress has ar-

(Cont'd on page 50)

*Ruth and Paul Lukas
in "The Right to Love."*





BROADWAY AND

**THE LOVE MOTIF
IN "THE FRONT PAGE"**
*Pat O'Brien and
Mary Brian*

The NEWSPAPER

Breaks Into the Movies

"The Front Page": the Picture of the Month

A GAIN we salute Lewis Milestone who has created another epic. Of course you remember his "All Quiet On The Western Front" which was rated the best directed movie of 1930. This time he wields the megaphone for Howard Hughes the young producer who gave us "Hell's Angels." It would be hard to conceive of a finer piece of work than that done by Bartlett Cormack on the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur newspaper play.

Movie censorship being what it is (in spots) the task of transplanting a vital living drama of the Fourth Estate from the stage to the screen would seem a superhuman task. While admittedly it is considerably toned down or up—whichever way you think, it remains a throbbing realistic comedy-drama.

While the introductory titles place the locale as some mythical kingdom—there is no mistaking that our own Chicago is the scene. The police reporters are found deep in a poker game—whiling away the hours before the State will hang some obscure Red who accidentally shot a negro cop. Their presence being essential at the event which is getting much front page space, as the city election is near and the negro vote of great importance. The love interest centers about the star reporter of the Examiner. Hildy Johnson (Pat O'Brien) who comes in to say good-bye to the bunch and catch a train for New York with his sweetheart (Mary Brian). Just as he is tearing himself away from them, shots ring out and we find that the Red (George E. Stone) has escaped. If you know your reporters, it won't surprise you that Hildy forgot girl, train and all to grab a wire and give the story to his Managing Editor, Walter Burns (Adolphe Menjou). Hildy hides the prisoner, who has escaped down the drain, under the cover of a roll-top desk. Burns arrives to take charge of getting the desk out and then you see action and plenty of it. Burns and Hildy are in bracelets for aiding an escaped convict, when

a messenger arrives and insists that the sheriff and the mayor accept the Red's reprieve, which they had refused earlier, fearing its effect on their constituents and their continuance in office.

Need we say that Burns and his aide are set free immediately on their promise to forget it. Of course, knowing Burns's stripe you can imagine that what he'll forget won't be worth publishing. Just as you catch your breath, Hildy's sweetheart dashes in and gives our hero one last chance to live—as she puts it like a human being. When Burns sees that he can't change things, he pretends to be mollified and gives Hildy his gold watch as a memento of their years together. Reaching for a phone after they go, he instructs his office to wire the train and have Hildy arrested at the next stop for stealing his watch. Not a dull moment in this picture—fact is the whole action just zips along.

Menjou is simply superb in the part originally intended for the late Louis Wolheim. In fact, he's so subtle and ruthless you'll gasp. Pat O'Brien as Hildy Johnson is sincere and we hope to see more of his work. Edward Everett Horton as Bensinger hasn't had such a good break in ages, and we think he makes the very most of it. Clarence H. Wilson as Sheriff Hartman is the epitome of the oily political office-holder—how we despise the type—and admire the acting which is so convincing. Slim Summerville is good in his bit, as is Dorothea Wolbert as Jenny the scrubwoman. Mary Brian as Peggy Grant and Effie Ellsler as her mother are (Continued on Page 50)

Adolphe Menjou in "The Front Page"



SUMMER SALADS

Recipes by Dorothy Mackaill

WITH the approach of early summer, our attention is again focused on attractive salads. At no time of the year is one's appetite more jaded, and for most of us a delightfully cool salad—temptingly served is the only item of food that has any appeal.

Few people realize that we in the studios, working at high tension to keep up with production schedules, are just as susceptible to the heat waves as our sisters who work in offices.

Your editor has asked me to give you some of my favorite salad recipes and I have taken the liberty to add the menu for a luncheon I gave recently. The guest of honor was soon to be a bride and I worked out a very lovely table decoration—at least that's what all my guests said. But to get back to our recipes. People often tell me that my salads always taste better than any they get elsewhere and want to know why. Of course while arrangement and serving are important items, it is positively essential that all the ingredients be thoroughly chilled before being mixed and served.

Before giving you some of my favorite recipes for salads I shall try to picture for you just how my table looked. It was set with the refectory type runners and doilies, luncheon silver and crystal. An urn filled with orange hued tulips graced the middle of the table. The appetizer, of chilled fruit was arranged in a flower like shape around a cone of powdered sugar. The menu was as follows:

Tangerine appetizer.

•Creamed Sweetbreads in Patty Shells

French Fried Sweet Potatoes

Sprout Salad

Petite Puffs

French Dressing

Fruited Ice Cream

Fruit Sauce

For a one course luncheon dish, the following jellied salad loaf is good. Two tablespoons gelatin soaked in six tablespoons of water for 5 minutes, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of boiling water 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and the syrup from a 2-lb. can of pineapple (crushed). One cup of crushed pineapple, one cup fresh grated raw carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shredded blanched almonds. After the gelatin is thoroly dissolved in the boiling water, add the sugar, salt and

syrup and let stand until the liquid begins to congeal.

Fold in the fruit, carrots and nuts and turn into an oiled loaf tin. Chill until firm. When ready to serve, unmold it upon a waxed sheet, cut into slices with a sharp knife and arrange a slice on each lettuce covered plate. Top with mayonnaise, garnish with a dash of paprika and a sweet pickle, cut fan shaped.

For a good Vegetable salad to accompany a broiled steak or chop, I like this combination. Take one cup of cooked cauliflower flowerets, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup baby beets (canned), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of asparagus tips, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green beans, cooked or canned, one sliced celery heart, one head green and white escarole, 2 tablespoons of chili sauce, 2 tablespoons oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch of radishes. Line the salad bowl with the lettuce leaves. Place the vegetable in separate mounds in the green nest. At the table add the chili sauce mixed with the oil, stir well and add the lemon juice or vinegar with the salt and pepper. Garnish with whole or sliced crisp radishes and serve generous portions to accompany the main dish.

For a sweeter salad one made of stuffed dates is very welcome. Use the large dates, if possible, and pit them carefully. Mash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of either cream or pimento cheese and season it with one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne. Fill the date cavity with the cheese mixture, but do not force the opening shut, and chill. Arrange crisp romaine or lettuce leaves on the salad plates and in the center place a mound of diced celery. Place four dates around the celery mound, pour over French dressing and serve at once.

Here is a good sandwich for a sultry day, which is a meal in itself. Broil 6 slices of bacon and chop fine. Add 2 tablespoons of minced olives, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of minced pimento (or 2 hard cooked eggs), and 3 tablespoons of mayonnaise. When well blended, spread between 2 buttered slices of bread in sandwich fashion. Place the 6 sandwiches under the broiler flame and brown on each side. Top each of the toasted sandwiches with a slice of tomato cut a half-inch thick. Put a piece of cheese on top, add a slice of bacon, halved,

(Cont'd on page 48)

Dorothy's
Dainty
Dishes



PHYSIOGNOMY

Your Face and What It Reveals

WILL ROGERS is a wonderful reader of men and in a homely homespun philosophy of his own, he loves to hold their virtues and vices up where all who read may see and understand. "What fools we mortals be" seems to be his slogan.

However, being originally an Oklahoma cowboy and of the plainest of plain people, he has never forgotten it and amid pleasures and palaces he is always as much plain homefolks as the song "Home Sweet Home" itself.

In his late success "Lightnin'" he was his very self. In "So this is London" he delighted in fairly bending backwards towards simplicity. In the part to come, that of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court", it seems he will have the part ideal for his mind, soul, and body.

Now since Mr. Rogers so delights in analysis of people places, and things, I will return the favor and give a study of his very plain democratic face, feature by feature.

To begin with you see just what you would expect, a great deal more character than beauty. He has the heavy hair and skin of the natural man of the great open spaces. The heavy facial wrinkles about the mouth and eyes are those of the man who smiles much. The small deep-set sharp eye with the down turned brow is that of the natural close observer, but one who sees form more accurately than color. He does not miss the eternal verities, the pathos of life.

The high lights and colors he likes to put into a situation himself. While a very plain man he has a great deal of pride of character, more than of personal appearance, and loves to be taken at his word and as he is. His lower lip is full and generally protrudes more than the rather firm upper lip so his natural appetites are strong and manly and he has no patience in artificial or cultivated fads and fancies in eating or drinking.

His stiff upper lip and full square back jaw shows him to be the kind of a man to give his last ounce of energy for home defence, but to have small patience in arranging the lives and

WILL ROGERS' BROW:
CONSTRUCTIVE
ENTERTAINING
ORIGINAL
BENEVOLENT

EYES:
FAIR-
SEEING
CALCULATING
HUMOROUS

NOSE:
MECHANICAL
REASONING
PIONEERING
JUDICIAL

LIPS:
HOPEFUL
FAITHFUL
LEGAL
HOSPITABLE

JAW:
MOTIVE
CONVIVIAL
SANGUINE
PEACE LOVING

CROWN
PROUD AND FIRM
INQUISITIVE
MYSTIC

BACK HEAD:
HOME-
LOVING
FRIENDLY
LIBERAL
EMOTIONAL

EAR:
MUSICAL
LOGICAL
ALERT
MOTIVE

NAPE:
VITAL
INTENSE
FRANK
LOVES THE OPEN

JOWL:
PRACTICAL
DEPENDABLE
DEFENSIVE
VERY STUBBORN

destinies of those who want to live their own.

The chin is not aggressive. The nose is large, strongly modeled and shows a pioneering, investigating, humorous type of mind. Taken all in all, it is a face that a group of casting directors in conference would select by acclamation as the face of one ideally made by nature to play the Yankee at King Arthur's Court.

If you who read these lines have a face that generally resembles Will Rogers, you will have to be yourself to be happy. You can be yourself more happily and convincingly if you spend a little time knowing yourself.

—William E. Benton.

* * * *

JEANETTE MACDONALD. Aside from her exceptional beauty, Miss MacDonald's profile is a very revealing one from the standpoint of analysis. Her fine brow shows an inherent artistic and at times temperamental nature. She possesses delicate skin and soft fine hair, both indicative of a refined, aristocratic person. With this type we associate the fastidious bearing, the innate courtesy, and well-modulated voice, she brings to the screen. Miss MacDonald also shows her tie-up with this group in the size of her hands and feet, which are small and shapely—she wears a size 2½AA shoe.

From childhood she has studied and appreciated music and dancing. Her ambition and tenacity and patience are shown in the story of her life.

It is interesting to note here that she has often referred to her phenomenal luck in getting ahead. What is really the truth is that her friendly manner, her ability to speak up in her own defense, a proper appreciation of her own worth, were all instrumental in helping her rise to fame.

She is naturally thrifty and cool in her business judgments. Here is one young lady whose head rules her heart, and she admits it. Now that her engagement to a New York broker has been formally announced, this characteristic seems to be borne out.

—Dr. Abbuh Randlaw

TEMPERMENTAL
ARTISTIC
ALOOF

PERSEVERING
TENACIOUS
AMBITIOUS

PROUD
MUSICAL
PATIENT

HOME
LOVING
FRIENDLY

CULTURED
DETERMINED
APPRECIATIVE

THRIFTY
HOSPIT-
-ABLE
DEFENSIVE
J.M.D.



NEIL HAMILTON
*whose popularity
is increasing
daily.*

NEIL'S STRUGGLE

"The School of Hard Knocks"—by Jerome K. Whiteley

I HAVE no regrets. I'm glad I went through the years of struggle I did. It makes success the sweeter, gave me a solid balance. I never had a chance to lose my head. Rapid success is dangerous; frequently empty. I got mine the hard way."

There is nothing sensational about Neil Hamilton. His is the Gibraltar personality. For fourteen years he has been in the mill. As an extra, stock actor, Ford factory mechanic, cigar salesman, collar ad model, fashion mannequin, bond salesman, bench-sleeper, dreamer of dreams that only a driving ambition could ever bring to realization. Now he has time for athletics—swimming, horseback riding, tennis, and long walks in the country.

He started out in a little Massachusetts town to be a priest or an actor. Somehow, he chose the latter path, a tortuous climb paved with poverty, deception, hunger and heartaches. With fifty dollars in his pocket he began his career by journeying to New York, chasing the pot of gold at the end of the cinematic rainbow painted in the motion picture magazines of the day.

"All I knew when I landed in New York was that I wanted to go to Fort Lee where I had read motion pictures were made," he narrated, his magnetic, brown eyes glowing reminiscently. "I thought it would be a little island in the harbor, all bristling with guns. My disappointment was keen when I discovered it to be a town in New Jersey and didn't boast a single gun outside of the ramshackle studio prop shops. When I reached the New Jersey side and boarded the Fort Lee street car I told the conductor to let me off at the furthest studio as I had a big hunch I did not want to get off at the first and walk up to the last on the hill.

"The town was built on four hills with a studio atop each one and it meant many a weary climb in the days that followed to the casting offices. I found lodgings in a tiny

room and set out bright and early to knock at the doors I thought would give me the Open Sesame to fame. First I went to the old World Studio. They asked me if I could ride a horse, fence, swim and dance. I lied proficiently that I could. Had they asked me if I could fly an airplane my answer would have been the same.

(Cont'd on page 49)

With Joan
Crawford in
"Complete
Surrender"



BLONDE BONDELL

A Good Trouper from New York City

By WALTER W. HUBBARD

SITTING in on a preview recently of one of the Warner-First National Films featuring Joan Blondel, I was surprised to hear from a young lady in the row directly back of me, in a voice which could have been suppressed a little:

"Whew! The way she kisses him is nobody's business!"

And she was referring to that 115 pounds of fleshy T. N. T. now doing "vamp" stuff in the films for a big producer. As shapely as they make 'em—as full of fun as a barrel of monkeys—as talented as the average Hollywood luminary—but—above it all—a damn good trouper. She has "soldiered" half way around the world—worked her own way and earned her own living. Wasn't born with any silver spoon in her mouth and didn't try to graft anybody else's platinum one.

Just an honest-to-goodness "pal" in every sense of the word, and one who has seen enough from the onlooker's viewpoint of the seamy side of life to know how to portray it when the character calls for it. Literally a prize for the casting director; as was learned when she played in "Sinner's Holiday" in which she takes the part of the girl who poses for pictures and spends her spare evenings in hot necking seances on the sands under the boardwalk. Her roles call for her doing the same kind of work Clara Bow and Alice White have been famous for—and she does it with enthusiasm, energy and thoughtfulness.

Never believes in "muffing" the job if it's possible not to. When she fights—she fights! When the script calls for a sarcastic or "catty" reply, she's there with the lashing tongue! When she loves—she loves! . . . And how! It's not too early to predict a sound, steady and substantial success

for the "peppery" blonde from little old Noo Yawk. She'll arrive when the others are shifting to second. Joan is comparatively new to the screen, but already she is known as the hottest little dynamo in that torrid little town of Hollywood.

She scored as the breezy sister of Dorothy Mackaill in "Office Wife," then she played comedy roles in other films. Before these were out of the projection room at the

Joan and Frank Fay in "God's Gift to Women."





Broadway

Sing a song of golden girls
Dancing in revues;
Sing a song of twinkling legs
Tipped with silver shoes.

Sing a song of tinsel,
Tarnished tears and tights;
Sing a song of laughing lips
Framed with colored lights.

Sing a song of heartbreak
Underneath the paint;
Glory be to Broadway—
Street of things what ain't!

—Tom Weatherly, in the N. Y.
Daily Mirror; copyrighted by
Walter Winchell. Photograph
of Joan Blondell, Warner
star.

Warner Studio production officials tossed their hats in the air in honor of Joan Blondell and trotted out the well-known contract for her to sign. If there ever was a "Baby Cyclone" she's "It."

She is new to the screen but not to the stage. She was reared in a property trunk for a cradle. At the age of four months her father carried her on the stage of the Globe Theatre as the daughter of Peggy Astaire in "The Greatest Love." Since then she has been on the stage for all of the twenty odd years of her interesting life just taking out time for school. Her favorite stage role is Etta in George Kelly's play, "Maggie the Magnificent."

She has played tank towns in China with repertory companies, split weeks in Australia, and one-night stands in Germany, going through experiences enough for several girls' lifetimes. She has been a circus hand, a clerk in a New York department store for the shortest period anyone ever held a job—fifteen minutes—and now she is on the road to stardom in the movies.

Amazing publicity stories come out of Hollywood about its people, some of them apologetic in their brashness and others just plain brazen. Because of this one hesitates to present the fact that Joan Blondell is a direct descendant of a merry minstrel dubbed David Blondell who was one of the original troubadours that Richard the Lion-Hearted took with him on crusades to sing gay and entertaining ballads, roundelays, and the "Frankie and Johnny" of the period. She has a "come-hither" quality to her voice that makes her no slouch at singing ballads herself.

But getting back to the present century, Joan Blondell was born in New York City in 1909. She attended the College of Industrial Arts where she was prominent on the swimming team. Her finely modelled thighs, calves and arms are partly due to her aquatic athletics. She wanted to get school all washed up in a hurry and start work, so she threw caution to the winds and shipped to Australia on a cattle boat with a theatrical troupe. Rarely has had a sick day; exceptionally strong for her weight, but every muscle is covered with beautifully curved flesh.

She played repertory all over the globe, then toured the United States with a stock company, gaining much valuable experience not only in acting, but in the school of

BROADWAY AND

human experience. She hasn't the most wonderful memory in the world, but somehow experiences leave their educative impressions on her sub-conscious self and she draws on that reserve at the right moment. From theatrical barnstorming she returned to New York and secured a prominent role in the stage play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Then came her opportunity for the movies. Her earliest ambition connected with the screen was to play opposite Frank Fay—and that ambition was realized when the picture "God's Gift to Women" went into production

for there she was playing opposite Frank Fay! Her favorite screen role to date is in "My Past," with Bebe Daniels, a sophisticated story formerly called "Ex-Mistress."

Her present ambition is to be a celluloid combination of Ruth Chatterton, and Helen Hayes. Her favorites of the screen are Ruth Chatterton, John Barrymore, George Arliss, Richard Barthlemess and James Cagney; and of the stage, Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard. Her favorite playwright is George Kelly, and George Gershwin is her favorite composer. She is a lover of the fine arts—sculpture and painting.

She prefers the screen to the stage, declaring, "There is more money in the movies. Not that money is everything—no, indeed!" In reply to the question, if you left the stage or screen what sort of a position would you seek, she replies, "I'd love to be secretary to Al Capone."

Joan prefers to live in Hollywood because it is near her work. "Otherwise," she says, "I would rather live in Hollywood." She prefers to buy her clothes in New York because she knows "lots of special shops." Thus debunking the gag about Hollywood being a fashion center all of its own like Paris!

She does nothing in particular to keep fit. She likes to take long walks and she enjoys swimming. Rides horseback and likes to watch a good football game. Her favorite diet is skimmed milk and baked potatoes—for three days. Her favorite dish for a gastronomic spree is chop suey. She doesn't bother much with beauty formulas, but washes her teeth with peroxide and water once a week, and uses the Amos 'n' Andy brand of toothpaste between times. Her pet economy is to shampoo and dress her hair herself:

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JOAN BLONDELL
vivacious and pulchritudinous young blonde who is handling roles always assigned to Clara Bow or Alice White. A good trouper, a born New Yorker, and a thoroughbred.

SCREEN DOUBLES

Can You Qualify for the Movies?

HAS anyone ever told you that you looked like Joan Crawford or Mae Marsh? Or, boy friend, did the girls ever tell you that you had an air about you that reminded them of James Cagney or Lionel Barrymore? If so—there may be a future for you in the movies! We don't know and neither do you, but we'll take a chance finding out if you're willing to do your bit.

Peggy Calvert, for example, who has marvelous blonde hair like Frances Williams and Jean Harlow, really resembles Joan Crawford; lock, stock and barrel. She's a "blues" singer—radio, theatre and club, and for sheer personality is a "sure shot" imitation of the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She's being booked by Frederick Walker of East 42nd Street, New York City, who considers her a "high spot" number in entertaining. . . . Thelma Myles, Pontiac, Mich. girl, looks like Clara Bow and Sally Eilers and is seventeen years of age. Her photograph appears on this page.

Another Fred Walker star is Gladys Gloria Reed, a tall, shapely blonde dancer who is a "knockout" when it comes to sheer wholesome combination of beauty and ability. Doing classic dancing and a fan dance that was better than Faith Bacon's she usually "tears down the house." She's bound to be grabbed off by some big movie concern soon—if ever they see the beautifully barbaric rendition of her Hawaiian number. They don't make 'em better than Gladys.

Another Gladys—also a blonde—is Miss Kunle, of Astoria, L. I., near enough to the Paramount-Publix studios to toss a stick into the lot. Photographs and looks like Marion Davies, with the poise and figure of Constance Bennett. At present private stenographer and officer manager for some big business man in uptown Noo Yawk—but a world of personality. . . . Another blonde we've noticed who wasn't at the end of of the line when they handed out good looks is a girl from Elizabeth, N. J. Ideal height and weight for movie work, and has already had considerable theatrical experience. Mary M. Kovach is a cross between Genevieve Tobin and Vilma Banky, and, like Vilma, has Hungarian blood in her veins. Swims, a good dancer, shapely legs, and



Thelma Myles

interesting speaking voice. A real beauty!

The aggregation of beauty called to our attention has attracted the attention of artists as well as movie men. In the mail, as we go to press, we find a communication from W— H— S—, who writes:

"I am a magazine illustrator, drawing for such magazines as *Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, etc. Having been rather disappointed with my models lately I would like to have some new ones.

"If you care to, you may tell a few of the models, or those who might make a good model, to write to me at the above address. If I find the type I want, I will be able to offer them modelling work. Note: one requirement is that the girl must be tall. Would appreciate very much if your magazine would do this."

Several models are being referred to Mr. S—. If there are other artists or sculptors we'd be glad to give them the names of those who are willing to do posing as well as theatrical work. This isn't an employment agency; there is no charge for this unselfish service.

Lack of space prevents us from publishing a large number of the creditable photos this month—but next month we shall print a very large "batch" for publicity purposes for the "entries." Of course these tiny ping pong photos which are hand tinted can never be used. No photos will be ever

(Cont'd on page 40)



WHICH IS MARION DAVIES? *Did you guess wrong? The lovely blonde on the left with the double string of pearls is Gladys Kunle; the one on the right, Marion Davies.*



Three Cheers for the BACHELOR GIRL

By Clive Brook, *Paramount Star*

MARRIAGE as an institution is on the wane. I believe that another generation—at the most, two generations—will see the end of it. This is the humble opinion of a man who looks on. I am not disgruntled, for my own marriage is a happy one; but marriage is inadequate for the needs of modern woman.

We are emerging from the state in which marriage was a serious life job, undertaken with solemn consideration, to be dissolved only for the gravest reasons. We are working toward a state in which marriage will be the merest contract, for economic reasons; a state in which there will be little sentiment attached to the matrimonial bond.

A woman used to have to put up with inequalities in marriage, to try to make a success of the thing, no matter how she felt about it. She used to be virtually compelled to marry, because there was a certain opprobrium attached to being a spinster and—perhaps more important—in order to be supported, for she could not earn her own living. She is now able to take care of herself, and no one looks down on her if she elects to remain single.

The women who decide to marry instead of pursuing careers do not seem to be making any spectacular success of it. They want the freedom their sex has attained and they take advantage of it without making any real use of it. So, on the whole, marriage isn't working out very well.

I am not blaming women for enjoying their freedom, but I do say that freedom interferes with marriage on the old plane. Married women who have jobs can't possibly conduct a home as we used to see it conducted. But married women who have no jobs, who aren't interested in any special thing, flit about to clubs, parties, teas. They fritter away their days, accomplish nothing. Certainly they are not interested in their homes. If they had jobs they would be much happier.

Men resent the lack of homes. They resent it that their wives should have all this leisure while they must earn money to support establishments their wives decline to superintend.



When my sister grew up, most girls did not work.

My sister did not enjoy being idle and asked to be allowed to do something. My mother was horrified.

"You may do work for charity," she said, "or you may take up painting or music, but you may not accept money for anything you do."

Women at that time were struggling for independence, and three or four years later my sister was able to occupy herself, remuneratively, in interior-decorating work, with the entire approval of my mother and her friends.

When you consider how woman's place in the scheme of things industrial and political has changed, you realize that the old sort of marital relation cannot be adequate for her in her new position.

Marriage, basically, is an economic institution invented to prevent a man from leaving a woman with his children to support. When both the man and the woman are financially independent the thing will adjust itself automatically so that they will divide the responsibility.

But whenever this subject is mentioned someone cries: "What of the children?"

No matter how much one would like to evade the facts, all mothers are not good for their children, all mothers don't enjoy children, and some women who have no children of their own are ideally fitted to bring up those belonging to others. And many successful mothers continue their careers.

H. G. Wells has a theory for the endowment of mothers, his object being to encourage the finest women to have babies and to see that they are provided with adequate support. I don't know how this would work out, but it is something to think about. If a woman stops midway in her career to have children she must figure the disadvantage of being out of actual contact with her business or art for some years and of being forgotten.

I know women who have given up careers for marriage, who stopped working to run around spending their husband's money, engaging in

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CLIVE BROOK and some of the actresses with whom he has been starred. On the opposite page, with Tallulah Bankhead in "Tarnished Lady"; Evelyn Brent in "Slightly Scarlet"; Lilyan Tashman in "French Dressing"; Kay Francis in "Scandal Sheet"; Lois Wilson in "French Dressing"; Ann Harding in "East Lynne"; Pola Negri in "Barbed Wire"; Ruth Chatterton in "Anybody's Woman"; and Gilda Gray in "The Devil Dancer."



MARY DORAN
in "Party Husband"





BERNICE CLAIRE, *First National-Warner star, believes in "Early to bed, early to rise," for health and beauty.*

TO FEED OR NOT TO FEED

"That Is the Weighty Question"—Says Bernice Claire

PERHAPS the best news some of my readers have heard in a long time is the latest decree from both Paris and Hollywood that we need no longer resemble string beans. While I have not had to resort to extreme dieting in order to maintain my normal weight, judging by the numerous mail requests I receive, there are many who feel they must, despite the trend to a slightly plumper figure.

Feeling that my wide observation and study of the subject would interest their readers, the editor asked me to write an outline of helpful hints on the subject.

Unfortunately, there has been a perfect wave of reducing fads, including exercises which induced addition of flesh, "health foods" that were not healthful, "reducing foods" that failed to reduce. So alarming did the situation become that the American Medical Association thru its Journal and the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture issued warnings.

No one realizes more than I do that some people must work to keep their figures down to specified weights. Almost all my friends in Hollywood are in either one of two camps: the "Reducers" or the "Adders." And right here I want you to know that it is much harder to gain if you are underweight, than it is to lose weight intelligently, I use the word advisedly, because so much reducing has been at the expense of beauty, health and in some cases, of life itself. The name of Barbara La Mar will always be linked with her futile effort to lose pounds. Louis Wolheim's passing was hastened by his weakened condition brought on by fasting.

First of all, you must remember that you can reduce, without reducing your diet. There are two ways of getting rid of fat. One of them is perspiration. Not the sort caused by Turkish baths or rubber reducing garments, but literally, "sweat" caused by some sort of physical activity. This is the best way to melt off pounds, but for many the hardest. Vigorous exercises, done every day—no fooling—such as the setting up drills put on the radio, will keep you fit. Now that nice weather is here again, we can get a lot of exercise in the open. Tennis is one of the best games

there is for increasing circulation. Any sort of stretching is a good way to lose inches from the waist line and who of us is not interested in that?

The second way of reducing is thru regulating rather than reducing one's diet. Fats and carbo-hydrates, should be avoided.

Proteins which do not make fat such as fish, poultry, lean meats and whites of eggs should be eaten. An abundance of leafy vegetables, high in cellulose content should be taken to supply the vitamin A and D loss. These vegetables, lettuces, celery, spinach, cabbage, together with apples, grapefruit and

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BAD SISTER.—Hobart Henley directed this Universal film. Formerly called *Gambling Daughters*, "Bad Sister" is the story of a spoiled darling, who in order to get her way, forges her father's name, causing his friends to lose their money. Sidney Fox is starred. Conrad Nagel, Bette Davis, Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Charles Winninger, Emma Dunn, Humphrey Bogart and Bert Roach.



MANY A SLIP.—This Universal release does not afford Lew Ayres a chance to do the sort of acting he is capable of. Joan Bennett plays the modern young woman, and Virginia Sale, Vivian Oakland, Ben Alexander, Slim Summerville, Roscoe Karns and J. C. Nugent complete the cast. Flaming youth and its scrapes prove that "Many a slip" can end happily. Well handled photographically.



THE W PLAN.—Radio Pictures released this Elstree production of a thrilling war mystery based on official German war records. Brian Aherne plays the role of a British colonel who learns of the plan, enters Germany and is instrumental in spoiling the enemy's work. Mary Jerrold, Madeline Carroll, George Merritt, C. M. Hallard, B. Gregory, Frederick Lloyd and Clifford Heatherle are good.



TABU.—F. W. Murnau's last contribution to the film-world. Paramount released this beautiful story of love in the South Seas. The cast is native and the scenes and action authentic. Murnau and R. J. Flaherty wrote the story which is based on the legends of the Polynesians. Smoothly flowing, beautifully photographed, the music adds to the enjoyment of an otherwise silent film.



LAUGH AND GET RICH.—This R.K.O. release smacks somewhat of "Lightnin'"—probably because of Hugh Herbert's role as Joe Austin. Edna May Oliver must get credit for making this picture the rollicking comedy it is, for the plot is nothing to leave home over. Russell Gleason, Johnny Harron, Robert Emmett Keane, George Davis, Charles Sellon and Maude Fealy are fine.



A BACHELOR APARTMENT.—Radio Pictures has again cast Lowell Sherman as the naughty man-about-town. Flitting from flower to flower, as 'twere, this young man finally meets the one and only. He offers her life and luxury without benefit of clergy, but marries her in the end. Irene Dunne, Mae Murray, Claudia Dell, Norman Kerry and Purnell Pratt also appear.



THE FINGER POINTS.—Gang pictures still hold the attention of the film magnates. The latest vehicle for Richard Barthelmess is a story of a police reporter who finds that taking bribes to squash stories is an easy way of making money. First National has surrounded the star with a capable cast, among them Fay Wray, Regis Toomey, Robert Elliott and Clark Gable.

SEED.—Under John M. Stahl's direction, Universal has just released a film based on Charles G. Norris' story of the same name. Lois Wilson is lovely as the mother of a large family whose literary father (John Boles) must forego his aspirations in favor of a job paying a steady income. Genevieve Tobin completes the eternal triangle. Richard Tucker and Jed Prouty appear.



STRANGERS MAY KISS.—Metro's latest vehicle for Norma Shearer's charms is based on Ursula Parrott's novel. Surrounded by a brilliant cast, Miss Shearer is assured of her place as Queen of the M.-G.-M. studio. Robert Montgomery and Neil Hamilton divide honors in their roles opposite the star. Irene Rich, Marjorie Rambeau, Hale Hamilton, Albert Conti and C. Montenegro.



COMPLETE SURRENDER.—Joan Crawford's latest success under the M.-G.-M. banner. Harry Beaumont directed this picture dealing with life in the Salvation Army and its effort to save people from themselves. Neil Hamilton, John Mack Brown, Marjorie Rambeau, Guy Kibbee, Roscoe Karns, George Marion, Gertrude Short, George Cooper and Bert Woodruff are in the cast.



BORN TO LOVE.—Pathe has just released this war picture which is well directed. Constance Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, Paul Cavanagh, Joel McCrea, Anthony Bushell are exceptionally fine in this story of war and its reactions on the emotional life of the people concerned. Love, marriage, divorce, and finally a homecoming to her mate, afford Constance Bennett a real opportunity.



INGAGI.—A thoroly ga-ga picture turned out by Congo Pictures, Ltd. Unless we are much mistaken, and we don't think so, much of this was shot no further away than Westchester. As for the Ingagi or apes—we don't think any self-respecting animal would be caught in such compromising poses as are displayed in the lobby. Exceptionally poor stuff, which should never have been shot.



MAN OF THE WORLD.—Paramount's release of a very thin story of a man who lives by his wits and other people's mistakes. William Powell in the role of a blackmailer—as polished and suave as ever, but not worthy of his ability. Carole Lombard and Wynne Gibson are both fine and present perfect foils. Rather draggy and inclined to repetition. Bill is not photographed at his best.



MEN CALL IT LOVE.—A M.-G.-M. release dealing with the rich, who fall in and out of love. The story centers about one wife who is true and her reaction when she finds her husband cheating. Adolphe Menjou is fine, Leila Hyams has the lead, and Hedda Hopper, Mary Duncan, Norman Foster, Robert Emmett Keane and Harry Northrup are good. Reviewed in our May edition.

THE CONQUERING HORDE.—Paramount has filmed Emerson Hough's story for Richard Arlen and Fay Wray. This is a story of Texas after the Civil war, before the railroad was built. Plenty of action. Indians on the war path, villainous villains, and a man-size hero. Claude Gillingwater, James Durkin and George Mendoza share honors with the stars. Outdoor photography is excellent.



THE PERFECT ALIBI.—Basil Dean has done a good job of filming A. A. Milne's stage play for Associated Radio Pictures. Intensely interesting in seeing a perfect alibi exploded. Robert Lorraine and Warwick Ward, who had been sent to prison by their host (C. Aubrey Smith) return to make him pay. Frank Lawton, Dorothy Boyd and Ellis Jeffreys complete the cast.



HEADIN' NORTH.—Tiffany's contribution to the growing list of "westerns." Bob Steele is featured and gives a very creditable performance considering the vehicle. The high spot of the film is an honest-to-goodness fight in a dance hall saloon in the gold country up north. Barbara Luddy, Perry Murdock, Walter Shumway, Eddie Dunn, Fred Burns, Gordon DeMain, complete the cast.



THE SINGLE SIN.—A Tiffany production, directed by William Nigh. This is melodrama of the old style, the only new motif being the bootlegging. Kay Johnson, Geneva Mitchell and Bert Lytell try their best to make something of the film, but the story isn't worth the effort. Paul Hurst, Matthew Betz, Holmes Herbert, Sandra Revel, Charles McNaughton and Lillian Elliott complete the cast.



NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET.—Peter B. Kyne's novel directed by W. S. Van Dyke for M.-G.-M. The poignant tale of a half-cast girl and the effect of her charms on an otherwise normal American youth. Beautiful photography of the islands. Leslie Howard, Conchita Montenegro, a newcomer, C. Aubrey Smith, Karen Morley, Mitchell Lewis, Hale Hamilton, and Clyde Cook.



THE PUBLIC ENEMY.—Warner Bros. released this gang picture. Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, James Cagney, Edward Woods, Donald Cook, Beryl Mercer, Ben Hendricks, Jr., Robert Emmett O'Connor, Leslie Fenton, Louise Brooks, Murray Kinnell and Mae Clark appear in the cast. From petty thievery to membership in a bootleg hi-jacking gang, this film shows the career of two bad boys.



SVENGALI.—John Barrymore is starred in this Warner Bros. film based on du Maurier's book "Trilby." Marian Marsh is the leading lady, Carmel Myers, Bramwell Fletcher, Luis Alberni, Lumsden Hare, Donald Crisp, and Paul Porcasi share the honors of a very good performance. Barrymore, as ever, is a master of make-up, and does much to make this old melodrama live again.



EX-SWEETIES.—Not often do we review a short comedy, but in this case Marjorie Beebe's work is commendable enough to call for favorable comment. She is featured with Harry Gribbon, Wade Boteler, Betty Boyd, Pat Harman, Anna Hernandez, and George Pearce, in a comedy directed by Marshall Neilan for Mack Sennett and released by Educational. Excellent movie comedy.



THE SECRET SIX.—George Hill directed this gang picture for M.-G.-M. Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, John Mack Brown, Paul Hurst, Clark Gable, Ralph Bellamy, John Miljan, Frank McGlynn, Jean Harlow, Marjorie Rambeau, Dewitt Jennings, Murray Kinnell, Fletcher Norton, Louis Natheaux and Theodore Von Eltz are in the cast. The story smacks of the racketeer activities of the Capones.



THE IRON MAN.—Tod Browning directed this picture of the prize ring for Universal in which Lew Ayres gives an impersonation of a prizefighter. Robert Armstrong has the role of manager and handles it very well. Jean Harlow plays the part of the Kid's faithless wife. John Miljan, Mike Donlin, Edward Dillon, Ned Sparks and Sammy Blum are in the cast.



THE MILLIONAIRE.—Warner Bros. presents George Arliss in this film which is based on the story "Idle Hands." Arliss gives a wonderful performance, and is supported by David Manners, Evelyn Knapp, James Cagney, Noah Beery, J. Farrell MacDonald, Bramwell Fletcher, Tully Marshall, Ivan Simson, J. C. Nugent and Sam Hardy. The dialogue was written by Booth Tarkington.



NAUGHTY FLIRT.—Alice White's most recent fling at the "flaming youth" idea; produced by First National Pictures, Inc. With her in this peppy and spicy film we find Paul Page, Douglas Gilmore, Myrna Loy, Robert Agnew and George Irving. Was formerly titled "Man Crazy" and has been directed by Edward Cline. The usual wine, women and song stuff. Fairly good.

SHIPMATES.—Robert Montgomery has added to his laurels in this M.-G.-M. picture dealing with the Navy. Bob is a gob again, and in love with the Admiral's daughter, Kit (Dorothy Jordan), and there are numerous funny situations. Ernest Torrance, Hobart Bosworth, Cliff Edwards, Gavin Gordon, Joan Marsh, Edward Nugent, Hedda Hopper, E. Allyn Warren, and George Irving are cast.



ATAILORMADEMAN.—This comedy released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer if taken from the story of the same name. While the plot is simple, the cast directed by Sam Wood contains many great names. William Haines and charming Dorothy Jordan, Joseph Cawthorn, Marjorie Rambeau, William Austin, Ian Keith, Hedda Hopper, Hale Hamilton, Joan Marsh and Martha Sleeper are good.



A SHOTGUN WEDDING.—One of those rip-roaring, screaming short comedies put out by the Educational Films gang, directed by Wm. Watson and featuring Buster West, Vera Marsh, John West, Wm. Lawrence and Stella Adams. Sexy and peppy—based on the old joke. Some of the costumes are a take-off on Ziggy's "Whoopee," particularly the partly dressed girls disguised as Indians.



TRAPPED.—A thrilling story involving a bank robbery, a night club owner and her young daughter that she has shielded. Proving that the course of true love doesn't run smooth. Nick Stuart has the lead, and Nena Quartaro, Priscilla Dean, Tom Santschi, George Regas, Tom O'Brien, Jimmy Aubrey, Reed Howes, and Patsy Daly complete the cast. A Big 4 production.



CRACKED NUTS.—No better name could be found for these two funsters of Radio Pictures, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Betty (Dorothy Lee) with her aunt (Edna May Oliver) take a trip to the land of revolutions. Bert and Robert are both claimants to the throne, which calls for a duel. A well-placed bomb raises a gusher and all ends well. Burlesque and old-fashioned hokum.



DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS.—As the title suggests, this Warner Bros. picture is a comedy. Lew Cody as the drunken friend is very good. Irene Delroy and Natalie Moorhead divide honors. James Hall has the part of the philandering husband, who just can't keep out of mischief. Edward Martindel and Margaret Seddon complete the cast. The wife relents and forgives her husband.

HELL BOUND.—James Cruze produced this Tiffany release. These gang pictures remind us of the old Greek tragedies—killings one a minute or better. Leo Carrillo, Lola Lane, Lloyd Hughes and Ralph Ince, help to take this out of the mediocre class. Helene Chadwick, Richard Tucker, Gertrude Astor, Harry Strang, William Lawrence, Marty Faust, Jack Grey and Bill O'Brien.



WOMAN HUNGRY.—First National has used Wm. Vaughn Moody's "Great Divide" for this release, featuring Sidney Blackmer, Lila Lee, Raymond Hatton and Fred Kohler. Laid in the Arizona mining country, there is lots of atmosphere but the story itself has always seemed rather impossible. In the cast are Kenneth Thompson, Olive Tell, David Newell, and J. F. MacDonald.



Joseph Schildkraut

Mary Nolan

BEATRICE TERRY, niece of Ellen Terry and herself an actress well known in England, has brought a divorce suit against her husband Leonard Cheetham, known on the stage as Leonard Mudi. He played the part of Abraham Lincoln in John Drinkwater's play of the same name. Evidently his role of Romeo to another Juliet failed to be appreciated by his wife who is seeking custody of their son.

Charles (Chick) Endor is still having troubles of his own. Recently the *Liner Europa* was the scene of action in more ways than one. Chick was bringing home his newest wife, when two deputy sheriffs tried to tag him with a summons for not paying Wife No. 1 her \$175 per week. After playing hide and seek all over the boat the law finally got its man and Chick will "tell it to the judge." His first match, Doris, sued Edna Leedom for a mere \$400,000 for separating her from Chick. Edna is now Mrs. Frank C. Doelger of Chicago breweries and we hear that the suit was settled for just a few ducats.

If marriage is a serum, there certainly are a lot of people immune to the virus. The latest to date is Fannie Todd Mitchell, playwright and former Winter Garden chorine who after announcing her secret marriage to Leon Leonidoff three short weeks ago has declared all bets off. He is ballet-director at the Roxy and is said to be addicted to cave-man methods. 'stoobad.

Mary Nolan, who perhaps was better known as Imogene Wilson, erstwhile sweetie of Frank Tinney, has gone and done it again. Of course, we'd been hearing a lot lately about her becoming a real home girl (just what is that), but thought it nothing more deadly than good publicity. Not since her reputed row with Universal, when she is quoted as telling Junior Laemmle "to go home and play with his dollies," has Mary created such a stir. Wallace T. Macrery, broker, is the lucky man.

Hal Sherman, who co-starred in Berlin with Josephine Baker, has been awarded a decree of divorce from Georgia Johnson Sherman.

Alfred Edward Ells, wealthy stockbroker, filed suit in Reno for a divorce from Nellie Wood Ells. He is reported engaged to Dorothy Cumming, who was chosen by De Mille for the role of The Virgin in "The King of Kings."

On account of a "no scandal" clause in her contract Dorothy Cumming was forced to postpone filing suit for divorce from her husband Frank Elliott Dakin.

Due to the fact that Ronald Colman detests publicity, few people were aware that he had obtained a divorce on the other side of the big pond.

Because he was wedded to his art, Norman Rockwell who has painted movie stars, was divorced by his wife Mrs. Irene O'Connor Rockwell, of New Rochelle, N. Y. According to her, he not only refused her any companionship, but refused to listen to her observations on art or life.

Luther Reed, the movie director is suing for a divorce from his wife, Jocelyn Lee, film actress. He claims that she came into the Casino at Agua Caliente where he was playing black-jack with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, and demanded money. After giving her half of his winnings, he says, she threw the money in his face. In fact she made so much noise the Casino police requested them to retire from the gaming room. Later on, after she continued the quarrel in their bungalow, they were asked to leave the hotel. In a cross complaint, Jocelyn claims her husband beat her, carried a revolver to intimidate her, and refused her permission to appear in motion pictures. They have two children, and are both seeking custody of them.

Olive Borden and Ted Stewart the stockbroker were secretly wed in Greenwich, Conn., recently.

We hear that Mrs. Chas. Levine, wife of the sky-roving junk dealer, who recently sailed for Paris with her attorney to file suit for divorce has given up the idea in favor of Reno. Wonder what the hurry is, as Charley is reported ready to wed again as soon as the decree is final—but not to Mabel Boll, actress and "Queen of Diamonds."

Florence Lawrence, well known in films ten years ago, has just obtained a divorce from Charles B. Woodring, on grounds of desertion. A property settlement was arranged, in which each have a half interest in his cosmetic business.

Joseph Schildkraut owes his wife \$8,570 back alimony according to a judgment entered against him recently. Mrs. Schildkraut was granted a divorce on grounds of cruelty. He did not contest the divorce or the action here.

Betty Compton, dancer, is married to Edward Dowling, dialogue director at the Astoria Paramount studios. They spent their honeymoon at Havana. Another boy and girl romance. Here's wishing them luck.

Alice Day is the mother of an 8½ pound boy, and is reported doing well. She was married to Jack Cohn, a Hollywood broker, last summer in Santa Barbara.

Bobbe Arnst, petite dancing star, was married to Johnny Weismuller, the swimming champ, recently. Love at first sight is what they claim, anyway they were spliced after a two week courtship.

Eugene V. Brewster and Corliss Palmer are reported to be considering marriage again, this time on the American plan. Several years ago they were in the public eye when he was forced to sell several of his publications in order to effect a settlement with his first wife. He is reported to be broke, but evidently Corliss still loves him, and so they are to be remarried in the U. S. A. since Mexican marriages are not recognized in every state.

Esther Ralston is another young wife who has departed for Europe to have her baby. Miss Ralston's married name is Mrs. George Webb.

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**ESTHER
RALSTON,**
*above, and
LILLIAN ROTH,*
*right,—both
figure in
“Splits and
Splices” news
columns
this month.*



SIDNEY FOX,
*charming new-
comer to the
Universal ranks.*



JACK HOLT, star
of Columbia's
smashing hit,—
"Dirigible."





NAPI is L. Lawrence Weber's latest offering to Broadway, and a snappier, more scintillating comedy would be hard to find. Ernest Truex plays the title role, that of an obscure shop-keeper whose good fortune it is to resemble the Emperor Napoleon. In order to insure Napoleon's safety, his advisers decide to send Latouche (Ernest Truex) out as his double. His first errand is to the home of La George (Peggy Shannon) of the Comedie Francaise, who has had an affair with Bonaparte when he was Consul. She has persistently refused to consider herself dropped and has insisted that the Emperor himself dismiss her. The scene between "Napi" and La George affords the audience more laughs per minute than anything we know of. Truex pantomime is superb, and his handling of the situation in the last act, when the Empress, La George and his little sweetheart are all vying for his attentions, is one of the best spots in the play.

Miss Shannon, who appeared by permission of W. A. Brady, was perfect in the part of La George. Frieda Inescourt as the Empress and Beatrice Blinn as "Napi's" betrothed were excellent. Averil Harris, Wallis Clark, Dallas Welford, Stephen Courtleigh, Bernice Elliott and Vera Fuller Mellish were also very good.

PRECEDENT.—The Provincetown Theatre started out to produce a propaganda play, pure and simple, but the actors and the playwright have taken it out of the class of the usual play with a message. To Walter Hart who staged the production must go a large share of the honors for its success. Based on the Tom Mooney case in California, a St. Louis lawyer has written a very dispassionate account of the whole affair. Clyde Franklin, Charles Harrison, William Bonelli, George Farren, Kirk Brown, George Price and Ben Roberts deserve commendation for their outstanding performance. The women's parts were of necessity short but were well rendered by Nell Harrison, Louise White and Ellen Hall.

FIRST NIGHT. the play by Frederick Rath, was presented by Richard Herndon. The entire action is laid on the stage of Sing Sing Prison auditorium. The story which is unfolded by the play concerns the effort a girl makes to save her brother's life after he has been convicted of killing her escort at a theatre. It is all done convincingly, and of course works out to a happy ending. Emily Graham, Henry Wadsworth, Henry Richards, Edith Broder, George MacQuarrie, and Alf Helton are part of a very capable cast.

THE RAP.—John P. Leister's play current at the Avon Theatre. Another crime picture, smacking of the revelations resultant of the latest investigations into corrupt politics. There is quite as much shooting as one could expect from a South American revolution. The familiar vice ring is brought in, and a District Attorney is "rubbed out" while conducting an investigation. There is a vanished judge, reminding us of the Crater affair. Ruth Edell gives a very good performance, and Paul Harvey is convincing as the detective.

DOROTHY DADER—*Silver Slipper Club Star. Volpé Photo*



PETER IBBETSON.—That romantic script so beloved of the last generation has been brought back to Broadway, the Shubert Theatre, where it is drawing packed houses. Those who saw the play when first produced will never forget Constance Collier as the Duchess of Towers, and John and Lionel Barrymore in the two male leads. Today, we see Jessie Royce Landis in the role Miss Collier made unforgettable. Dennis King and Charles Coburn replace the Barrymores. Always a joy to sentimental theatre-goers, this play deals with two people who, though separated, keep in touch with each other in their dreams. There are some very beautiful and touching moments in this old piece, although we miss the original cast. The Shuberts produced the vehicle to stage Dennis King's return to Broadway.

THE GREAT MAN.—Mr. Walter Woolf seems determined to appear in plays without benefit of music. In this latest, a silly thing of Paul Hervey Fox, Sir Walter is a bold bad buccaneer. You may see his hairy chest revealed nightly at the Ritz Theatre, and watch him romp through a Morguesque role of a pirate. As was a pirate's wont he puts in to shore and sends for the governor's wife. He has a reputation of treating his women rough and making them like it, so the governor's wife is very much intrigued. However, the lady has a niece who pesters our pirate so persistently that he is perforce compelled to abduct her for a cruise. Nedda Harrigan and Carla Hunter are good.

GRAY SHADOW is the latest of the mystery shows to make Broadway. With an English cast, settings by Cleon Throckmorton, staged by Edward Sargent Brown, nothing remains but to get a good story. There are several weak spots in *Gray Shadow*, although it seems to have had a very successful run in England. There is a very capable cast, but no matter how clever the acting there are some things that only an author can remedy. Annabelle Murray, Richard Nicholls, Rebekah Garden, William Townshend, and John Fulco all give very satisfactory performances. At the New Yorker theatre.

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.—The play that's been put into the movies with a sexy title—now playing at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York City, and starring Walter Hampden, the Shakesperian actor, and Fay Bainter and an "admirable" cast. A really fine revival of J. M. Barrie's charming play.



Volpé Photo

Above, in
circle: MARY DOLORES
DALE in "Flying High" and
George White's "Scandals."
At right: ONYTE BURKE
in Shubert's "Hello Paris."



Screen Doubles

(Continued from page 23)

returned. . . . Lola Wolf, New York City model and dancer, sends in her photo for publication; a creditable picture, Spanish-French type. . . . Andrew Dunne, Brooklyn banker, looks the world like the late John Bunny, with something of the brow and hair of Lon Chaney.

Here are a few more who have practically filled all the requirements for the files and whose names will be placed at the disposal of casting directors, film company executives and booking offices:

Marlene Dietrich plays in dramas—so that's all right—but it doesn't pay to look too much like Garbo if you're playing in comedies! When casting "The Wages of Gin," a two-reel Big 4 comedy directed by Craig Hutchinson, a young woman came to the director's attention. She had excellent ability as a comedy actress, but she looked too much like Garbo!

"Too much like Garbo!" an onlooker exclaimed—all troubled. It really was a "curse" in this particular case.

Realizing the mistake of using "doubles" when it is not necessary—and that Garbo fans would consider a "comedy Greta" sacrilege—Hutchinson solved the problem of keeping a good trouser by making such alterations in the girl's make-up as would effect the necessary change in her appearance. . . . And that was decidedly that! . . . Jean Murray, shapely night club queen with the "Frivolity" in New York City, looks like Agnes Ayres did in her younger days. . . . Betty Schaffner, of Wareham, Mass., resembles Renee Torres and Evelyn Brent; is an excellent dancer.

Ruth Weston, New York society girl, has come through with flying colors in her talking screen tests in Hollywood, with the pleasing result that her option has been taken up by Radio Pictures and she has been assigned a role in Frank Craven's "Too Many Cooks," now in production under the direction of William A. Seiter. With Bert Wheeler, Dorothy Lee, Rosco Ates and Robert McWade in the distinguished cast, Miss Weston has thereby gotten a lucky casting break. . . . New York girls, and

those living in the metropolitan district, may have a photo made at our expense by calling at the Grace Salon of Art, 1680 Broadway, New York City. Just mention to Mr. Volpe, manager, that you wish a portrait sent to this magazine, and it will be done immediately and charged to us. That's the "Broadway" end of our title now as to the Hollywood. Girls living in the film capital will be able to get photographs made at our expense, either figure studies or heads, at the Evansmith Studio, 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. . . . Girls in Philadelphia may be photographed at a minimum of expense—less than cost, by paying the ordinary paper and chemicals charge to Edward A. Hubbard, manager, Strawbridge and Clothier photographic studios, fifth floor—on Market Street, in the Quaker City.

This is not an advertising proposition whatever; these are "service stations" where the entire bulk of the costs or most of it may be paid by this magazine which intends to publish your photograph and a comment about it when you send it in. It is the first and only screen fan publication to render this unselfish service, and right now we are negotiating with a producer of comedies and "shorts" to use some of the talent we have filed so far. Naturally, no attention will be paid to those who send in tiny, tinted photos or who fail to send in pictures at all. No photographs will be returned, but those which are sent should not be either too small or too large for easy filing and examination by casting directors, booking agents, vaudeville house managers, or film company executives.

Rene La Blanche, Hollywood beauty, has played small parts in films as an extra; was recently photographed at 6605 Hollywood Blvd. A rare figure! . . . Another California girl is Jerry Jones Bishop, of San Rafael. A wonderful smile and teeth; resembles Janet Gaynor. . . . Helen Flynn, beauty with the Columbia circuit, slightly resembles Anna May Wong. Has appeared in "Let's Go!" Photo by Bert, of Kansas City. . . . Volpe sends us photos of Barbara Baylow, and Frances Karlonas; both good looking damsels; Barbara being a brunette and Frances a blonde. . . . Mary Coffee, a tall, brunette type of honest-to-goodness "looks", has had her photo registered here by Evansmith, Hollywood camerist. . . . Mary Gordon, who

resembles Marie Prevost; Shirley Lloyd who looks like Marion Davies and Jeanette MacDonald; and Margaret Wylie, who looks like a cross between Patsy Ruth Miller and Gloria Swanson—are all listed in the records now. Mary and Shirley come from Hollywood and Margaret's from Los Angeles—all "sun-kissed" maidens. . . . Merry Ferrell, also photographed at 6605 Hollywood Blvd.—a model and a film extra—has a fine face, a sterling character, and would make a splendid addition to any manager's list of doubles or featured players we feel sure.

Connie Manning, of Port Chester, N. Y.—Mollie Preston, of New Westminster, B. C.; Canada, Anna Weeks, of Savannah, Ga., Jeanne M. Diane, of Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.; Helen Dwyer, of Buffalo, N. Y.; and Mary Kiers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are "out of luck" temporarily on the filing and registration because suitable photographs have not yet arrived at this office.

Two pretty girls from the Lone Star State have registered. Addie Belle Stephens, of Joaquin, who looks like Greta Garbo and Anna Q. Nilsson; and Mattie Hertson, of Waco, who resembles June Collyer; both blondes. . . . Canada is again represented in the persons of Nancy McMillan, of Edmonton, Alta.; and Agnes Cervantes, of Oakville, Ont. The former slightly resembles Nancy Carroll and June Collyer; the latter a cross between Miss Garbo and Miss Brian. . . . Bordering on Canada we find the states of Michigan, Ohio, and Pennsylvania—"just across the lakes." Arlene Preston comes from Detroit; Betty A. Diess from Ohio; while Frances Jane Sebesky hails from Windber, Pa. Arlene's already been in productions—played the lead in "The Scarlet Blot", a dope picture, S. Geitz productions. Sings and dances expertly. Looks something like Barbara La Marr and Pauline Starke. Betty's the image of Eleanor Boardman except that she has chestnut brown hair. She too sings and acts; experienced and a real pretty miss. Frances resembles Constance Talmadge, Marion Davies, Evelyn Laye and Betty Compson;—sounds ridiculous, but it's possible. Remember how many stars the great Marlene Dietrich was supposed to resemble—and did! . . . Aby Schrader sent us a "proof" from Eugene, Oregon, which promptly faded. Too bad, for Aby's got a face like Helen Twelvetrees, Nancy Carroll and Una Merkel all rolled into one. Swims.

And still more of the male sex! Roy House, a negro, of St. Louis, Mo., neglects to send in his photo, although the registration slip is neatly filled in, and the information can't be filed. Says he looks like Stepin Fetchit. . . . Chas. Frederick Naumann, a Baltimore lad of 20 years, states that he looks like George O'Brien. There is something of Raymond Hitchcock in his make-up too. Dances, sings, rides, boxes, runs and wrestles. . . . Otto Ritter, of Chicago, slightly resembles James Hall and Gary Cooper. Weighs 148 pounds and is 22 years old. . . . R. B. Kimmel, of Buckeye St., Dayton, O., states that folks tell him, at different times, that he looks like William Powell, Ronald Colman, and John Gilbert. That's a large order, but Mr. Kimmel is a musician, an ex-soldier, and a teacher. Dances well and is good looking.

\$2.00 is the bargain price for two years subscription to BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES magazine! Foreign \$3.00.

Name

Address

City & State Telephone

Sex Race Color and Type

Height Weight Color of Eyes Age

What screen star do you resemble?

Previous theatrical experience if any. Accomplishments; dancing, singing, horseback riding, fencing, etc.

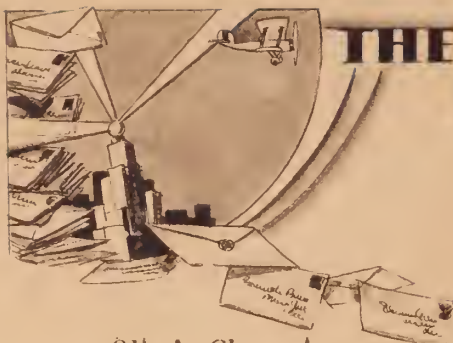
.

Make out a 3 x 5 card similar to the above, fill out and mail it in with photograph.

HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

JEAN MURRAY, of the
Frivolity Club, N. Y. C.,
who resembles *Agnes*
Ayres. In circle: **BETTY**
SCHAFFNER, of Ware-
ham, Mass.





THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue edited by: DOROTHY LEE



Olive's Champion

FRANKLIN, PA.—Passing strange are the ways of the Movie Czars, and especially those who guide the destinies of R.K.O. These latter have allowed one of their brightest and most charming players, to wit Olive Borden, to go away on a vaudeville tour, when pictures have been made and released by them which fairly cried to heaven for her presence in the cast. This talented little Southern girl has never (in my estimation) received her just dues. Starred, she should have been, at least two years ago. Too much stress was laid on her physical charms, to the detriment of her acting powers. I have seen Miss Borden in pictures, in which she has displayed histrionic ability to a marked degree, and in which sex and physical allure were relegated to the background. While she appeared at the Enright Theatre, Pittsburgh, the S.R.O. sign was hung out, a tribute to her remarkable drawing power in this state and which applies the same in New York and Ohio.

It has been my misfortune to see her cast in pictures which did not do her justice at all. She is in all probability one of the most beautiful women on the screen today, a real actress and 100% American. The movie Moguls would do well to star her right now. After her tour, she will, I know, be far more popular than ever.

Let us have more R.K.O. pictures, in which Olive Borden occupies the stellar role, a position to which she is rightly due.

—H. T. Bradley.

Friend of Jean's

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—After I read the letter "Jean resembles Joan" I got out issue and looked at the photos of Margaret Jean Butler. I certainly agree with Mr. Burbank, she does resemble Joan Crawford—and why not publish a large photo of her?

The one you published is fine as far as the looks go, but a larger one would show her up more. Surely you have room in your inimitable magazine, BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES. Best luck to your magazine!

—Gale L. Sears.

Elissa and Marlene

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Elissa Landi seems to need a good director and a good make-up man if she's to enjoy screen success. "Body and Soul" didn't begin to compare with Josef von Sternberg's work with the Dietrich pictures.

Odd, too, that even some of the screen magazines feel she (Marlene Dietrich) is usurping Greta Garbo's position. I note your publication was the only one to put her on her own feet and recognize her as a star of the first line.—*Harvard Student.*



More Good News

GREAT NECK, L. I.—Kindly accept my most sincere appreciation for the wonderful transformation photograph you so colorfully displayed in your April issue of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES for which there is a great demand from our newsdealers, so they inform me in this community of Great Neck, in so much they have had to order extra supplies of this issue, having also displayed my photograph in their windows, adding much to the circulation.

I certainly feel quite sure of a very bright and prosperous future now with all this most wonderful publicity on your part, also that which my friends and acquaintances of Great Neck and community afforded me by selecting me as their most popular girl at a recent Fox Theatre contest, awarding me a wonderful trip to Miami, Fla., and return with all expenses defrayed.

Would certainly render whatever service I might, to benefit the future of your magazine, as I feel that you have conferred a great favor upon me with this publication.

—Josephine Sickles.

Good Fortune, Irene

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—I want to thank you for publishing my picture and for stating you think I resemble the most popular girl of the screen, our little "It" girl, Clara Bow. I am a movie extra and so many times on the lot I am taken for Clara Bow. My friends call me Clara Bow and they were all buying your "Movies" for my picture.

I want also to extend my heartiest congratulations for a real magazine, I never fail to buy my monthly issue. And only fifteen cents! Success to your magazine, as I think it is the best seller on the market.—*Irene Ferguson.*

We Must Get A Radio

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In an article on the "News Reel" page you said something about Rudy not being allowed to sing Harvard songs. Did you know that Buddy Rogers was also refused permission to sing the same songs in a picture?

Why didn't you imply that the men didn't like Buddy for the same reason? No, you are always looking for some way to poke a dig at Rudy, but through it all he is still on top; and How! Also what do you mean by saying that Ed. Weatherdon refused to have his picture taken with Rudy? How was it that the following Saturday night he was Rudy's guest at the Villa Valle and spoke over the radio praising Rudy?

Why do you wish to spread false impressions about one of the cleverest gentlemen in the show business? By the way, did you hear what Major Bowes said over the radio one Saturday night in praise of Rudy? No, you don't publish the good things!—*Mrs. Jessie L. Smarling.*

Thank You, Paul!

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.—I have just finished reading the back issues of your magazine, and can honestly say that the magazine is the finest I have ever had the opportunity of reading.

The pictures you print in the magazine are alone worth the small sum you charge for so great a book. The complete book from beginning to end is great, and my only regret is that I didn't find out about the magazine much sooner than I did.

I believe that the opportunity you offer your readers to send in their photos for possible publication in your magazine is a wonderful idea. The critics on the magazine are about the best I've ever had the pleasure of reading about. They in my opinion give a very good idea as to what the pictures are like.

With best wishes for your continuous success, I remain—*Paul L. Petrichko.*

A Letter on Marlene

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—I am led to believe that the eloquent eyebrows of one Joan, of course always fully appreciated, have unknowingly started a new school of pantomime. Witness the superb work of Marlene Dietrich in "Morroco." Where the elder school have relied more completely on theatricality, Marlene forgot heroics, lit a cigarette—acted like a human being and held her audience enthralled. And there was mastered intensity—as only the finished artist can create. I do not know who I enjoy most now, Greta or Marlene—Oh, well, I can always go back to the wild one, Clara. Sincerely—*William Mullen*

THE NEWS REEL



CREDIT *The New Yorker* with this very amusing Hollywood yarn. It concerns one of those authors who had a contract but but no work to do. The company let him sit around doing nothing, thinking he would get angry and tear up his contract. The author, however, was quite content to sit quietly in a room and get \$600 every week.

Finally the company began to demand humiliating things of him. Once he was sent for and asked to conduct some people around the studios. The author at first refused, but when told that his refusal was tantamount to breaking his contract, he consented.

The guests, it turned out, were stockholders in the movie company. Everything went all right till some one in the party asked what a certain big building was for. "O, that," said the author, "that is where the company stores the films which are no good."

"You mean that whole building is filled with wasted films?" demanded one of the apprehensive stockholders. "Yes, indeed," replied the author, "and not only that one, but those two new buildings you see over there are to be used for the same purpose."

"Why," exclaimed one of the visitors nervously, "that must represent a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"Hell," said the author, "millions! But you must know that this film company doesn't care about money. It does everything on a big scale. Why, take me. I'm the highest-paid guide in the world. I get \$600 a week just to show visitors around."

Maclyn Arbuckle, famous stage and screen star, passed away recently at Wadlington, New York. Mrs. Arbuckle plans to have final burial at Sheldon, Vt.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was the guest of the Maharajah of Patiala recently on his trip thru the Orient.

Movie fame has split another home. Capt. Leopold McLaglen has filed suit for damages of \$90,000 for alleged slander and defamation of character, against his brother Victor, the well known film actor. The film colony is in the dark as to what caused the rift, but apparently it dates back to England, before Victor became the outstanding success he now is.

Leopold claims that when he came to Hollywood about a year ago, his brother warned him that there was room for only one of them. He also says that while both had been successful in England and Australia, he has been unable to get work since coming to the film centre, and blames his brother. Victor and Leopold are two of seven sons.



Jean Justifies Jimmie's Joviality.

Alexander Pantages has won his case for a new trial of the girl attack charges made by Eunice Pringle, 17, a dancer. It is less than two years ago that Eunice ran shrieking into the street, and when two policemen halted her, she told them that Pantages had attacked her in his office, where she had gone to see about getting a job. Pantages claimed that he was framed but was convicted and sentenced to from one to fifty years in prison. After showing that his health was endangered, he was released on \$100,000 bail. Now the Supreme Court, by a 5 to 2 decision, held that where attack by force was shown in a statutory case, the defense was entitled to show testimony regarding the previous chastity of the prosecuting witness.

Roy D'Arcy makes the headlines again. This time he upset a swanky party in the Mayfair Club. While no one seems to know the exact cause, it seems that Billy Moore, heir to Dinty Moore's corned beef and cabbage fortune, mistook the debonair Roy for an honest-to-goodness villain, and proceeded to trounce him. Mickey Neilan, movie director, stepped up in the role of peacemaker, but it took Bill's wife, Lorelle Carver, to smooth him down. Later on the two bantams locked horns again, and somehow, Roy's head collided with an empty bottle and three cops removed the battler. D'Arcy was once engaged to Lita Grey Chaplin.

Mary Nolan, who was sued for breaking her contract with the Glashauss Films, of Germany, and who has a judgment against her of over 2,000 marks on file for the damage she caused, was made the centre of an action to recover by the German film company. The German consul made the complaint in a Los Angeles court to recover the amount due.

Polly Moran, film comedienne, has been in the Hollywood Hospital where she was taken after a fall in her home at Santa Monica. She had just returned from the church services, when she fell in her home and fractured her nose.

After Hizzoner, the Mayor of New York acquired a nice coat of tan out at Palm Springs, Cal., he evidently felt called on to show his prowess in another line. He forthwith proceeded to attach Jean Harlow, the "platinum blonde," over the keen competition of several other males. Jimmy entertained the leading film luminaries at dinner. Later on the party went to Mr. Zukor's bungalow to avoid the crowds. Jimmie is reported as leaving at twelve sharp, but we know the mayor better than that.

Mrs. Myrtle Hardy, wife of the famous film comedian Oliver Hardy, has been paroled after a hearing on charges made that she drank excessively. She has been reported as missing several times, and perhaps this will keep the lady in bounds for awhile. Funny that a comedian's family never think he's so hot, but Oliver hardly seems the type to drive a person to drink.

There is much speculation rife as to the outcome of the latest Winship fund development. Helen Elizabeth Thompson, a screen actress, claims through her attorney that she was to receive \$200 per month for life. This amount was sent to her by the Irving Trust Co. of New York and was supposed to have been the income from a trust fund established by the dead naval officer's wife. When the retired naval commander died, the bank it is claimed was notified to cease all payments. Nothing can be done until the dead man's will is probated.

Thomas Meighan and Hardie Albright staged a fist fight in "Young Sinners"—the blows were the real thing. James J. Corbett, on a visit to the Fox Film Studio, coached the pair for the battle. John Blystone directed this picture and Dorothy Jordan, Cecilia Loftus and William Holden had prominent roles.

"The Black Camel" cast left the Fox Studios on March 28 for Honolulu where exterior scenes for the new adventures of Charlie Chan, popular detective of the fiction world, are being filmed. Warner Oland, as Charlie Chan, and Sally Eilers and Frank Albertson, as a new romantic team, are among those who sailed. Hamilton MacFadden, who directed "Charlie Chan Carries On," will direct "The Black Camel." It is probably not the same detective story "The Black Camel" which was written and published by Walter W. Hubbard about fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Sophie Erb Leslie, wife of the comedian Bert Leslie, died in New York recently. She was formerly in burlesque and musical comedy and for a time appeared in vaudeville with her husband.

HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

Vivian Duncan of the famous sister team, was unable to put in an appearance recently when, Mary Astor, playing the flinty landlady, brought suit for rent and damages amounting to \$1170. The reason is small but adequate, little Evelyn Rosetta Duncan Asther, who made her first appearance in Wurtemberg, Germany. It is said that Nils, the new papa, expects to leave for Paris at once and escort the young lady home.

Mae Murray, the little lady who recently finished "Bachelor Apartment," reports that her own apartment was robbed. Clothing and rugs to the value of \$10,000 were taken.

Bill Hart, the motion picture player, has just filed suit against the United Artists Corp. alleging that \$500,000 is due him from their distribution of his picture "Tumbleweeds," made in 1925.

Hart made the picture at his own expense, and United Artists were to give him 65% of the gross. He claims that he barely cleared his expenses, and that an accountant found that bookings were not reported to him, also that a clause specifying that the picture was to be released independent of their other films was violated.

Baby-talk Helen Kane made the headlines again when the 411th Field Artillery at Dallas, Texas, promoted her to the rank of honorary Colonel. Capt. Sidney Cutler placed the eagle on her shoulder. Helen is one of five in the country.

Will Rogers, Jr., 19 year old son of the famous humorist and film actor, has left Los Angeles for Ft. Worth, where he expects to be a reporter on the Star-Telegram.

The former Phyllis Haver, who rose to stardom from the ranks of the bathing beauties, was snapped recently at Honolulu. George O'Brien, that husky he-man of the films, was caught in the act of helping the lady into a canoe. We want to say that she is just as snappy looking as ever, and the fact that she's retired and the wife of Billy Seeman, of New York, hasn't changed the lady a bit.

Mrs. Margaret Beery, mother of Wallace and Noah, passed away in Los Angeles, recently. Death came as Wallace raced westward in a plane in a futile effort to reach her bedside. He was forced to turn back at St. Louis on account of bad weather. Mrs. Beery had been suffering from heart trouble and contracted pneumonia a few days before her death. She was seventy-four years old.

Tom Santschi, pioneer of the films, passed away recently of heart disease. He was fifty years of age and had been on the stage since he was seventeen. He will be remembered for his roles as a villain, the most famous being his part in "The Spoilers." In this film he and William Farnum had a fight that just about wrecked the movie set. It has often been pointed out as the best fight ever filmed. His wife the former Lola Sage survives him.

Betty Compton, Mayor Walker's friend recently reported her love letters stolen!



Thelma Daniels, in Mack Sennett Comedies

Neil's Struggle

(Continued from page 19)

"Next I went to the Fox Studio, then to the Paragon, the Goldwyn and the Solax. After four or five days I finally got a call to report at the Manhattan Opera House at midnight in full dress. I was dismayed to find it was in New York. I rented an evening suit—the first I ever had on my back—for \$2.50. I spent three dollars for make-up, sixty cents for carfare. My pay was five dollars, netting me a loss of \$1.10. But it was work.

"I arrived at the opera house at 6 p.m. to be on time. When midnight finally came around I was herded into a room with several hundred other men, all dressed in evening clothes. I spread a lot of greasepaint on my face, in and behind my ears, powdered heavily, as I had read was necessary, used plenty of rouge on my lips and rubbed mascara on my eyelids. I must have been a fine sight.

"Kitty Garden was the star and Eric Mayne her leading man. The work ended at six in the morning. I felt it too much trouble to take off my make-up so I went back to Fort Lee as I was. To say I was a curiosity in the subway is putting it mildly.

"The weeks went by into months without another call. My fifty dollars went to forty; forty to thirty; thirty to twenty and twenty to ten until I had nothing. I was broke. It was not until this time I became aware that there were other studios in New York, Famous Players on 57th Street, Pathe on 127th Street, International still further uptown, Realart, Bison, Elco and Biograph on

174th Street and Vitagraph in Flatbush.

"I tried them. A day's work here. A few meals and a change of linen. I still had my one suit. Then weeks of walking, and hunger. One night I slept in Grand Central Terminal, chased from bench to bench by policemen. One day someone mentioned the name of Joseph Leyendecker and suggested I see him. I never dreamed that artists painted from models but I was glad to try anything. Soon after, I posed for an Arrow ad, later posing for a Saturday Evening Post cover, the Thanksgiving number of 1918.

"Other model work followed, I was taking the line of least resistance and more regular meals. I posed for all kinds of advertisements with such artists as James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Clarence Underwood, Frank Leyendecker, Jack Shelton, Arthur William Brown, Harry Morse Myers, Mr. and Mrs. James William Preston, Orson Lowell, Norman Rockwell, Coles Phillips, Charles Dana Gibson, Will Grefe and Irma Dermeaux. I got six dollars a day from the artists and three to five dollars from photographers.

"One of the firms for whom I did ad posing opened a straw hat shop on upper Broadway. They gave me a job managing the place at forty dollars a week. It was the best job I had ever had and I took it avidly. But it lasted only as long as the straw hat season and with the end of the summer I was broke and on the sidewalks once more.

"I tried everything, went on the road with stock shows, worked in factories, took any kind of job to keep going until I could establish myself as an actor. The worse the breaks, the greater was my determination to make my goal. But always, it seemed, hard luck followed fortune. I would get a break

one minute only to lose it the next. When I was married I thought I was on the rising wave of success in a play in Brooklyn. The night of the wedding I was fired.

"What I thought was the one big chance I had in pictures turned out to be a personal tragedy, robbing my own father and one of my best friends of more money than they could afford and which they had invested through my enthusiasm. I had the pleasure not so long ago of meeting the man behind the swindle trying to get extra work in a Hollywood studio.

"The rough-sledding I experienced was a hard school but the best one in the world. If I had it to do over again, I think I would do the same as I did. For the success I have had since is all the more appreciated. It is perhaps not a very brilliant career to look back upon. But it is mighty gratifying to know I have come through it without any scars; there are no regrets, no bitterness; only gratitude for the opportunities that ultimately came."

Hamilton's early work was for Griffith for whom he did "Isn't Life Wonderful." He starred with Bebe Daniels in "Hot News," and with Esther Ralston in "Something Always Happens." He appeared with Richard Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol." He gave a very good performance in the "Dr. Fu Manchu" films as well as in "The Widow from Chicago" and "The Command Performance."

He was recently acclaimed for his performance with Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss," and just finished the similar characterization with Joan Crawford in "Complete Surrender" and is slated for other important featured roles by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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Along Came Ruth

(Continued from page 13)



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incomparable actress has arrived at her place in the film sun. Born of a well-to-do family of New York, Ruth was educated at a private school and attended a very fine finishing school at Pelham. She is an accomplished musician and a student of languages.

While still in school, she became interested in the theatre and joined a chorus in Washington, D. C. Sometime later, she was in Henry Miller's office when Gilbert Miller, who was casting for the "Rainbow," saw her and promised to have his father call her. Sleepless nights followed until at last the great Miller phoned. Evidently the breathless eagerness of the young girl communicated itself over the wire, for without further ado, Miller told her to report for rehearsal. Some days later when Gilbert asked his father how he liked her, Miller replied in this fashion: "She must be all right, because I haven't noticed her."

Ruth was sixteen at this time, and for years was under the domination of his brilliant mind. Miller made no secret of his attachment for the young and innocent girl. Slowly the legend grew that Ruth was merely a Trilby to his Svengali. In other words that she had no real ability, but depended on Miller for every gesture, every shade of expression. Miller naturally was flattered and never bothered to disclaim the unmerited credit. Until her break with him in 1924, which was really caused by his violent temper, Ruth had only appeared in his productions. She was even forced to find her own plays, all successes, incidentally, one of which she partly re-wrote and the other she translated and adapted.

Shortly after she broke with Miller, Ruth married the handsome young Englishman who had appeared opposite her in "Magnaolia Lady," Ralph Forbes. They received an offer to appear on the West Coast, so packed up and left for what had proved to be a long stay. For Ruth it proved the beginning of a long series of hardships. When the "Green Hat" closed she and Forbes separated. Dark, dreary days followed—unknown to the film world (this was prior to the advent of the talkies)—unable to get work in the stock companies—separated from the only man she ever really loved, none but a brave soul could emerge from such agony of mind and body.

Hearing that Joseph von Sternberg was casting for "Docks of New York," Ruth had a screen test made. Paramount shelved it because the director didn't think she was suited to play opposite George Bancroft. Sometime later, Emil Jannings saw the test when he was looking for a leading woman for "Sins of the Fathers." He sent for her immediately and offered her the part. To Jannings, Ruth gives all the credit for her success in the films. The chief difference between Ruth and some of the other stage stars that have tried to get into the movies, is that she approached her work with a desire to learn all that anyone could teach her. This in a large measure accounts for her success as a screen star, for Ruth is the type that never does anything unless she does it well. In "Sarah and Son," one feels the driving force of a person who is bent on succeeding in her own right. With this and her subsequent triumphs, she successfully

BROADWAY AND

exploded the theory that without Miller she was a failure.

It is doubtful whether any other living actress possesses her knowledge of the stage and the business of acting. One can easily believe that should she choose, she might be as great a director as she is an actress. Her chief commercial successes have been directed by Dorothy Arzner and it is reasonable to suppose that Ruth has had something to do with that. There are times when viewing her pictures that one wishes she had more worthwhile material but that again is no fault of hers, but of those entrusted with picking scenarios. Among her successes must be listed: "The Doctor's Secret," "The Dummy," "Madame X," "Charming Sinners," "Laughing Lady," "Lady of Scandal," "Anybody's Woman," "Right to Love," and "Unfaithful." Truly a motley assortment of roles for the "First Lady of the Screen."

Another interesting sidelight on Chatterton is her infinite capacity for friendship—her unswerving loyalty, once her friendship is won. Her men friends are legion, but she has few women friends. The reason for this is probably her desire for stimulating conversation, which amounts to a need with Chatterton. She herself is that rare creature—a person who is silent unless there is something to say. She is an omnivorous reader, but seldom reads fiction. Among her other accomplishments we must list her song-writing, although she has not published any of them. Among her friends are poets, writers, men of affairs, people who are doing things as well as the ones who for some reason or other have not found themselves or are playing in hard luck.

Unless you know Ruth intimately you can't realize how very shy she is. She never goes to large parties if she can possibly help it, and never under any circumstances gives large parties. Crowds irk her, and she avoids them when she can. Now that she and her husband have reached the heights, we wonder what lies before our favorite screen actress and Hollywood's "First Lady of the Screen."

"The Front Page"

(Continued from page 15)

their parts which are of necessity overshadowed by the main action. Mac Clarke, Walter Catlett, Frank McHugh, Matt Moore, Spencer Charters, Maurice Black, and George E. Stone are all fine and we know that you will enjoy this picture as you've seldom enjoyed any movie.

This is the second "Picture of the Month" of our second fiscal year, the other being "Cimarron."

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Independence vs Intolerance



IN THEIR mad scrambles to cart off to the village dump the last vestiges of royalistic and monarchical governments, and consign to the incinerator the divine right of kings and tsars, the European nations have been stumbling all over themselves since the World War.

The eager way they have welcomed their new-found independence has put to shame our own lack of appreciation of the Constitutional rights, privileges and liberty we are guaranteed and have a right to expect; a freedom purchased with the warm, red blood of young men who served in every crisis of our national life—from Lexington and Concord to the Meuse-Argonne.

Writing in the April issue under the title "Spring Housecleaning," I stated that "The lowest form of swine in

human garb is the policeman or member of a society for the suppression of vice who 'frames' women on prostitution or obscenity charges."

Since the publication of that editorial which seems to have created a mild sensation several vice-squad "loyalists" and shake-down artists have been given a glimpse of the iron-barred scenery they were so anxious to hang on some of the young women of New York. Some of those young women have been released, but, unlike other States, New York does not provide any form of compensation for those unjustly convicted.

Those unfortunate girls are going to have hell on earth trying to live down the stigma of the dirty, trumped-up charges—the jail pallor and the breaking of one's moral backbone.

Not long ago another raid was made on American young womanhood, and at the instigation and suggestion of John S. Sumner, self-styled reform crusader in New York City. Several of them were taken off to jail from a theatre just off Broadway, on 42nd Street. They were charged with giving an obscene performance, booked at the police station, and given a world of publicity in the newspapers calculated to do everything else in the world but inspire love and respect for them on the part of friends, relatives, and employers.

The fact that these young women might be entirely innocent, and in most cases are, never seems to bother the zealot of reform. I don't know whether they take a sadistic delight in the act of punishment, or what it is. But in the course of time an outraged public and the Judges of the New York Courts freed the young women—found them innocent!

Just such acts of vandalism against the characters of young women caused Governor Roosevelt (God bless him for it!) to append his signature to a bill which automatically prevents rattle-brained reformers from arresting and disgracing young men and women on trumped up charges that a play is immoral and then holding them responsible.

A filthy sewer rat is an ennobled animal compared to the man who arrests an innocent girl and charges her with obscenity or immorality . . . And if anyone can draw any fine lines of distinction between the "flatfoot" of the vice squad who accuses an innocent girl of prostitution—and the pious reformer who arrests an innocent girl and charges her with obscenity—then you've got a better pair of micrometer calipers than I'll ever be able to measure with.

Let's take another squint at this Independence Day ideal

—WALTER W. HUBBARD.


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"OUR CANADIAN COUSIN"
*Two recent photographs of
the lovable and ever-bewitching
Norma Shearer.*

NORMA *from Canada*

By A. R. Roberts

IF you were told by the great director, D. W. Griffith that you weren't the type—wouldn't photograph—what would you do? In all probability, run home, shed some tears, and try to forget.

Today, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's leading attraction, Norma Shearer, is at the top of the ladder because she refused to take NO as the answer to her dream of movie fame.

It's just about ten years ago that this pretty brown-haired, blue-eyed girl came to New York from Canada. She was born in Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, of well-to-do parents. She attended school there and her former play-mates like to recall her sunny disposition and her fondness for outdoor sports. As she grew older Norma developed a keen sense of mimicry and she and her sister Athol appeared in local theatricals. They finally succeeded in getting their parents' consent to make a trip to New York.

It is very unlikely that they would have been allowed to go away from home, but for the fact that their father had met with reverses and it became necessary for them to earn their own living. So it happened that armed with letters of introduction to film and theatrical directors, they descended on the city.

When Norma arrived in New York, she had never heard of a booking agent. Someone told her that she must find one. She did, and got a job. And getting that first job was a neat trick of a trigger-like brain.

The booking agent sent her to a studio where twelve college-girl types

were needed. Sixty young women had answered the call, and eleven had been chosen by the assistant director before Norma could powder her nose. But she had to have that job. She coughed loudly. The noise attracted the assistant's ear. His eye followed. She flashed him a bright, hopeful smile, and she was selected as the twelfth girl.

They told her that before she could smile in front of the camera she must have her teeth straightened. She took care of that. She likes to play tennis and golf, but over-indulgence in these games makes her muscular, and you can't be sweet and feminine on the screen with a right arm like Jack Dempsey's. So Norma gave up athletics.

The rest wasn't so easy. After her extra work had led her into parts, there were days when no calls came.

Then, for six months, Norma did not even see the inside of a studio. She had to have a job if she expected to keep on having her morning porridge, but she refused any work that took all her time. She was determined she would keep her contacts with the studios, so she posed for commercial photographers. Maybe you bought a washing machine, a bungalow

With Norma Shearer, Rod La Roque in "Let Us Be Gay."

With C. Morris in "The Divorcee"



apron or a new pair of gloves because of Norma's contented smile.

But she wasn't contented. This work paid well—five dollars an appointment. Some weeks she earned a hundred dollars—but it wasn't the object of her life. She still haunted the studios.

After working as extras and getting small "bits" in various pictures Miss Shearer and her sister found that they were earning less than enough to cover the year's expenses in New York. Finally they went back to Montreal. Then, unexpectedly, came word that Norma had a chance for a fairly good part, if she returned immediately. She appeared in "Pretty Ladies" and in "Empty Hands" for Paramount.

After finishing work in this film she was introduced by a friend to Louis B. Mayer, then visiting New York. He was impressed by the Canadian girl's personality and photographic possibilities, had a screen test made, and offered her a chance to go to the Coast. She sent for her mother and two weeks later was in California.

Her first leading role was in "Pleasure Mad" and the success she recorded in this was both artistic and practical, and was the means of securing for her a very profitable contract with the Metro-Goldwyn Corporation. She did not, however, neglect her studies but devoted more time than ever learning the many seemingly trifling but really significant details of the film studio. She studied every part given her very closely with the result that when she was entrusted with the role of the heroine in "He Who Gets Slapped" she was able to give such a performance as caused no little sensation even in the blasé film world of Hollywood.

Following small parts in two films, Miss Shearer was given a leading role in "The Snob," with John Gilbert. Studio executives became enthusias-



Irving
Thalberg;
above.

Norma
Shearer;
above.



Norma and Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul"; her latest picture.

BROADWAY AND

tic about her, and advancement was rapid. It was not long before she became a full-fledged Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. Her outstanding vehicles besides those already mentioned include "Excuse Me," "Broken Barriers," "Tower of Lies," "Devil's Circus," "Lady of the Night," "A Slave of Fashion," "His Secretary," "The Waning Sex," "Upstage," "After Midnight," "The Latest from Paris," and "The Actress." She was co-starred with Ramon Novarro in "The Student Prince."

The advent of the Talkies brought Miss Shearer her greatest triumphs. Endowed with a naturally clear articulation, her recording voice was judged one of the best for this medium. Her first role in talking films was that in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." This performance added legions to the already large audiences who were her fervent admirers. After this came in rapid succession, "Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Their Own Desire," "Let Us Be Gay," "The Divorcee," for which she was awarded the trophy of the Academy of the Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. This was followed by "Let Us Be Gay" in which she scored a box-office hit. "Strangers May Kiss" added new laurels to her collection. Her latest picture is "A Free Soul" in which Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable appear. Upon the completion of her last picture, Miss Shearer left the Studio for an extended vacation in Europe.

She has never quarreled about money. She has never given the producers any trouble. Hers is the glory of brains.

Nine times out of ten, Norma's head rules her heart.

During those arduous years when she was carving out her career she realized there was no place for romance in her life. So romance was shut out.

"When I look back over my life now," she says, "I (Cont'd on page 45)



SCREEN LOVERS

PART I.

By Anita Delglyn

WITHOUT the love interest most of our great plays, books, stories, motion pictures and orations would be as lifeless and inane as is possible to conceive them. The nearer we approach an appeal to, or a representation of the perfect love, the closer we are to every degree of success which must accompany that portrayal—be it in painting, poem, prose, or pronouncement.

Getting right to my subject, I feel that John Barrymore is probably the greatest lover, in every sense of the word, we find on the silver screen today. His vast experience covering a long period of years has put him in a most enviable position as far as other actors are concerned, and reduces them to the unfortunate position of being compared—at least as far as the "love making" element of a picture is involved, with the great Jack.

A contemporary of mine wrote this up in detail in the May, 1930, issue of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES magazine, so it would be out of place for me to go into any great detail respecting the art of John Barrymore as a stage and screen lover. With a salute becoming the respect and adoration due his genius, I must pass along. He is happy in his home and love life with his wife, Dolores Costello and their baby girl, Dolores Ethel Barrymore. He fell violently in love with the gorgeously beautiful Dolores when he, as an actor, had the anything-but-odious task of making love to her in the Warner film, "When a Man Loves"—one of the hits of a

couple of years ago. Theirs is the almost perfect marriage and proves that a man can be a lover off stage as well as on.

When Mr. Barrymore made ardent love to Mary Astor in "Don Juan"—he had a role that was difficult and arduous—that of convincing his leading lady, in the story, that he loved her dearer than anything or anyone else on earth—and of convincing his movie audiences of the same thing.

The story, as you know, concerns the loves of a handsome rascal who feels that every pretty woman—be she wife, betrothed or sister to someone else, is a logical "victim"; some individual to whom he can make love—seduce or despoil. And he goes his tumultuous and passionate way until he runs into someone who appeals to his heart and mind, first and his unbridled passions, second. . . . He must convince her that he loves her, and do so in no clumsy or super-bombastic way.

The effort is a worthy one, as those of you who saw the picture may well recall; but the suffering of soul and mind and body Don Juan undergoes in an endeavor to convince his sweetheart of his true and undying affection, form a bit of film that will go down in history as epic.

Mary Astor, auburn-haired siren of the screen and superbly beautiful, proved a good foil as the object of his affectionate desires. Mary has all of that classic beauty one desires to represent purity, sweet-

John Barrymore and Dolores Costello in "When a Man Loves."





ROBERT AMES and
EVELYN BRENT, above,
in "Madonna of the Streets."
At left—with Catherine
Dale Owen in "Behind
Office Doors."

ness and poise—but underneath it all she has the warmth of deep love and devotion in her eyes and in the fullness of her lips. I'm not saying her mouth is big, far from it—but her delicately curved lips are far from being thin and shallow; they have a richness of coloring from their depth as they curve back in towards her teeth—white and pretty, by the way.

Miss Astor's lips are, in my estimation (if that is any good—my judgment being a woman's), one of the most kissable pair on the screen today. Incidentally, the "longest" kiss on record was registered recently at the Radio Pictures' studio by Anthony Bushell and Mary Astor, playing sweethearts in "The Queen's Husband."

Although it was the longest kiss in the world, they did it in a split second!

They kissed before one of the largest mirrors ever used at the studio. Directly opposite was another mirror. Reflection made them appear to be kissing for miles and miles. Applying Einstein's theory, the end of the kiss "was at the point in infinity where two straight lines meet."

A photographic record of the osculation has been made for posterity.

And that reminds

Robert Ames in a Love scene with Mary Astor in "Behind Office Doors."

me that Mary Astor has also played opposite Robert Ames in at least two of his really successful pictures—or rather films in which he has appeared in a featured or starring role. They are "Behind Office Doors" and "Holiday." The latter picture, partly due to Mr. Ames' excellent acting, won the honor of being "The Picture of the Month" and was written up as such in the issue of last

Robert Ames and Helen Twelvetrees in a love moment from their new picture.

Continued on the next page





MARY ASTOR in a love scene with John Barrymore in "Don Juan;" and with Robert Ames in "Holiday."

November of this magazine. "Behind Office Doors" was reviewed in the May, 1931, edition.

Robert Ames may have been unsuccessful and unhappy in his own marital ventures—which some say is responsible for his not making a straight contract with any one film company, but the fact remains that on the screen he represents a certain type of "lover" which appeals immensely to a very large group of girls and women.

It is the quiet, sincere, almost matter-of-fact love making in which a man of the world (in the business sense only) meets a perfectly delightful creature who understands him and cares for him. He doesn't worry her about his business ventures—never resorts to hysteria, tears or over-animated kissing to convince her or the audience that he really cares for her.

Something like Major Lewis Stone of a few years ago! He offers love and respect at once; a manly devotion that can't be tampered with. There is a ring of sincerity in his voice when he showers compliments upon his adored one; and an entire dearth of "mush" or over-sentimentalism. His love making is strong, virile and masculine at all times.

The advent of the "talkies" had much to do with Robert's screen success. Remember him in "War Nurse"—as the father of the illegitimate child born to a young and beauteous society blonde who, having just come from a convent, was working as a nurse in a French hospital during the World War? The natural dignity and aristocratic mien of the convent-bred and educated girl put her on her guard against all of the more or less vulgar love making which was, in all too many instances, the order of the day.

But the suave, convincing lines of this clean cut, manly looking young officer in the uniform of France won her heart and "sold" her on the idea of complete surrender to his wishes and desires. A beautiful love motif for that picture, and one which few could have filled outside of Robert Ames.

He made good with Eve-

lyn Brent in "Madonna of the Streets," another frank and intentionally open discussion, via pictures, of one of the greatest of our social problems. He appeared with Catherine Dale Owen as well as Mary Astor in "Behind Office Doors." Doubtless the enthusiasm and comeliness of Miss Astor contributes much to the success of her screen lovers; if it doesn't, then the rules are all wrong!

A role in a new picture with Helen Twelvetrees, blonde Pathe star, is also aiding his popularity. Personally I feel that one reason why Mr. Ames is making good as a screen lover is because, at first impression, we don't consider him as a lover. Just a "type"—but a type that wins your heart; sort of "sneaks up on you." He is a young man, typically American, not too good looking; no Grecian profiles or reputation for being a Beau Brummel of the picture lots.

But he grows on you. Not a famous swimmer or football player; plain golf is his hobby. Loves a pipe—but smokes everything—cigars and cigarettes as well. Very neat with his person. (And that appeals to a woman!) Confesses he has no ear for music but he dances well. Has light hair and blue eyes.

Was cast opposite another blue-eyed actress when he played with Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser," another role that fitted him like a glove.

One would never dream him to be forty-two years of age, although, of course, that is still young. His pleasant, earnest smile is never overdone. At times his manners are satisfactorily pointed and brusque and one's admiration grows as the plot of the picture progresses, and feels him "nestling into" the part as if it were actually part and parcel of his very life.

I want to discuss other screen lovers at a future date, and out of respect for the feelings of my readers, must make this little article shorter than I would were the subject never to come up again. But in closing, let me (Cont'd on page 49)



Robert Ames with Ann Harding in "Holiday"

BUDDY'S BRIDGE

What Is So Rare As Kay Beating June?

By RUTH ALYCE TOWNSEND

ON MY last trip to Hollywood for the magazine, I had one of the most enjoyable visits of my life in the film city.

One afternoon, at the Paramount Studio, during a lull in the day's work, several bridge games were under way.

June Collyer and Buddy Rogers, Kay Francis and I teamed up. As it turned out we had one of the most remarkable hands seen in a long time.

Looking back over the bidding you can see that the eccentric hands called for even greater bids than we made that day. I opened the bid with three Spades, Buddy bid 4 Diamonds, Kay raised my bid and June passed. I then called 5 Spades and Buddy went to 6 Clubs. He said afterward that he didn't expect to make it if he got it, but hoped to take a loss in order to save game.

This was rather a dangerous bid to make, because we would figure either that he could make it, in which event it would be folly to double, or that he couldn't, and in that case we would over call. As I had only one Club, Buddy was evidently short suited in Spades, and his partner very likely had strong Hearts, as he had bid in the other suits. With all this in mind, Kay went to 6 Spades.

Miss Francis' bid of 6 Spades confirmed my belief that she held the Ace and King of my suit and might possibly have help in Hearts. We got the bid at 6 Spades, the others feeling that they had gone as far as they dared.

Buddy lead out his King of Diamonds, which I won in closed hand. I then lead my Queen of Spades and when Buddy threw off, I realized that there was no danger of a Heart ruff in that hand. So I lead my Ace of Hearts for trick 3. When he failed to follow suit, all the adverse Hearts were placed. Putting North in with a Spade, I lead Hearts through Miss Collyer's Queen, Jack, and held June to 1 Heart trick. But—June lead a Diamond after winning the Heart trick and set us 1.

A question of play arose which I want to pass on to my readers. It is this, whether at trick 2 when Mr. Rogers refused the Spades, I should have taken that trick in the dummy and then lead the Heart 10, finessing if June failed to cover. Buddy was marked with long Clubs and Diamonds, but might have a singleton Heart, and if so there is an even chance that it might be either the Queen or Jack. In that case, a Heart finesse would be ruinous, as Mr. Rogers would win and cash a Diamond immediately. On the other hand, if Buddy had no Hearts or a singleton 6 or 2, and East has the Queen and Jack and one or two other Hearts, leading the King from South or refusing the finesse, will make one of Miss Collyer's Heart honors good with the same result.

The lead of Miss Francis' 10 of Hearts in this case would induce many an East to play a covering honor, but no expert would be guilty of such unsound play.

All of which brings us right back to the question propounded above—whether the declarer should lead the 10 of Hearts and finesse if June should have failed to cover. Out of half a dozen bridge experts three said they would finesse, two said they would lead the 10 of Hearts, but if East failed to cover, they would play high in closed hand; and one said that he would lead the Heart ten and then trust to his hunch at the moment if East failed to cover. I wonder what course my readers would have favored?

I've had a good time at this game of bridge; good enough to have warranted my passing it along to you in the details I have. Buddy is a real sport—a barrel of fun and good humor; the two ladies, Kay Francis and June Collyer, proved very pleasant companions and I almost envied their chances to see so much of each other on the lots.

Kay, who has a reputation for being smartly gowned, was wearing a lovely black silk outfit, with a close fitting hat. June had on a fetching lace creation without sleeves.

S—
H—
D—K-Q-10-9-8-7-4
C—K-J-10-7-5-4

S—A-K-9-5
H—10-8-7-5-4
D—5-3
C—Q-9

S—Q-J-10-7-6-4
H—A-K-9-3
D—A-6
C—A

S—8-3-2
H—Q-J-6-2
D—J-2
C—8-6-3-2





THE MOST BELOVED
PAIR IN THE MOVIES—
*Charles Farrell and
Jaynet Gaynor, Fox stars.*

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

By
ROBERTA DEER

THAT a young man of Puritanical ancestry, coming from a small town in the Bay State and attending one of the lesser known universities should come to be better known and loved than any other male screen star is something of more than passing interest.

Charles Farrell, born in Walpole, Mass., attended the public schools there; thence to Boston University. The pride in his Puritan blood did not prevent him from working his way through college as a waiter in a restaurant, and by selling real estate.

It was in college that he developed his strong liking for athletics which has been such a help to him in his movie career. He is an expert boxer, having made the boxing team at Boston University. As a result he has a large following who expect some show of his prowess in all of his pictures. He keeps in trim constantly and is often seen at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where he takes on all comers. He is also an ardent swimmer and recently bought a sailboat (not the cocktail party variety) on which he spends a lot of time.

He takes a daily workout with the medicine ball and plays golf with professionals. He can ride horseback and rope with the best of them. This he learned at "Big Boy Williams" ranch. Charles also likes to fish—provided he's alone. He plays a fast game of tennis and is fond of driving his own car. He wouldn't think of missing a football game, but seldom attends a prize-fight. In short, he is strong for all outdoor sports.

In view of all this is it any wonder he is one film star who is as popular with the men as he is with the ladies? His clean cut masculine virility had much to do with his winning the *Chicago Tribune* popularity contest twice. In New York he won the *Daily News* poll last year and was barely nosed out by Lew Ayres this year.

It is interesting to note how Charles broke into the movies. His father was the owner of several small motion picture houses in Onset, Mass. Naturally, he came in contact with many people interested in the theatre. At the close of his second year in college he met "Little Billy", a vaudeville actor, at one of his father's theatres. When the act was ready to leave for a tour of the West, Charlie was invited to go along as their financial agent and property man. Farrell strongly resents the imputation that he was "Little Billy's" dresser and can't understand what started the story.

His parents thought that the trip would be a good way for him to "see America first." Unknown to them, Charles had nursed a secret ambition to appear in a motion picture mob scene as an extra. When the act reached Los Angeles, young Farrell quit the show and started looking for work as an extra. The sum total of his cash resources being \$18, it behooved the young man to locate without delay.

Like all story book heroes, he landed an extra job just before his last dollar was spent. King Vidor was directing a picture at the Metro Studios and Charles made his debut in a mob scene. This picture kept him busy for several weeks.

A little later he got a small bit to do—carried Mary Pickford out of a scene in "Rosita"—remember it? From United Artists he went to the Fox lot and after appearing as an extra in one picture for

them, he was "discovered" as they say in movie parlance. He was given the leading male role in "Wings of Youth" which was very favorably received by the public. After this he played in Mack Sennett comedies and worked as an extra on other lots.

Back at the West Coast Studios he had a small rôle in "Sandy." This was the part that secured for him a long term contract with the Fox organization. Hardly had he signed on the dotted line when other studios were bidding for his services. Jesse Lasky secured him for "Old Ironsides" and for "The Rough Riders." Between the shooting of these two pictures his spare time was spent on the Fox lot, where he learned much of value.

At that time
Frank Borzage

Charles
Farrell



was casting "Seventh Heaven." Having nothing to do at the moment Farrell went in to see the director, intending to recommend a friend of his for the role of "Chico." Instead of that Borzage gave him the part and started him on the high road to success. He again played opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Street Angel" which scored another bull's-eye with the movie public.

These were followed by leads in "Fazil," "The Red Dancer," "The River," "Our Daily Bread," "The Lucky Star," "A Trip to Chinatown," "City Girl," "Happy Days," "Sunny Side Up," "High



bachelor hall in his cottage at Toluca Lake, Cal. All guests were required to do their own cooking—not a bad idea—that.

Every year his mother has come out to the Coast to visit him. She never stays long, because, as her husband's business manager, press agent and treasurer of the theatres, she is needed at home.

Believe it or not, Charles is superstitious, so don't be alarmed if you see him knock wood. He might even pull out a rabbit's foot!

Seriously though, his work in the films shows a consistent



Charles Farrell with some of his leading ladies; above, with Greta Nissen in "Fazil"; right, with Joyce Compton; left with Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Princess and the Plumber"; and below, with Esther Ralston in "Old Ironsides."



Society Blues," "Liliom," with Rose Hobart and Estelle Taylor; "The Princess and the Plumber," with Maureen O'Sullivan; "The Man Who Came Back," with Janet Gaynor; and "Body and Soul," in which he played opposite the recent Fox find, the breath-taking beauty, Elissa Landi.

Farrell says he likes to do character parts best—with a romantic touch, of course. He has a very pleasing voice and keeps up his singing and voice culture. He plays a cornet with considerable facility.

He attends the theatre regularly and really enjoys the movies. He reads a great deal—mainly serious works of fiction, biographies, poetry and psychological subjects. He majored in applied psychology in college and his reading taste reflects this interest.

Charles stands 6 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. He has wavy brown hair and pleasant brown eyes. There is a scar on the left side of his chin which photographs like a dimple. He is a thoroughly likeable and unusually human sort of person. He is very fond of animals, especially dogs. He owns three crack bird dogs and nothing pleases him better than to go hunting with them.

Up to the time of his marriage to Virginia Valli, he kept



growth and development of his native ability. His characterizations are real—they leave you with the feeling that he actually lives the roles he portrays. Of course you remember him as Chico, that lovable chap in "Seventh Heaven." The absolute sincerity with which he played that part made it far more real to his audience than you might think. The box office reflected it as it has every film he has appeared in since.

In "Liliom" he handled that difficult role magnificently. He made you sense the eternal tug-of-war in his nature—the wish to do right offset by his inability to

keep out of mischief. Truly a child's mind in a man's body was "Liliom." And Farrell played it as if it were written for him.

Again in "The Man Who Came Back," he was able to successfully portray a character that was absolutely foreign to his own nature. Knowing the real Charles Farrell, can you imagine him as a drunken sot, sunk so low in the scale as the man whose story he made live again in that film?

Charles is a very charming unassuming sort of chap to meet. You who know him from his work on the screen probably feel that way about him. Every one who works with him says that he is easy to get (Cont'd on page 49)

*"Love me,
Love my
Dog"*

GWEN LEE, left,
and "Ming." Above—
JOAN CRAWFORD
and her pet pup.
Both girls are
M-G-M stars.



The RUMANIANS

Have a Word for It

Nick Stuart, "The Typical American," Confesses That Marriage Is a Business and Acting an Avocation.

WHEN I left Rumania to the Rumanians and hopped for America, I was a little boy of fifteen—and a Rumanian boy of fifteen is just about fifteen years younger, in worldly knowledge, than his American cousin. You can imagine my infantile amazement!

What a country! What excitement! What possibilities! I could only sense them then. It was vastly exciting. . . .

My father, who was superintendent of a tile factory, wanted me to become a business man. That seemed natural enough. I was educated, progressively, in New York, Chicago, Dayton and Los Angeles. It was while we were in Los Angeles that I obtained a job with a Los Angeles sporting goods firm as an errand boy. It was a *good* job though—for it paved the way to work in films—and there can never be any other work that I should ever want to do!

An assignment, a short time later, sent me to the Fox Studios with a package of blank cartridges for Tom Mix. So staunch an admirer of the Western actor was I that I *insisted* upon delivering them in person. I told the doorman that the package might explode any minute—and you may be assured that he was more than anxious that the "precious burden" should be mine!

Tom Mix is the kindest person in the world. I confessed my desire to enter pictures and he was good enough to refer me to Lewis Seiler, then casting director at the studio. Seiler seemed to like my boyish enthusiasm and gave me a job as extra. My "sporting" days were over!

My first bit was in a picture with Shirley Mason with whom I was forced to put on a hot fight. I emerged with a black eye and the idea that I was the white hope of the industry! After six days of work the picture was finished—and I was finished too.

There was nothing to do but contemplate a "business career" again. And not having held any presidential offices I took a job as office boy at the studio, running errands, calling actors and

minding the switchboard while the girls went to lunch. Everything was all right, but the switchboard.

Then I struck! I just had to act—it had gotten into my blood! But I found myself playing bell hops, messenger boys, office boys—I scarcely ever found myself out of a uniform! Then I became "prop" boy and still later, assistant cameraman. It seemed the best kind of experience to me, that of learning the endless technical angles of the business, and I was more than willing to let Fate weave its own little pattern in my life scheme. It was while I was script boy on Howard Hawk's set, where Virginia Valli, now Mrs. Charles Farrell, was being featured in a picture, that I was finally given a role. This led to the masculine lead in "The High School Hero" and was followed by a part in "The River Pirate" with Victor Mac-laglen and Lois Moran.

But then something very important came into my life—and I feel that it is even more important than my movie work—it was Sue.

One Saturday afternoon when I was having tea with some of "the crowd" at the Ambassador, Janet Gaynor and two other girls came into the room. I am an ardent admirer of Janet's (who isn't?) and as I smiled over at her a charming, gay, thrilling person came into the line of my vision. She was different, somehow, from the run of Hollywood girls. Different from all girls I thought (and *think*, sceptics!) There was no pose about her, she had an abundance of health and spirits in her make-up and gay, clean, girlishness was an aura that set her apart. Lovely brown hair swept her cheeks and she made no effort
(Cont'd on page 50)





NICK STUART
Starring in Big 4 Films



*The late JEANNE EAGELS,
above; and MARY NOLAN,
left—recently married, who
figured in the news recently
in connection with the
nation's war on "dope."*



The "DOPE" on HOLLYWOOD

By Dr. Abbuh Randlaw

DOES it shock you to learn that forty-one or more of the folks in Hollywood are or have been users of morphine, cocaine, heroin, or other derivative of opium? When a physician spends years in the study of *materia medica* he could not be blamed for wishing that such a heading as "The Dope on Hollywood" were mere slang—a discussion of so-called inside information—a sort of "private lives" of the screen.

There is no Constitutional amendment regarding "dope," and I use it in its short and ugly form—the vernacular of the street for purposes of brevity and facile understanding. But it accomplished more damage with the body, mind and soul of an individual than any two of the dozen or so common forms of alcoholic beverages.

Regardless of how our friends the prohibitionists may rant and rave, there are few doctors or surgeons who have ever viewed bodies and souls more thoroughly wrecked than those sacrificed to the desire for some form of opium.

It isn't my place here to go into a technical discussion of the manufacture of this juice of the poppy; nor to indulge in a dissertation on its history as far as the national and international problems go. But, like the joke they tell of ex-president Calvin Coolidge whose reputation for being close-mouthed was a world-wide one—it seems that Mr. Coolidge was asked if he went to church that Sunday.

He nodded in the affirmative. "Did you enjoy it?" he was asked, to which he again nodded a sort of "yes." "Well, what was the sermon about?" was the query.

"Sin," the ex-president replied. . . . Another pause.

"Well, what did the parson have to say about sin?" was another probing question.

"He was against it!" was the laconic reply.

As a nation, we're against

Whiteley
Photo

it too—against the promiscuous use of "dope" in each and every form. We're opposed to it in principle; we know it is far worse than liquor ever will be; we'll fight it every chance we get. (And that's saying more than many of us are saying about the question of intoxicating liquors). Yet, in spite of the fact that there is a unanimity of opinion against the traffic in harmful drugs and opiates—the U. S. Government investigators make the startling statement that forty-one or more out of every hundred persons in the film capital are or have been users of the drug.

Uncle Sam is determined to stamp out the evil, and if a lot of famous names have to be trailed in the dust in this process—well, it is "just too bad" for them, to again descend to the vernacular. Federal agents will soon round up more than a hundred movie actresses, screen actors, and those criminals who supply them with narcotics.

The "tip-off" on the drive against drug users came recently when U. S. officials raided an East side, New York, headquarters for a dope ring that sold \$1,000,000 worth of narcotics annually to a Hollywood clientele.

Seized in the raid were records, books and files that contained the names of scores of picture stars, as well as prominent Hollywood physicians, who acted as go-betweens for the drug syndicate and the addicts. Heaven have mercy on the souls of those physicians, for the sentence they will receive at the ultimate Bar of Judgment above will be far worse than anything (Cont'd on page 48)



"The Wages of Sin Is Death"—Posed by Natacha Natova, Dancer.



LILY DAMITA, Paris-born screen and stage star who has recently renewed her contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

Consider the LILIES

Bond, DAMITA, Gish, Roth, Tashman and Walker; Part II

HAVE you ever stopped to wonder "Why?" at the number of convent-bred girls who rise to fame and fortune on the stage and screen? Frankly, we don't know the answer, but we know some fine examples.

Take Lily Damita, who was born in Paris on Sept. 10, 1904. When she was five years old she was placed in a convent near Lisbon, Portugal, and she studied there and in convents in Spain and Greece during the next five years. She then attended a dancing school in Belgium for one year, and when the war came she was singing and dancing for the soldiers, although she was but a child in her early 'teens. It is probable that in the enthusiastic applause of the poilus Lily heard the echo of her future. From such a slight and seemingly unimportant thing as a school girl desire to cheer her fellowcountrymen came the mature ambition of a leading lady of Broadway.

At the age of fourteen Miss Damita began to dance in the ballet of the Opera de Paris. She did that for two years, studying ballet dancing during all that time. Her mother, an actress, organized a company of players and toured Europe with them, the daughter singing American jazz songs. Here again, her personality and charm

singled her out for greater successes than anyone in the troupe.

Her ability to speak fluently the languages of the several countries she visited on tour was of course a great asset. Fame spread her name before she returned to her native Paris. Here she met with an offer that would do credit to a woman of greater years. This was a chance to join one of the world's famous theatres. When she was nineteen Lily Damita succeeded Mistinguette as star of the Casino de Paris Revue, long the rival of the well-known "Follies Bergere" that had done much to "glorify the feminine figure" before Mr. Zeigfeld seized on the idea.

This may not at first strike the reader with the full significance it holds. On the Continental stage, they do not have the same system as we do. There you only become a star after long and painstaking years in the profession. Here you may be a star with your name in lights either by being discovered, a lucky break or have an angel who will

foot the bills in order that you are featured.

Those of my readers who saw Mistinguette when she came to America a few years ago to appear in "Innocent Eyes" may recall the voluptuous beauty of her

*Don Alvarado and Lily Damita
in "The Bridge of San
Luis Rey"*





BROADWAY AND
OPEN SEASON FOR

July's the month to find them in full
yourself a ticket to the nearest movi
the left, Lillian Bond, famous Englis
for the "talkies" by Metro-Goldwyn
Joan Marsh and Mary Carlisle, M-G
of the Big 4 Comedy Cuties—



THING BEAUTIES!

loom. Look these girls over and get
 theatre where you can keep cool. At
 musical comedy star recently signed
 player. Center, below, left to right:
 featured players. At the right: One
 onde, and name unknown!





LILY DAMITA, Goldwyn Star, Photograph by
De Mirjian

body—then fifty-two years young. Dangerously pretty!

In Berlin Miss Damita made her screen debut for the Felner Company. During the succeeding years she appeared in German and French films. It was during the spring of 1928, while producer Samuel Goldwyn was in Paris, that Lily Damita signed the contract which soon thereafter took her to America and the principal role in Ronald Colman's "The Rescue." Her work in this picture was so satisfactory that offers began to pile in for future screenings. She did the "Cock-Eyed World" for Fox, and almost stole the show from Victor MacLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Her magnetic personality, dashing spirit just stood out in the production. Next she appeared with Don Alvarado in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Thornton Wilder's best seller. Radio pictures has just completed "The Woman Between" in which Miss Damita was featured.

After the completion of "The Cock-Eyed World", Miss Damita went to Paris for a holiday. On her return, she was besieged by stage offers. Mr. Goldwyn finally loaned her to the young producing firm of Connolly and Swansstrom for co-starring honors opposite Jack Donahue in "Sons O' Guns." The early reports from the road try-out of the musical travesty on war were distinctly unfavorable to Miss Damita—in fact, so much so that there were rumors of her withdrawal. However, upon the premiere of "Sons O' Guns" in New York, Miss Damita walked away with the outstanding honors of the evening. Few successes in the American theatre were ever more complete or more instantaneous.

She is said to be the first picture star to have successfully entered the field of legitimate musical comedy. Jack Donahue, in one of the last interviews he gave before his untimely death, was full of praises for Lily's ability.

The strain of the long season of "Sons O' Guns," in which she played for seven months, began to tell on her health and she was forced to take a rest. Upon her return to this country she was loaned to Paramount for "Fighting Caravans" in which she starred opposite Gary Cooper. Perhaps some of her views on American men and marriage are the result of her contact with this young he-man—who can tell?

According to Lily, and she certainly has had plenty of opportunity to study the species, New York men are quite different to those in Hollywood, and the European is vastly different from them both. She thinks the basic cause of this lies in the fact that here in America boys and girls mingle freely from the cradle up, while on the other side the sexes rarely meet until they are grown up. For this reason the attraction is all the keener when they meet. Lily thinks that this is why the foreigner makes love so much more beautifully than the American.

She says, tho, that when an American falls in love, he falls hard and stays put as a general rule. His business is of paramount importance and his best efforts are put forth to give his wife and family anything they may wish. On the other hand, the European lets love cool after marriage and hardly ever becomes a pal to his wife as we do in America.

As one might expect of such a beautiful girl, she has had her name linked with that of many men. The rumors that were afloat during her stage success in New York were amusing to those who really know the little girl. For all her beauty, she has a keen mind and we predict that if and when the lady falls in love it will be the real not reel thing. She says she intends to marry an American because they make better husbands. The only thing she does insist on is that he shall not be an actor. The reason for this being that she says she is frightfully jealous and would die a thousand deaths if she had to see her husband making love to another woman. Fancy that, for a confession. She enjoys the camaraderie between sexes over here very much, and while the intimate boy and girl companionship is most disillusioning and unromantic still (Continued on page 48)

MOVIE DOUBLES



Marjorie
Phillips,
New York Beauty

MAIL
IN YOUR
PHOTOGRAPH!

ARE YOU interested in getting work in vaudeville or in the "movies"? Do you think you resemble a screen star or featured player? Would you care to have your photograph published in a large motion picture magazine? If so—then pay attention to this offer—which by the way, is in no sense advertising.

In our May, 1931, issue we predicted editorially that other magazines would attempt to copy this idea, and one "small fry" on the Pacific Coast is already trying to imitate our efforts. This is the *only* movie publication which is legitimately trying to aid Young America in addition to aiding the film companies and the stars. We want to be of bona-fide assistance to those who are sincerely interested in getting stage work or employment with the Eastern or Western studios of the big film producers.

This is in no sense an employment agency; we never accept any fees; we're not under any obligations to you, dear readers, and you're not under any obligations to us at any time. Our purpose is to prepare and keep up to date a file which may at all times be at the disposal of booking offices, film company executives, stage managers, and casting directors.

In that file we propose to have listed on 3 by 5 cards the principal qualifications of young men and young women—children too—as well as their photographs. We don't want and will not accept any tiny ping-pong, hand tinted pictures or torn or clipped "Brownie" pictures which are too small for filing and which can at no time ever be presented to a casting director who's looking for a certain type.

The completion of the first, or advance section of the file has been held up because so many have automatically disqualified themselves by sending in tiny, tinted pictures; or by sending in huge pictures rolled which arrived cracked and had to be tossed away; or by entries who neglected to write clearly or who failed to send in any photograph at all.

Each applicant must prepare a 3 by 5 card similar to the slips or printed forms which have been published the past few months in the columns of this magazine; and each blank must be accompanied by a clear photograph; not too large or not too small. It can't be one of these pale gray, misty things which will not print correctly if we decided to publish it.

And on the back of each photograph must clearly be written the name, address and telephone number of the sender, with a notation "Released for publication." No photographs can ever be returned

under any circumstances—so if you have a prize picture as we have repeatedly warned you—don't send it in—get a new one.

For the benefit of those who do not possess pictures for BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES" magazine, we have arranged for a studio to take one for you without cost to you. If you live in and around New York and don't own a good, recent photo—go to Mr. Volpe's Grace Salon of Art, at 1680 Broadway, New York City.

Or, if you live on the coast—call at the Evansmith Studio, 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., and have one made without cost to you. But do not mail your own photo to either of these studios; we have no arrangements which calls for their forwarding pictures to us not taken by them, and any such pictures will be disqualified at once as have been several dozen in the past. Pictures must be forwarded only to this magazine at this address:

BROADWAY AND
HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES"

—attention of the Editor:

101 West 31st St., New
York, N. Y. Marie
Louise, of Brooklyn,
who looks the
world like Dor-
othy Jordan, had
one made at the
Volpe' Studios,
and it is repro-
duced in this is-

Cont'd
on page 49



Marie
Louise.
Photo
by
Volpe.



FAY WRAY and
RALPH GRAVES in
Columbia's "Dirigible."

THE "ZEP" THAT JACK SPILT

"Dirigible"; the Picture of the Month

WHEN a huge Zeppelin does a breaking-up act in a high wind, with the rain drenching it and the lightning flashing through its light, metal frame crammed with a precious cargo of naval officers and mechanics—you have drama galore! And when that can be properly photographed and shown, with Jack Holt in the lead—and the human freight spilt into the sea—you have a picture!

Packed full of thrills, blood chilling scenes, the glamor of adventure at the South Pole, with a dash of melodrama are just a part of what you feel in "Dirigible."

With the aid of the U. S. Navy's Division of Aeronautics, Columbia Pictures has produced an air picture hard to equal. Frank Capra directed and to him should go much of the credit for this finished production. It bears the endorsement of Exchange Club officials who have done more for safety in aviation than any other civil or commercial agency.

On the surface, the story is the same as most that Jack Holt and Ralph Graves appear in together—both love the same girl. This time she is the wife of one and is silently adored by the family friend.

Jack Holt, as Commander Bradon of the dirigible "Pensacola," is in strong contrast to his friend "Frisky" Pierce, a crack navy stunt pilot. Your first meeting with the pair comes at the close of a cross-country flight which "Frisky" completes in record time. He is in constant touch with Bradon by wireless who warns him not to stunt on account of the crowds on the field. "Frisky," true to his name, proceeds to disobey orders and puts his ship through its paces. One of his tricks is to fly through the hangar, at the peril of others as well as his own life. Upon landing he is surrounded by the admiring throng, poses for news reels, gives newspaper interviews, and

generally enjoys the spotlight. Just bathing in glory!

In the meantime, his adoring wife Helen (Fay Wray) is waiting at home to add her greetings. Bradon calls, expecting to find "Frisky" at home celebrating, and is shocked at finding he hasn't even phoned her. At last the conquering hero arrives with a mob, but Bradon gets rid of them.

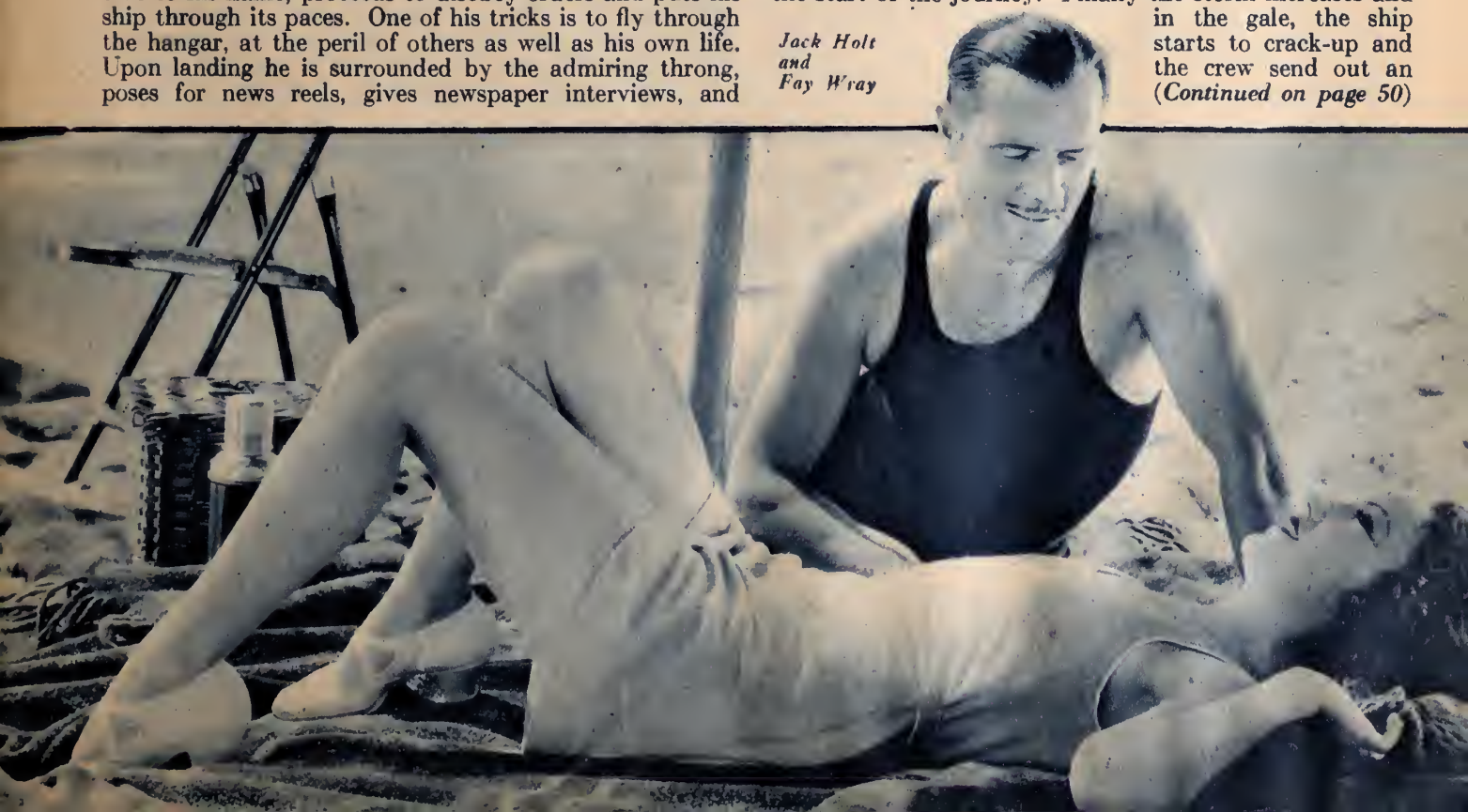
He then tells Pierce of the Department's decision to have him go to the South Pole in his dirigible. They plan to attach a plane to the undercarriage of the blimp, believing that the plane will be better able to fly over the ice barriers. "Frisky" is keen to try out the idea and, of course, is successful in hooking on his plane to the dirigible.

Louis Rondelle (Hobart Bosworth), a noted explorer who has enlisted the aid of the Navy Department, goes ahead with his plans for the Polar flight. Everything is set when Helen calls on Bradon and implores him to leave "Frisky" home. She lets him see how unhappy she is over her husband's recklessness and he promises to do as she wishes.

The night of the farewell ball Jack and "Frisky" leave the dancing and walk over to the hangars. There Bradon tells him of his decision. Pierce, naturally, thinks that Jack is jealous of him and wants the limelight all to himself. He berates his pal, who is honor bound not to tell the facts. Pierce leaves him, swearing to get to the Pole without him.

At last we see the great airship leave her mooring mast and head south. She encounters bad weather almost from the start of the journey. Finally the storm increases and in the gale, the ship starts to crack-up and the crew send out an

Jack Holt
and
Fay Wray



(Continued on page 50)



A FREE SOUL.—Norma Shearer's latest picture for Metro under the direction of Clarence Brown. Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Jimmy Gleason are featured. The story of a girl brought up by a brilliant father to do pretty much as she pleases. She falls for a gambler and when he threatens to tell the world she comes to her senses. The courtroom scene is well handled.



WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.—Further adventures of Marines "Flagg" and "Quirt." Fox release featuring Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, El Brendel and Greta Nissen. Fifi Dorsay, Marjorie White, T. Roy Barnes, Bela Lugosi, Humphrey Bogart, Joyce Compton, Jesse De Vorka, and Charles Judels complete the cast. Raoul Walsh directed this as well as the two previous releases.

INDISCREET.—Joseph M. Schenck presents Gloria Swanson in a DeSylva, Brown and Henderson production. Ben Lyon, Arthur Lake, Barbara Kent, Monroe Owsley, Maude Eburne, Henry Kolker and Nella Walker are in the cast. In order to save her sister from the wrong sort, Jerry (Swanson) allows the man to make love to her, but almost wrecks her own happiness.



YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID.—Radio Pictures release featuring Richard Dix. Jackie Cooper and Marion Shilling share the spotlight. Frank Sheridan, Boris Karloff, Dick Rush, Fred Kelsey, Richard Alexander, Harry Tenbrook, Wilfred Lucas, Phil Sleeman, Bob Wilber, Charles Sullivan and Jack Perry, directed by Fred Niblo from Rex Beach's story called "Big Brother."



A BANK SWINDLE.—One of the William J. Burns' detective mysteries that Educational Films are releasing. A one reeler just packed with action. Two people try to cash payroll checks, the cashier claims that he had cared for that company's draw. Burns is called in and proves that you should watch not only your p's and q's, but your t's as well, if you want to solve a forgery.



QUICK MILLIONS.—Being the story of a truck driver with aspirations. Born in an age of racketeering, he aspires to become a social light and succeeds marvelously well—for awhile. Spencer Tracy has the role of the racketeer. Marquerite Churchill, Sally Eilers, Robert Burns, John Wray, Warner Richmond and George Raft complete a capable cast. A Fox picture.



THE LAWYER'S SECRET.—An all-star cast makes this latest Paramount release something to remember. Clive Brook, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur head the list. This is Rogers' first try at dramatic roles. Harold Goodwin plays the part of sailor. Louis Gasnier and Max Marcini directed this story concerned with an erring son.



TOO MANY COOKS.—The screamingly funny stage play done over by RKO. Dorothy Lee, Roscoe Ates and Bert Wheeler of the famous team of Wheeler and Woolsey have the most important parts. Parting these two headliners was a mistake, judging by the reception this one received. Roscoe was wonderful in "Cinarron," and you're sure to enjoy him in this as well.



TRAVELING HUSBANDS.—Radio Pictures latest release with Evelyn Brent. Frank Albertson, Carl Miller, Spencer Charters, and Hugh Herbert are the "travelers." Constance Cummings is the daughter of the wealthy manufacturer whose order is so necessary to life. Dorothy Peterson, Rita La Roy, Gwen Lee, Lucille Williams, Frank McHugh, Purnell Pratt, and Tom Francis.





THE WOMAN BETWEEN.—Radio's latest release featuring Lily Damita, the volatile French girl. Anita Louise, Miriam Seegar, Lester Vail and O. P. Heggie are also in the cast. O. P. is just as finished an actor as ever, he's always worth the price of admission. Lily is as ravishing as ever and makes the most of her role. We hope to see her oftener now that she is on contract.

CHANCES.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rose Hobart are to be commended for their work in this First National film. Mary Forbes, Mae Madison, Anthony Bushell, Holmes Herbert, William Austin, Edmund Brein, Harry Allen and Edward Morgan also appear. A story of two men in love with the same girl, their experiences in the trenches, and the return of the *Right* man.



UP POPS THE DEVIL.—A Paramount production directed by Edward Sutherland. A story of modern marriage. Norman Foster shows improvement and both Carole Lombard and Lilyan Tashman prove to be clever. Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin, E. J. Nugent, Theodore von Eltz, Joyce Compton, Eulalie Jensen, Harry Beresford and Effie Ellsler complete the cast.



GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN.—Warner Bros. film featuring Frank Fay, Laura La Plante and Joan Blondell. Arthur E. Carewe, Charles Winninger, Louise Brooks, Margaret Livingston, Charles Judels, Armand Kaliz, "G" Sisters, Nena Quartaro, Ethlynne Claire and Hazell Howell are in the cast. The story concerns a modern Don Juan, capable of carrying on many affairs at once.



YOUNG SINNERS.—A Fox film directed by John Blystone, from the stage play by Elmer Harris. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright are the juvenile leads. Thomas Meighan, Cecelia Loftus, James Kirkwood, Edmund Breese, Lucien Prival, Arnold Lucy, Nora Lane, Joan Castle, John Arledge, Eddie Nugent, Yvonne Pelletier, David Rollins, Gaylord Pendleton and Billie Butts.



WINDY RILEY GOES HOLLYWOOD.—A Mermaid Talking Comedy directed by William Goodrich. Jack Shutta, Louise Brooks, William Davidson, Dell Henderson, Wilbur Mack and Walter Merrill are in the cast of this Educational Film release. Windy (Jack Shutta) speeds across the country to make a record and finds that he's in Hollywood instead of San Francisco. Amusing.



THE MALTESE FALCON.—A thrilling mystery released by Warner Bros. Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez are featured. Una Merkel, Thelma Todd, Dudley Digges, Robert Elliot, J. Farrell MacDonald, Otto Matieson, Oscar Apfel, Walter Long, Dwight Frye and A. Borghato complete the cast. Plenty of murders, all over a statuette of a bird supposed to be stuffed with precious jewels.

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE.—Robert Woolsey on his own. Anita Louise, Florence Roberts, Lita Chevret, John Darrow, Frank Beal, Alfred P. James and Clifford Dempsey are in the cast. The story of a medicine man who saves a baby girl and brings her up like a gypsy. Then she falls in love with a lad who invites them to his home. Radio Picture, directed by Clyde Bruckman.



GOLDIE.—Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy are teamed up in this new Fox release. Lina Basquette stages a comeback in this picture, Leila Kurnelly, the Russian actress, and Eleanor Hunt manage to keep things stirred up between Warren Hymer and Spencer Tracy. Eddie Kane and Billy Barty help to liven things, too. Tracy should have better parts for his talents.



THE BLACK CAMEL.—Sally Eilers, Dorothy Revier, Rita Roselle and Robert Young are featured in this Fox release. Louise Mackintosh also has a part in this new Charlie Chan story with Warner Oland. J. M. Kerrigan, Victor Varconi and Bela Lugosi were also in the line-up. The film was shot in the shadow of Aloha Tower at Honolulu. Those who like these mysteries won't be disappointed.

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL.—Will Rogers and Fifi Dorsay romp through this Fox release. Frank Borzage directed this from the George Ade play. Lucien Littlefield, Donald Dillaway, Rosalie Roy and Lucile Brown are also cast. Will and Fifi both broke into the movies in the same picture and in this one they take an airplane ride. See it by all means.



WHITE SHOULDERS.—Mary Astor is cast opposite Jack Holt in this Radio Picture. Ricardo Cortez, Sidney Toler, Kitty Kelly and Nicholas Soussanin complete the cast. Melville Brown directed the picture which is based on an original story by Rex Beach. Kent, a rich man marries Norma, a girl he has just met, and finds out that she is already married. But true love wins in the end.



3 GIRLS LOST.—A Fox Movietone film of the story of three country girls who come to the Big City, seeking romance. One is a gold-digger, another loves not wisely, but too well; and the third, trying to help others, finds her own happiness. Loretta Young, John Wayne, Lew Cody, Joyce Compton, Joan Marsh, Kathrin Clare Ward, Paul Fix and Andre Beranger are cast.

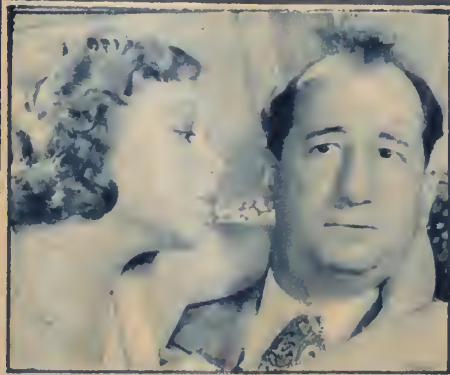
CAUGHT CHEATING.—Dorothy Christy and George Sidney are in Tiffany's latest picture which is sure to tickle your risibilities. The masqueraders' costumes and the antics of the company add to the enjoyment. With the recent merger of Tiffany, Educational and World Wide Pictures we shall expect to get some really clever funnies. There really is room for some good ones.



THE SMILING LIEUTENANT.—Paramount Pictures released this film which was directed by Ernest Lubitsch. Miriam Hopkins, Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert are featured. Another triumph for the Frenchman, whose charm draws big crowds at the box office. Miss Hopkins has just been drafted from the stage and she, and Miss Colbert divide honors as far as acting goes.



TWO CAN PLAY.—Victor McLaglen, Jeanette MacDonald, Joyce Compton, Hank Mann, Sally Blane and Jed Prouty are to be seen in this Fox Pictures film. And just in case you're interested in what the well-undressed girl will be wearing don't fail to miss this one. McLaglen is the same swash-buckling he-man that draws the crowds to the box-office. He and Jeanette are a rare combination.



A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE.—RKO Pathe's release featuring Helen Twelvetrees, William Bakewell, Franklin Pangborn and Zasu Pitts. Needless to say that Zasu as usual can be depended on for the laughs. One of these days she'll steal somebody's picture if they don't watch out. Miss Twelvetrees does well although we liked her in "Her Man" much better. The others were good, too.

KICK-IN.—Clara Bow and Regis Toomey are co-starred in this story based on the stage play which was such a success a decade or so ago. Juliette Compton and Paul Hurst are in the cast. Donald Crisp and Wade Boteler are also cast. Hurst, Crisp and Boeler are former directors gone acting. Wynne Gihson and James Murray are excellent. This is Clara's first dramatic role.



GOLD DUST GERTIE.—Warner Bros.' new vehicle for Winnie Lightner. Formerly known as "The Wife of the Party," the two stage comedians, Olsen and Johnson are featured. Dorothy Christy, Virginia Sale, Vivienne Oakland, Claude Gillingwater, Arthur Hoyt, George Byron, and Charles Judels complete the cast. A much married lady in her attempt to her back alimony, gets a husband.

ALWAYS GOODBYE.—Fox made this release featuring Elissa Landi and Lewis Stone. Paul Cavanaugh, John Garrick, Beryl Mercer, Frederick Kerr, Herbert Bunston and Lumsden Hare are also in the cast. The story concerns a daring girl seeking excitement and adventure and eventually getting more than she bargained for. Suspected of crime, the net of mystery and suspense closes in.



THE COWCATCHER'S DAUGHTER.—A Mack Sennett Talking Picture directed by Babe Stafford. Harry Gribbon, Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe and Frank Eastman are featured. The story of a girl who joins a circus with her trick horse and is rescued by the lad who hopes to marry her. Her father being the old-fashioned sort, hands her a whale of a spanking.



SIX CYLINDER LOVE.—Based on the stage play of that name, this screaming comedy attempts to teach the thirteenth commandment, "Don't spend more than you earn." Spencer Tracy, Edward Everett Horton, Sidney Fox, William Collier, Sr., Una Merkel, Lorin Raker, William Holden, Ruth Warren and Bert Roach all contribute to making things hum. A Fox release.



WAITING AT THE CHURCH.—An all technicolor picture released by Radio Pictures, Inc. Mary Brian and Geoffrey Kerr are featured with Marie Prevost more insouciant than ever. Kerr is a newcomer to the screen having met with considerable success on the stage. Mary Brian, lovely as ever, is a picture in her bridal clothes. Can't say the coloring helps.



DADDY LONG LEGS.—Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter and John Arledge have the featured parts in this Fox film. Based on the story of the stage play which had such a successful run years ago with Ruth Chatterton in the leading role. Janet is as lovable as ever, Warner Baxter gives a very good performance. This is Arledge's first lead in movies, although he is well known on the stage.

THE VICE SQUAD.—Kay Francis, Paul Lukas and Helen Johnson are featured by Paramount Pictures. The story concerns an expose of the secret operations of a fictitious law-enforcing organization. Their findings, culled from the confessions of stool pigeons, who were alleged to have railroaded innocent women. Oliver H. P. Garrett, veteran newspaper writer wrote the scenario.



MEN OF THE SKY.—First National released this spy story woven around the French and German Intelligence Department. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting are featured in the roles of spies. Bramwell Fletcher, John St. Polis, Frank McHugh, Edward Maxwell, Otto Matiesen, Lotti Loder, Armand Kaliz and Mirielle are in the film. The spy's use of music reminds one of Dietrich's.



MEET THE WIFE.—Columbia Pictures feature Laura La Plante in this release. Lew Cody, Joan Marsh, Harry Myers, Claud Allister, William Janney, Aileen Carlyle, Edgar Norton and Aggie Herring are in the cast. The merry mix-up of the wife with too many husbands. When they meet the scene is uproarious, as one wants to return and the other to quit.



*Dancing girls from "A WOMAN OF
EXPERIENCE," the recent R. K. O. special.*



WAS she a movie struck girl, or a film "extra"? Was a degenerate responsible for this atrocious act against a girl, who was beautiful enough to have been cast in the films? For the sex-crazed fiend, whoever he—or she—was, stripped her beautiful young body stark naked save for a pair of slippers and a dainty silk brassiere and left her hanging to a tree on the Black Mountain, seventeen miles from San Diego, Cal., recently.

A pretty, seventeen year old maiden. An intimate medical examination, so the Associated Press wire says, of the body indicated that the girl had been criminally attacked first, and then hanged. Death apparently was caused by strangulation. She was thought to have been taken to the scene in an automobile from San Diego or Hollywood.

On the back of the girl's head was the mark of a heavy blow, but it was uncertain whether this was sufficient to have caused her death before she was hanged.

Portions of the dead girl's clothing were found scattered about the scene. She had been dead for several hours. Physicians said death probably occurred about midnight.

The body was found by Jesus Martinez, a Mexican who had gone to the locality to do some work. Shocked at the shapely nude form in which *rigor mortis* had set, he hastened to give the alarm.

Sheriff's deputies hurried to the scene and cut the body down. The girl's feet were almost touching the ground.

Mary Batey, clerk in a local store, identified the body. Miss Tuber was a fellow employe, she said, but she was unable to give officers the address of the victim.

Here's hoping the censors don't trim "A Woman of Experience" too much. It seems to be, from reports written in by our Hollywood scouts, a peach of a picture—sexy and snappy without being at all vulgar or "off color". Too much might be lost in the cutting room, as happened to "The Boudoir Diplomat" if we're not careful. The lovely Helen Twelvetrees, now successfully married, stars in the production.

Supporting her we find Lew Cody, William Bakewell, Frank Pangborn, C. Henry Gordon and Zasu Pitts. Produced by R. K. O.-Pathe. Lovely dancing scenes, too.

"Queen of Hollywood" is finishing production at the Hollywood studios of Paramount under the direction of Norman Taurog, who produced "Skippy." It is from a story entitled "Let's Play King" by Sinclair Lewis. In the cast are Mitzi Green, Edna May Oliver, Louise Fazenda and Jackie Searl.



MISS LOUISE FAZENDA

Kip Rhinelander, who attained fame by his husbandly amours with a brown skinned gal was recently seen with a stunning blonde at the Brown Derby, in Hollywood.

Tom Santschi, who became famous in the early days of the flickers through his portrayals of villains, died in Los Angeles recently. He was only fifty years old, but suffered from a chronic heart ailment. He started in films with the old Selig Co., in Chicago, nineteen years ago. Previous to that he had been on the stage for fourteen years. His first big picture co-starred him opposite William Farnum in "The Spoilers." His last appearance was in "River's End." He is survived by a widow and two sisters.

Alfred Devereaux Hickman, well-known actor and husband of Nance O'Neil, died recently in Hollywood. He had been ill for several weeks. His last stage appearance had been on the coast in "Death Takes a Holiday." He was born in Croydon, England, fifty-seven years ago.

Harold Lloyd's appendix had him down and out again. Harold was forced to cancel a trip to Honolulu last summer on account of the pesky thing. In order to avoid an operation he entered a Santa Barbara hospital some time ago for diet and rest. However, this last attack left his physician no alternative, so Harold parted with it at last. N.B.—He still has his glasses, however.

Ann Harding, stage and screen star, accompanied by her husband Harry Bannister took a trip to Detroit to get their six passenger cabin plane. Guess planes are sold F.O.B. factory just like autos, so they decided to fly it back themselves. They expect to spend some time in New York before returning to the coast. Harry has a private pilot's license and Ann needs but a few hours more to get hers.

We hear that Marquis Henri de la Falaise is making good on the R.K.O. lot. His bosses are said to be very well satisfied with Hank, even tho Gloria Swanson isn't. He was starred in the French version of "The Royal Bed" and "The Woman Between."

Ramon Novarro, one of the brightest stars of the cinema firmament, is no longer on Metro's payroll. He was the only foreign star who retained his grip on the public's affection after the talkies came in. Just why his bosses thought he was slipping is hard to say. In discussing his plans for the future, Novarro said he felt sure that his foreign films would prove popular here in America. Anyway, he is not worried, for he has a 90,000,000 South America market for his Spanish pictures alone.

The Masquers' Club of Hollywood have found a way to help their local unemployement situation. They have arranged with R.K.O.-Pathe to produce and finance six two-reel comedies. The club is to furnish the actors, directors and the writers, and they hope to have quite a fund established to take care of those in need. The first release is to be "Strong Hearts and Willing Hands," with the following array of talent: Conrad Nagle, Lew Cody, Claude Gillingwater, Jack Holt, Tommy Dugan, Matt, Owen and Tom Moore, Sam Hardy and all the original Keystone cops.

Sam Goldwyn has borrowed Nancy Carroll from Paramount for the lead in "Street Scene." Elmer Rice has made the screen adaptation of his play and King Vidor has been loaned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to direct the film.

Courtland S. Dines, better known as "Playboy," has been put in an asylum as "incompetent to care for his property." He first gained national prominence when Mabel Normand's chauffeur shot him through the chest, while he, Mabel and Edna Purviance were having a New Year's celebration in 1924. Last February he fell and fractured his shoulder while in a convulsion caused by a kidney ailment. His brother Eugene filed the petition that put the wealthy clubman away.

Irene Fenwick, stage star and wife of Lionel Barrymore, who just finished "A Free Soul" with Norma Shearer, has been confined to the hospital again. Last September she submitted to a minor operation, and her physician, it is understood, is having some X-ray examinations made. He refused to discuss her condition.

Either Georgie Jessel, stage and screen star, thinks he needs publicity or there is someone after his scalp—pardon me—his bank-roll. He requested the Police Department to give him a bodyguard, claiming that someone had called him at his home and demanded \$100,000, or else they'd kidnap him. Think of it!



HARRIETT LAKE, *Shapely M-G-M Featured Player*

In the course of the recent plagiarism suit brought by Georges Lewys against Eugene O'Neill, some interesting things came to light. Miss Lewys claimed that "Strange Interlude" was lifted from her play "The Temple of Pallas Athene."

In 1925 Miss Lewys wrote confidentially to her friend Courtenay Lemmon, a playwright, that the princess in her story was modeled after Queen Marie of Roumania. This letter was read into the record of the Federal court, part of which we quote, "The chief story is that of Queen Marie. Confidentially speaking all Europe knows that her beautiful children with the exception of the crown prince, who is not so handsome, were snatched from other sources not so royal."

Hollywood, where, as one cynic put it, is the place where one half the population lives off the other half thru blackmail and other schemes, met its match recently. Ever since the irrelevant evidence that was aired at the Clara Bow—Daisy De Voe trial, various efforts have been made to make it pay somehow. Paramount officials were asked to withdraw Clara from the films and quite rightly they refused.

Then a not-so-scrupulous publisher of an irregularly-published scandal sheet, Frederick H. Girnau by name, tried his hand in the game. According to Rex Bell the screen actor who befriended Clara during and after the trial, he was approached by two men who intimated that the revelations this paper were printing could be silenced for \$25,000. The upshot of this was that the Federal authorities stepped in and the publisher was arrested and indicted for sending obscene literature thru the mails. He is now out on \$10,000 bail and faces a possible twenty-year sentence and a fine of \$20,000 as well. The trial has been set for early in June, but the judge refused to lower the bail.

Hagar Wilde, novelist and magazine writer, has been added to the writing staff of Howard Hughes, and her first assignment under a long-term contract will be the dialog construction for "The Age For Love," the Billie Dove starring vehicle based upon the popular novel of Ernest Pascal. BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES", which ran the first magazine advertising ever used by the Caddo Film Co.'s "Hell's Angels" promotion department, congratulates both Mr. Hughes and Miss Wilde and wishes them every success possible.

Peggy Shannon, flame-haired graduate of the "Follies" and "Vanities" and more recently seen opposite Ernest Truex in "Napi" has been assigned Clara Bow's role as the star in "The Secret Star." Like Clara she is a Brooklyn girl who won a beauty contest and headed straight for the footlights. She will appear opposite Richard Arlen in this film.

Mrs. John W. Thorne, the former Lucille Valle, actress, was recently convicted of possessing a revolver. She was released on \$10,000 bail until sentenced. She was arrested six months ago, charged with threatening to shoot Rudy Cameron, screen actor.

Lily Damita has just been signed for three more years by Sam Goldwyn.

Joseph Kilgour, noted actor who is reputed to have been cast in more millionaire roles than any other player of the American stage, has left Broadway to enter the Percy G. Williams Home for Actors at East Islip, Long Island. Before he became the matinee idol of the last generation, Kilgour achieved success as a business man and owned a seat on the Chicago Board of Trade. His fame as an actor never dimmed his keen interest in finance, but the recent Wall Street crash is said to have wiped him out as it did so many others. His intimate friends say he has never recovered from the shock of his wife's death sometime ago.

Clara Bow, stormy petrel of Hollywood, was removed to a sanitarium recently, after she had become a raving maniac on the set during a rehearsal. This time the doctors are really alarmed for her, fearing that perhaps her mind will be affected. This is the third time in a year that Clara has gone hay-wire. Probably this last has been induced by the strain of the Daisy DeVoe trial and its revelations. Her other two collapses were caused by her broken engagement to Harry Richman, and more recently the attacks of a Hollywood scandal sheet.

'Tis said that Theodore Dreiser is most tragic over what he terms the vivisection of his "American Tragedy." Paramount paid \$100,000 for the script and J. Lasky had Dreiser go to the coast to work with Joseph von Sternberg the director. According to Dreiser this is what happened: "I came. I saw. I was conquered. They said I was antiquated. They said Hollywood needed no advice from moss-back authors." Dreiser threatened to file an action in Federal court to settle the question of a writer's rights.

Pola Negri, in a recent interview, said that if she stages a big come-back in films she'll marry. If she doesn't—she will anyway, but not for love, just a man she can respect with a modest number of millions. She says he's been waiting around for her for seven years now and according to her plans has two more to go. He's an American, too, probably one of those strong silent ones we hear about but never meet.

Latest reports have it that all of Mary Pickford's films are to be destroyed when Mary is gathered to her fathers, or is it mothers? Anyway the next generation won't get their eyes on the evidence; that's settled.

Gloria Swanson arrived in town recently accompanied by Bebe Daniels. Gloria attended the opening of her new picture, "Indiscreet." She is making some new arrangements in regard to the financing of her productions.

While in New York Bebe Daniels was heard over the radio. Her train was delayed on its way East first by a flood in Kansas and then by the special train of the King and Queen of Siam.

The films will have to worry along without Claire Windsor for a few weeks at least. She sailed for a pleasure tour through England and France. Bert Lytell was her hubby, once on a time. Claire's hair is as blonde as Thelma Todd's now.

(Continued next month)



THELMA TODD, Blonde Featured Player with First National



STATION — BHM

OWNED AND OPERATED BY
BROADWAY & HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
Under the direction of DeWard Franklin Jones
NATIONAL NETWORK
BWY. TO HOLLYWOOD
KEY STATION AT
101 W. 31 St. N. Y. C.

Sunkist Musical Cocktail

From Los Angeles
CBS Network—WABC
8:30 P.M.—Wednesday

HOLLYWOOD lends its stars to this hour and the program accomplishes rare results. Ray Paige's orchestra, Hall-lujah Quartet, Vocal Chorus and Soloists constitute the rest of the program. The stars are interviewed by an eminent writer who brings spontaneous answers from the cinema luminaries.

Chase & Sanborn Hour

NBC—WEAF

8:00 P.M.—Sunday

Chevalier admirers will gloat over the motion picture star's work. Maurice presents song after song in his own inimitable style. One can almost see the famous "Chevalier" grin when he hits the air!

Rubinoff, who was introduced to the air by none other than Rudy Vallee, gives able direction to a splendid orchestra. Watch for Rubinoff's "Fiddle and Fiddle."

Paramount Publix Program

CBS—WABC

10:00 P.M.—Tuesday

Here is a program that you movie fans will enjoy. Jerry "Close-up" Madison gives you all the latest dope of the stage and screen. In addition to Madison, you may hear Jesse Crawford at the console atop the Paramount Theatre.

And last, but not least, Morton Downey who always presents a delightful song routine with Domenico Savino's orchestra.

Rise of the Goldbergs

NBC—WJZ

7:30 P.M.—Saturday

This program toured the vaudeville stage and made a big hit. Your reviewer saw it in a New York R.K.O. Theatre and failed to respond to it as much as in the broadcasts. The characters, plot and dialogue are well done, because of their familiarity with the situations. There are lots of pathos and laughs in it that all can enjoy.

RADIO RAVES

Make-up which is such a vital factor in the movie industry is now playing an important part in television broadcasts.

The best make-up artists of Hollywood including Davis Factor, the son of one of the many manufacturers of "war paint" are striving for various effects.

The best results to date have been obtained by using a thick coating of grease paint on the face, with eyebrows and mouth outlined in a brownish red.

Talent is being recruited from the Broadway stage as well as from Hollywood.

Radio Revue



AMOS
'N'
ANDY

HAUNT HARLEM
WHEN THEY
VISIT "NOO YAWK."

THEY GET IDEAS
FOR THEIR SKITS.



Morton
Downey

PARAMOUNT
PUBLIX
STAR.



"SAX TOOTIN"
RUDY VALLEE
WILL PLAY,
SING & DANCE
IN GEORGE
WHITE'S
'SCANDALS'
WITHOUT
ANY
REHEARSALS!

Bert Lown, Columbia orchestra pilot-owns sixteen orchestras. And he has introduced and written "Bye Bye Blues," "By My Side," and "You're The One I Care For."

Hank Simmons of "Show Boat," is the brother of Bradford Browne, and his real name is Harry Brown. He has had a long and brilliant record on the legitimate stage before turning to the airwaves.

Amos 'n' Andy, stars of "Check and Double Check," always visit Harlem when in New York. They find such trips help their continuity.

Rachmaninoff, Rojdesivensky, Bachmetieff, Turchaninoff, Prato-popoff, Bogoyavlensky, Glazounov and Ippolitov-Ivanov were names a National Broadcasting announcer had to read on a Russian program. Pity the poor announcer on a night like that.

N.B.C. recently announced that the superintendent of ushers of one of New York's largest motion picture theatres would be employed to drill N.B.C. page boys, but abandoned the plan when artists, employees and visitors protested.

Will Rogers, stage and screen star, is one of the most popular broadcasting stars in the world . . . Floyd Gibbons, of radio fame, is now doing stuff for the movies. Good luck, Floyd!

Ted Husing who gives you "Sportslants" over Columbia is a native of New Mexico, is married and has a daughter, eight years old.

A person that's heard a lot now is Ritchie Craig, Jr. He used to pack 'em in the vaudeville houses, but at present he's packin' in the fan mail.

This department will be glad to answer questions concerning radio. So get busy, fans, and write in.

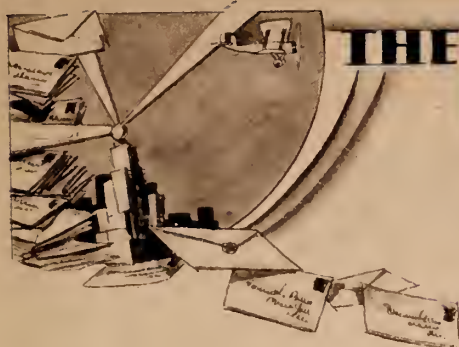
We used to hear the N. Y. Exchange Club programs over the radio every Thursday noon, station WMCA; what's happened to those splendid addresses and interesting musical programs?

Lieut.-Col. Harold Evans Hartney was recently broadcasting a description of the army air maneuvers during the recent "air raids" and demonstration flights on East-coast cities. Harold was former commander of the First Pursuit Group, A. E. F. Air Forces, and has been on the air via radio many times.



The BROX SISTERS
CLOSE HARMONY TRIO
LONG KNOWN TO 'TALKIE'.
FANS. THEY ARE MOST
POPULAR WITH THE RADIO
AUDIENCES!

de ward franklin jones



THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue
edited by: **WALLY WALES**



A Beauty Replies

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—My recent letter to your magazine seems to have started something but I have decided to brave the menacing threats of Mr. Jordan and stand up for my rights. Mr. Jordan should realize that everyone is entitled to their own opinions, and I have never been afraid to express mine. I have made the following observations: Take the voice of Ruth Chatterton, the eyes of Joan Crawford, the clothes of Norma Shearer, the sweetness of Helen Chandler, the ability of Mary Brian, the pep of Dorothy Lee, the culture of Alice White, the personality of Frances Dee, and the manners of Constance Bennett. And what have you? The reason why people prefer the radio.

Mr. Jordan got rather personal and wondered about my looks. I am Spanish and proud to say that I won a contest two years ago for my resemblance to Dolores del Rio. I received a trip to Havana as my award. I still see a resemblance between charming Lillian Gish and fragile Phillip Holmes. Come across the bridge, Mr. Jordan, and see me some time.—*Juanita Guerrero.*

We'll Do Our Best

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have been reading your magazine for some months. Everyone seems to have written to you acknowledging their thanks for editing "Movies."

I want to say my bit, too, I really enjoy your magazine, and I don't think I have ever let a month go by without getting it. But please, I'd like you to do two things, in the interest of both the magazine and your readers (feminine readers, I mean). I'd like you to continue the beauty articles written by the screen stars each month, and (2) please interview Mrs. Sylvia Ulback, of Hollywood, the masseuse "par excellence."

You know, you could never imagine how much we women readers appreciate beauty articles by actresses. Then let me express my appreciation of that little note at the end of Dorothy Jordan's Beauty Secrets. It's very nice of you not to accept any cosmetic advertisements which do not meet with your approval. You can imagine what an immense help that is.—*Laura De Falna.*

Likes Edmund Lowe

TYRONE, PA.—I liked the wonderful article in your last October's issue on Lowe's Loves, and have been hoping you would let us have another article on him very soon again. I hear he is to be in "Woman of All Nations."—*Kathryn B. Brown.*



Blondes and Brunettes

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Why do you discuss in a lengthy article the merits of brunettes, red heads and blondes? Here in the "Garden State" we raise a plentiful crop of beautiful blondes. And I have found them never lacking in the warmth of their affections.

Go to any movie show and you'll find more blondes "eating up" the love scenes than you'll ever find red heads or brunettes. The old joke about finding a blonde hair on hubby's coat would lose all of its "kick" if it were told about a brunette.

—*Alfred L. Kline.*

Crawford's Character

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—I buy a copy of your fine magazine every month. While I write from California, my home is in Apalachicola, Florida.

There are two letters that I did not like in The Month's Mail Box.

One from Curtis A. Carlton; one gathers that he is the greatest actor in the world and the spiritual adviser of all the actors and actresses in America.

This man Carlton instead of saying Greta Garbo is so great, should have said that Joan Crawford is the greatest.

The other letter I did not like is that letter from D. David Burbank. Mr. Burbank wants a girl named Jean to replace the glorious and beautiful Miss Crawford.

Miss Crawford is the greatest actress the world has ever produced and ever will produce.

Because of her Godly character, none will be her equal. No person is able to withstand the power of God, Almighty. But the glorious character of Joan Crawford is the real reason for her success.

—*William Winston Rüter.*

Curtis Carlton Complains

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why do we insist upon discouraging real art in the movies, by registering preference, at the "polls for movie king and queen," at the box office, and in our fan letters? Such "acting" is regularly being given us by merely a couple of good looking, physically appealing youngsters only portraying their own most natural inclinations, by making love to each other, and who are incapable of real acting, or of stepping out of their own individuality and into that of another character?

Why not learn to recognize as the best actor the artist who is best able to portray the greatest number of most contrasting characters, and not the individual who is only best able to just be his own self, which we all can do; and give him our encouragement and support, by registering our preference for him; and by so doing, give ourselves real art and true value for our money?

—*Curtis A. Carlton.*

Sophisticated Children

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—Edward Ekdahl in a letter to the *N. Y. Times* recently deplored the moral standard of the boys who pick up false ideas of right and wrong through frequent visits to the movies. He is right, of course. But when he suggests that plays worth while should be written to interest children, I should like to know where one is to find this lost tribe.

Modern boys are equipped differently from their predecessors. They want to judge life through their own impressions, which they consider sufficiently grown up to match, and even outmatch, their parents'. They do it justly and unjustly, according to their own sense of perception and proportions, which is remarkably broad.

As to the little girls born in the last decade—girls with angel faces and fast-beating hearts—listen to my tale of woe!

I went to the movies not long ago, and two little cherubs, 10 to 11 years old, sitting in front of me, attracted my attention. Flowerlike they were, and vastly interested in a show based upon the inevitable triangle which leads to divorce, murder or, worse still, to a farcical denouement. At the crucial moment, when the lovers lost to all but the ecstasy of a long, ardent kiss—from which in pity they should have been rescued by force lest they die of its glory—the shadow of an unsuspecting husband outlined at the window presaged disaster.

My little cherubs shuddered with dramatic expectation, and one managed to whisper to her companion: "Oh, my! It's getting hot." Draw your own conclusions.

—*Mrs. Charles Cornwell.*



ALLISON'S HOUSE.—Susan Glaspell's Pulitzer Prize Play for this year. Miss Eva Le Gallienne produced this at the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York City. While the critics are by no means agreed that this should have received the award, its theme and rendition come within the scope of the Committee's rules for such performances. Besides Miss Le Gallienne, who also directed, the cast consisted of Alma Kruger, Josephine Hutchinson, Leona Roberts, Donald Cameron, Robert Ross, Herbert Shapiro, Florida Freibus, Walter Beck, Howard De Silva and Mary Ward.

When Miss Le Gallienne left the cast for a long vacation abroad, her role was assumed by Gale Sondergaard. Lee Shubert expects to send it on tour shortly.

BETTY, BE CAREFUL.—A farce by Willis Maxwell Goodhue, produced by Gerald Bacon at the Liberty Theatre. Carolyne McLean, Edmund Elton, Margaret Mullen, Mary Murray, Alan Goode, Frederic Tozere, Edgar Nelson, and Helen Dumas are in the cast.

The story concerns one of the present generation with a yen to become a eugenic mother, at least the baby was to be eugenic. She decides that her sister's boy friend will do nicely for the job she has in mind. There are several such situations to be met but, of course, it all ends well.

MIKADO.—The perennially new Gilbert & Sullivan opera has again been returned to Broadway and has proven a greater success than ever. The Milton Aborn Civic Light Opera Company from Newark, N. J., are responsible for the crowded house it's playing to at the Erlanger Theatre. William Danforth, Herbert Watrous, Frank Moulan, Vera Ross, Hizi Koyke, the Japanese prima donna as Yum Yum and Howard Marsh complete the cast. Some of these are old Gilbert and Sullivan specialists, one might say, and are very well received by the audience. Mr. Aborn promises more of these old favorites.

A MODERN VIRGIN.—A comedy by Elmer Harris opened at the Booth Theatre after a tour of the provinces. The Shuberts are directing and Stanley Logan staged the production. Roger Pryor, Herbert Rawlinson (who will be remembered for his good work in "City Haul"), Margaret Sullivan, Marcella Swanson, Cynthia Rogers, Nicholas Joy, Loretta Shea, Fred Irving Lewis, Paddy Reynolds and Alfred Kappeler, give very creditable performances.

REVIEW'INC SHOWS is a serious proposition and should have the co-operation of the theatrical producer as well as the publisher-critic. We will try to avoid reviewing unworthy productions in this department.

Dorothy Shubert

Thain; in Shows



COMPANY'S COMING.—A farce by Alma Wilson opened at the Lyceum Theatre under the direction of Stanley Sharpe. Lynne Oberman and Frieda Inescourt divide honors in this pot-pourri of vaudeville jokes and a little game of "cup, cup, who's got the cup?" Leila Bennett, James La Curto, Frances Neilson, Sidney Riggs, James Spottwood, Francesca Hill, William Black, Mary Noble, Rosalind Russell, William Boren, Wilfred Clarke, William Crimans and Ellsworth Jones all have a share in this romping comedy.

PRIVATE LIVES.—Noel Coward's brilliant comedy reopened at the Times Square Theatre recently with Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger in the leading roles that were originally played by Noel Coward and Miss Gertrude Lawrence. Every bit as enjoyable as it was before, with perhaps a new note injected by the actor's different slant on the characters, Miss Kennedy being considered as demure in comparison to the fascinating Gertrude Lawrence, and Mr. Kruger a passive sort in contrast to the English playwright. The continued success of the play is a tribute to the author, and a long tour of the country is expected. Audrey Pointing, Robert Newton and Juliana Taberna are admirable in their parts.

RHAPSODY IN BLACK.—Lew Leslie's new offering in the line of colored entertainment, now to be seen at the Sam Harris Theatre. Ethel Waters as might be expected does some effective character songs. Avis Andrews makes a hit with her singing the Hebrew hymn "Eli, Eli" in Hebrew, which goes over big with the New York audiences. Eloise Uggans and a choir of blue-robed angels supplement Miss Andrews' rendering. Valaida, a dancer, who is also capable of many other things such as orchestra leading was well received. Eddie Rector and the Berry Brothers do some fine dancing also. In short, this show consists of the very best sort of musical comedy well staged.

HER SUPPORTING CAST.—Harold Sherman is responsible for this light comedy at the Biltmore, under the direction of Philip Gerton. Mildred McCoy carries most of the burden of the play. She will be remembered for her part in making "It's a Wise Child" such a success a few years ago. She is supported in the cast by Otto Hulett, Dodson L. Mitchell and Jack Hartley. These three gentlemen prove to be very generous supporters up to the time of the well-known stock market crash. From then on, it is a lot less funny than it could be.

ESTELLE ZINT, (right), *Musical comedy star, dancer, and night club entertainer. Below, in circle—WILL OAKLAND, famous radio announcer, tenor, and Terrace night club manager. Photos by Volpe.*





Jack Luden

Virginia Valli

UNDRESSING and swapping clothes with one's host or hostess seems to be all the rage at some of the Hollywood parties—"just an old Spanish custom?", according to the testimony of a couple of witnesses in the divorce suit brought by the beautiful blonde Elizabeth Luden against her husband, Jack, nephew of the wealthy multimillionaire coughdrop king from Reading, Pa., and a screen recruit.

Freeman Wood, Hollywood actor, testified for Elizabeth and stated that he attended such a clothes-swapping function where plenty of all sorts of whoopee was served up. Pajama parties seemed also to be the rage.

"I went to a party at the Luden home some time ago," Wood said, "and the men and women began trading garments. I happened to be in the kitchen with Mrs. Luden and another man guest, and she suggested that we wear each other's clothes." That "a good time was had by all" seems to be a proven fact. The divorce suit is being fought out in Hollywood.

The divorce suit of Pola Negri against Prince Serge Mdivani, has been argued before the tribunal in Paris. Pola charged that he abandoned her twice and refused to resume their life in common. The judge fixed no date for the issuance of the decree, although he indicated that he would grant the request shortly.

Rose Perfect, beautiful star of George White's "Scandals", and a prospective movie beauty, may be scurrying around the Rue de la Paix in Paris shopping for a divorce, but this is just to let her know that she won't have to bother securing the papers with the big red seal.

For her husband, Edmond A. Rieder, manager of Hotel Mayflower, got a secret Mexican decree recently, and followed it up by marrying the blonde Italian Baroness, Elaida B. Alessi.

It's a hushed up affair as far as the newlyweds are concerned. They've even gone so far as to live in separate suites at the hotel, seven stories apart.

Princess Ileana—beautiful enough to be a movie star, one of the royal madcaps of Rumania whose hand has been offered to all the bachelor kings and princes of Europe, after she had attempted suicide when her affair with a young naval lieutenant was broken off, was betrothed recently to a film actor.

The latest fiance of King Carol's youngest sister, now 22, is Archduke Anton von Hapsburg, 30, known in flying circles as Prince Antoni de Bourbon. He's the seventh child of the late Archduke Leopold Salvatore of Austria-Hungary against whose country the late King Ferdinand of Rumania led his army in the world war.

The paternity of the pretty Ileana, youngest of the four children of the dowager Queen Marie of Rumania, has often been questioned. She is not, according to popular belief, the daughter of King Ferdinand, Marie's husband, but the daughter of Prince Stirbey, long the financial power of Rumania and for a short space premier. When Ileana and her mother visited Hollywood and toured the United States in 1926 Ileana's sister, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, was quoted as remarking:

"Why does mamma promenade that Mlle. Stirbey all over the world?"

When Prince Carol seized the throne from his son, Michael, his first step was to exile Prince Stirbey to the latter's country estates.

Ileana's present betrothal ceremony is said to have taken place at the castle in Baden, Germany, belonging to Prince and Princess Hohenzollern, and was attended by Dowager Queen Marie.

Ileana's previous official betrothal was to Count Alexander Hochberg of Pless, Germany, announced as the result of a "love" match. It was, however, broken off abruptly when certain unsavory details of the count's past became public, and Queen Marie took Daughter Ileana on a tour of the Holy Land.

Like her brothers, Carol, whose mistress is a shapely, auburn-haired actress, and Nicholas, Ileana has been in one jam after another. Balked in two attempts to elope with a young naval lieutenant, Paius, a married man, she was reported in October, 1927, to have tried to commit suicide in Sinaia palace, where she was kept virtually a prisoner by her mother.

Although one of the aims of Queen Marie's visit to the United States was understood to have been the obtaining of a wealthy American husband for Ileana, no such development appeared likely when their visit was cut short by the serious illness of King Ferdinand.

One night last January at the Palace Theatre in New York, a little girl literally sang her songs with tears in her eyes. She was Lillian Roth, formerly with Carroll and Ziegfeld shows, doing her two-a-day. She was called to the phone and told her boyhood sweetheart had died. Only her fine trouper spirit enabled her to go on. Her tears have turned to smiles now, for she has just been married to William C. Scott, flying student and son of a wealthy Pittsburgh lumber magnate. They were married in Atlanta, Ga., and will spend their honeymoon on Broadway.

Miss Jeanette MacDonald has definitely set the date for her marriage to Robert G. Ritchie, New York broker, for the first week in June. She is working on a picture that will be finished by then. The nuptials will take place in Hollywood.

Prince Serge Mdivani, ex-husband of Pola Negri, the film star, has signified his intention of marrying Miss Mary McCormic, opera star. From an interview he gave the press, we gather that he was happy to learn that Pola had been granted the decree, and would lose no time in getting into double harness again.

Leslie P. Arnold, round the world flier, has just been decreed a bigamist. Arnold married Priscilla Dean, film actress, before his decree from his first wife Mildred Avery Arnold was revoked by the Supreme Court of Georgia. He then brought suit in Arizona, charging Mildred with misconduct when he was in the Air Service. The court refused to grant the decree.

Jean Ackerman and Hazel Forbes, both "Follies" beauties walked their young men to the altar recently. Jean married Walter Hirshon, and Miss Forbes became Mrs. Paul O. Richmond.

Rex Lease, motion picture actor, was married to Eleanor Hunt, stage and screen star. The knot was tied at Las Vegas, Nevada.

(Continued on page 45)

Lease gained the headlines last year when Vivian Duncan had him arrested on a charge of assault and battery. More recently he was divorced by his first wife, Charlotte Merriam, film actress.

Andrew Bolognino, wealthy theatre owner who sued his wife for divorce claiming she had eleven lovers, seems intent on getting his freedom, one way or another. The latest development on the battle-front came to light recently through the wife's attorney who was hastily summoned after the police dog that guarded the woman was found poisoned. The autopsy showed enough strychnine to kill 50 dogs. The kennel was scrawled "You're next," in red chalk. Bolognino's previous suit was thrown out when he started to testify to one of his wife's infidelities. As a wife or husband is barred by law from testifying against the other, the technicality cost him the decree. She has asked for police protection.

Mrs. Elizabeth Luden, wife of Jacob Benson Luden, was granted a divorce in Los Angeles from the screen star. He contested the suit, but she was allowed \$25 a week alimony for two years. Jack is the son of the tough crop millions.

Pauline Starke, who retired from films to marry Jack White the producer, in 1927, sued for separate maintenance in Hollywood. She claims that White left her, and asks \$750 a month and \$250 attorney's fees. The complaint sets forth that there is community property worth \$100,000 and that White earns \$100,000 per year. There are no children.

Frank Doelger, heir to brewery millions is reported to have returned to the family mansion, leaving his wife the former Edna Leedom, "Follies" beauty with their two-year-old son in a modest little cottage in Jackson Heights, Long Island. Frank was Edna's fourth husband. The only reason we can think of why there shouldn't be a divorce is that she became a Catholic in order to marry Doelger. Now that the romance has turned to froth it's just too bad.

Lothar Mendez, screen director, admitted that there might be something to the rumor that he and Lady Inverclyde would wed after she gets her divorce in Reno. The wife of the Scottish peer is better known on the stage as June Howard Tripp.

Joe Cook, one of the best liked actors on stage or screen, recently obtained a divorce from his wife, in Newark, N. J., a month ago. He was granted custody of the four children. In his complaint, he named Edward Mewing, of Espanong Road, Lake Hopatcong, one of the Cook's neighbors, as correspondent. He also claimed his wife of nineteen years to be unfit to care for the children. The case was not contested.

Ian Keith, actor, and his wife, Ethel Clayton, screen actress, have parted for the third time in their three years of married life. Not a word about divorce as yet.

Milton Sills' daughter Dorothy was married recently at the Little Church around the Corner to Robert Swayze Way, member of a well-known Jersey family. Dorothy is the daughter of Sills' first marriage.

Norma from Canada

(Continued from page 10)

tell myself that I could never go through the struggle again; that I could never sit for hours and hours in a casting office, waiting for somebody to tell me that I'm 'not the type'; that I would never again have the courage to face the world without money; that never again could I give myself so completely to a career. And yet I know I'd do it all over again if I had to. Sometimes I even miss the struggle.

"After all, the struggle wasn't an unpleasant one. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever been kind and considerate to those who are sincerely trying.

"I don't feel that I've used any great amount of brains. I've had determination and a methodical mind. I know it, and I don't like it. I'd be much more interesting if I were fiery and tempestuous. I wish I weren't so neat. It would be grand if I could come into my dressing room and throw a pair of stockings in one corner and my make-up box in the other. But I just can't do that.

"The struggle for a career gives a woman certain masculine viewpoints on life. The desire for a career is not considered feminine in the first place. The determination and grimness that such work require, is not feminine. Men aren't usually attracted by a woman with a purpose.

"I knew I loved Irving Thalberg from almost the minute I first saw him, but I had to put thoughts of marriage away for seven years, because I was too busy and too self-centered. You've got to be selfish to be successful. Now that I know, more or less, where I stand, I can give something to my marriage."

You may remember that this romance of one of the foremost directors and the famous star culminated in marriage on September 29, 1927. This union has been blessed with a son and heir, but Norma very sensibly keeps him out of the limelight which neither she nor her husband can very well escape.

Judging by the added depth and feeling Miss Shearer has brought to her roles since her marriage, this was one touch needed to make her work seem less brittle. Even she, feels that there is a subtle something in her films that was lacking before.

Many people who come to interview Miss Shearer on the Metro lot are surprised, not to say shocked, when they find her way up in one of the old dressing rooms. Most of the stars have graduated into movable bungalows, lavishly furnished.

When asked why she persisted in staying in the simple surroundings of her early struggles, Miss Shearer confessed to being superstitious. Here is what she said:

"I wouldn't have a bungalow built for me on the studio lot for anything in the world. I would be afraid that people would think I was trying to be ritzy, to be superior, to 'put on airs.'

"I wouldn't change the dressing-room in which my luck began. I even fear to have it redecorated or refurnished.

"Have discovered that I am bitterly afraid of life—when life seems to be too kind to me.

"I ask myself: 'Well, how long will this last? When will the crash come?'

We hope the "crash" will never come as far as our Canadian cousin, Norma, is concerned.



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Goldwyn's
"Street Scene."



MERNA KENNEDY
now with Universal Pictures

"Dope" on Hollywood

(Continued from page 23)

which an earthly court could ever offer!

A few years ago Rev. Walter W. Hubbard, serving as a delegate, not a mere press correspondent, for the Hubbard Publishing Company, established since 1868, fought on the floor of the International Conference on the narcotic question at their convention in Philadelphia, Pa., and demanded stronger and sterner measures for the suppression of the vice then holding New York and Hollywood in an almost death-like grip.

There was to be no compromise. Even then it was foreseen that sooner or later the day of reckoning would come for the movie colony as it would for other sections of the country. . . . And that day is nearly here! But what a loss we have suffered!

"More than 40 per cent of the picture people in Hollywood are or have been dope users," was the astonishing statement of an official high in government circles as he scanned the confiscated records.

"And you'd be surprised who some of them are!"

Those arrested in the raid were Sam Bannerman, George Smith and Jacob Jacobs. The latter, an ex-convict, was believed to be the master-mind of the dope factory that functioned at 378 East 4th St., New York City.

They were held in \$10,000 bail each, while Assistant United States Attorney George J. Mintzer and Major Joseph A. Manning, head of the narcotic department, questioned them one evening recently.

Full names, complete addresses, private telephone numbers, "hide-away" addresses, and other data found in Jacobs' records were telegraphed to Los Angeles by Major Manning. Arrests are anticipated there as we go to press.

The recent disclosure recalled the ravages that drug addiction had caused for many years in the film capital, the brilliant careers of movie stars that have been blasted and the cinema celebrities who have been driven to hospitals and their deaths by use of dope.

Among those whose names have been linked with the dope traffic were Mary Nolan, Helen Lee Worthing, Juanita Hansen, Mary Miles Minter, Alma Rubens, Jeanne Eagels, Olive Thomas, Wallace Reid and many others.

No physician or psychologist will question the fact that dope exercises an unholy influence on the normal healthy sex lives of young men and women.

Mary Nolan's case was the most recent. After Imogene Wilson, degraded by Frank Tinney, himself a victim of dissipation, staged a remarkable movie comeback and became a star under the name of Mary Nolan, she ran afoul of Hollywood drug circles.

Federal agents raided her apartment for narcotics. Later they found her in a hospital and said she had become a drug user. But she came east recently.

The tragic fate of Alma Rubens is easily recalled. After a series of "cures" and a wild escapade after each, Miss Rubens lost her movie position, her fortune, her friends and finally her husband, Ricardo Cortez. She died in Hollywood last fall.

Jeanne Eagels, a Broadway dramatic actress, was regarded as the best bet in the talkies—until she took an overdose of drug and died in a New York sanitarium.

Mary Miles Minter left the screen soon after she figured in the William Desmond Taylor murder inquiry. Mabel Normand also ended her picture career when her name was dragged into the Taylor probe.

Any physician will tell you that loss of self respect is one of the outstanding effects of the habitual use of "dope." The case of a remarkably beautiful young woman—who was glorified in the Ziegfeld Follies not so many years ago, has had the attention of newspaper reporters recently. She recently filed suit against her negro husband, Dr. Eugene C. Nelson.

The pretty Helen isn't the only white girl who was alleged to be a user of narcotics who has married a colored man—but her fame brought her in the limelight when she did just that thing. The strange "romance" between the actress and the prominent colored doctor, which was disclosed slightly more than a year ago when Miss Worthing was found residing with him in the local, Los Angeles, colored section, ended with a separation last April 14.

They were married in Tijuana, Mexico, June 28, 1927.

The beautiful blonde actress charged Nelson, the negro, with extreme cruelty ever since their marriage. She said that he repeatedly accused her of "being crazy."

Miss Worthing set forth that on March 1 of this year Dr. Nelson compelled her to enter a sanitarium at Madison, Wis., for a non-existent mental ailment.

She stated that she has suffered "physical

pain and unspeakable humiliation" because of Dr. Nelson's treatment and that she was seriously ill and in need of medical attention.

Almost continually Dr. Nelson accused Miss Worthing of clandestine meetings and intimate alliances with other men—once naming a mere boy of sixteen, she said. Despite these accusations the actress declared, Dr. Nelson "continually and with attempted secrecy" associated with other women.

When the marriage of Miss Worthing and Dr. Nelson first became known, the actress said she did not know that he was colored when they were married.

Why do I mention these names? They are already the property of the U. S. Government. When the list is finally "sprung" you will find the name of a fine, young woman who has fought a bitter but losing struggle against "dope." It will be a shock to movie lovers—but the shock is coming, so hold tight! She is one you would least expect!

The "dope" in Hollywood has got to stop! An enraged sense of public decency, coupled with the pressure the various States always put on films when it is found a star has seriously "gone wrong", will make it financially advisable for the moguls of the film capital to aid even more strenuously in the campaign of correction.

Heaven knows there were plenty of reasons for the fact that in some sections of France during the World War, the U. S. troops showed "casualties" of fifty per cent from venereal disease; there were few honest excuses! . . . But there are far less excuses, in times of civilized peace, to indulge in the use of anything so devastating to the social, physical and moral fiber not only of our citizens but the nation as well.

The simplest and most effective way you can aid in stamping it out and of prosecuting the racketeers such as "Legs" Diamond whom the largest newspaper in the United States accuses of being a dealer in "dope" is—whenever you hear of a case—report it quietly to the nearest U. S. District Attorney or Federal Court.

And the racketeers will never thank me for writing that paragraph!

Consider the Lillies

(Continued from page 28)

as she herself pointed out folks do marry over here and raise happy families which after all is most normal peoples' hope.

Miss Damita has been reported engaged to Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, Prince Edward of England, Willie Vanderbilt, and any number of others. Out in Hollywood, almost every eligible male was at one time or other smitten by the young lady.

To describe Lily Damita adequately without using superlatives would be almost impossible. She is a decided blonde, with beautiful dark eyes, and the longest lashes you ever saw. She has a truly beautiful figure and wears her clothes with distinction. She is an ardent sportswoman, plays golf, swims, plays tennis and has ridden to hounds on Long Island. She has studied voice culture and singing and hopes to do light opera during the continuation of her screen career. She speaks five foreign languages fluently—German, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian.

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Bonnie Prince Charlie

(Continued from page 18)

along with and that he never hogs the spotlight. This may not seem important, but, if you could know what it means to the other less important people in the cast, you'd see why they stress it in speaking of a star.

His many acts of kindness around the studio, his simple straightforwardness have endeared him to everyone on the Fox lot. In spite of his sudden rise to fame with the temptations and distractions that come with position and money, especially in our film capital, Charles Farrell still has his feet on the ground. He has not lost his sense of values, as so many are apt to do in his place.

With this in mind, we have every confidence that his marriage to Miss Valli will prove to be permanent. He has every quality of mind and soul to make it so. Since he has been able to steer a straight course so far, we can only hope that nothing interferes with the future success and happiness of our "Bonny Prince Charlie."

Screen Lovers

(Continued from page 14)

once more pay a tribute to Robert Ames' ability at the time he played opposite Ann Harding in "Holiday"; that Pathe success which can be credited to E. B. Derr, in that he obeyed the injunction of Rudyard Kipling—being true to one's self.

Which, after all, is a part of sincerity. And I consider "sincerity" as the keynote of an actor's success if he wishes to be a great lover of the screen.

Movie Doubles

(Continued from page 29)

sue . . . Marjorie Phillips filed properly, and that blue-eyed blonde qualifies for the classification files. She's a New York City beauty, 24 years of age, resembling Marlene Dietrich . . . Miss M. Theresa Kavas, New York stenographer, looks like Joan Marsh and Evelyn Knapp; is a blonde and a shapely one at that.

Rena Rossi, of Jessup, Pa., looks like Norma Shearer. Has a rare smile and beautiful teeth . . . Hebe Martin, entertainer, working for the Walker Entertainment Bureau of E. 42nd St., New York City, is one of the prettiest types we've yet laid eyes upon . . . Margaret Roberts, also allied with the Walker interests, bears a most striking resemblance to Joan Crawford. A good singer.

Aileen Esther Orist, Detroit beauty, resembles Marguerite Clark of the old days and Greta Garbo. Is five feet 6 inches tall; violet blue eyes . . . We shall publish pictures of these girls soon; and every picture received will also have a published comment upon it in the columns of this magazine. If we can't make the current issue because of overcrowding—it may appear the next or the following month.

Lack of space this month prevents the printing of very many pictures, but a large number are being prepared and engraved for subsequent issues. The filing is going forward as fast as can be done accurately. Information desired is—full name, complete address, telephone number, height, sex, color, race, type, weight, and an idea of which screen star you resemble. Also state

accomplishments such as swimming, fencing, dancing, singing—as well as past theatrical experience if any. These qualifications apply to men as well as to young women. Write clearly.

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Nick Stuart; Rumanian

(Continued from page 20)

to appear a studied beauty. I fell with all the lightness of a super-Mack truck.

It seemed endless Saturdays we met at the interminable teas and still I just couldn't muster enough courage to seek an introduction. Perhaps I was afraid to have an illusion smashed. At any rate I waited. And finally, one blissful day, Sylvia Raphael presented me, quite cyclonically, when I was unaware and Sue stood there, thoroughly human and utterly charming.

Perhaps it was coincidence, but it was not long after that we were co-featured in "Girls Gone Wild," and then came "Joy Streets."

Marriage had been the motivating thought ever since I had first met Sue—but it was some time after that I asked her if she thought she would care to appear opposite me—for life. She seemed to entertain the idea for we were married—and we mean to make it for *life*—which is a little unusual for movie folks. In fact, we feel so keenly about it that we have bought a little home which we are furnishing in the Normandy manner and some day we plan to have eight children to bless our old age!

It is my honest belief that marriage is the

greatest business in life and to be successful at it is a fine achievement and a most important one. Acting is a delight and a joy, or should be, always, to hold one. When it becomes onerous one should go away and stay away until the magic spell returns.

Right now we're having a grand time—Sue and I—real comradeship and fun—and a thrilling sweetheart too, for Sue is a delightful armful, sweet and cuddly, a playful, rascalous kitten!

Not long ago Sue was cast for the Amos 'n' Andy picture, "Check and Double Check" and Big 4 offered me the lead in their melodrama "Sheer Luck," which Bruce Mitchell directed.

The role in "Sheer Luck" reminded me of that first one in pictures when I was given a black eye. But this time it was a bloody nose—and it was a real one! However, I don't feel any different about pictures now—I'm in 'em to stay and I've just been cast for "Trapped!" a subsequent Big 4 melodrama and just to prove it, folks, if they're keen on action they can even have a spare rib!

Zep That Jack Spilt

(Continued from page 31)

SOS. This destruction of a giant dirigible is one of the high spots of the picture. You see, hear and feel the steel and fabric part in mid-air and the ill-fated Shenandoah comes instantly to mind.

Bradon and his men are saved and he leaves to report on the accident to his superiors in Washington and explain so far as he can just why and how it happened. Here he meets Pierce who has resigned his commission to raise the necessary funds to accompany Rondelle on another attempt to reach the Pole. This time they plan to use a tri-motored plane in place of a dirigible.

Against Helen's tearful pleas, "Frisky" embarks in the plane built especially for the expedition. Just before he leaves, she gives him a note to read when he has reached the Pole. In this note she tells him that when he reads it *she will be in the arms of another man*—one who loves her more than the man she married.

After the expedition leaves we find Jack spending all his spare time with Helen, taking her everywhere and trying to make her happy. She is more than grateful for his attentions, for Jack appeals to every side of her nature now. In the film we find Helen (Fay Wray) stretched out on the warm sands, clad as scantily as beachetiquette and motion picture censorship permit, sunning her shapely legs, though keeping the rest of her body protected by a beach umbrella. Over her hovers the worshipful Jack, in a swimming suit. From the casual, matter-of-fact discussions she is swept into a feeling of desire for him and frankly "lays her cards on the table" by telling him of her intended Paris divorce so that she can marry him.

The expedition reaches the Antarctic, and after building their camp, Rondelle with a picked crew, leave in the plane to cross the Pole. The flight over the snow encased mountains, flying between peaks of ice that almost touch the wings, is very well done.

It is here that "Frisky" indulges in his characteristic stunting. Against everyone's advice, he decides to land the plane, partly because Rondelle would like to plant the flag there, but mostly because the "shwo-

off" is uppermost in "Frisky's" nature. He cuts his motors and glides down to the endless field of snow and ice. Just as you think he'll make it, the plane noses over and bursts into flame. The men drag Rondelle out seriously injured and manage to save some of the food.

A few minutes sees the plane reduced to twisted and charred wreckage. Cut off from the world, their desperate plight is soon realized when Rondelle explains that they can do but a few miles a day on foot, and that they are over 900 miles from their base of supplies. They had left word for the main body to leave before the ice hemmed them in. One of the survivors manages to rig up a sending apparatus and soon the waiting world knows what has happened.

Jack and Helen are anxiously awaiting news and seeing how she suffers, Bradon realizes that although she planned to divorce "Frisky" she still loves him dearly.

Bradon goes to his Chief and suggests that he be allowed to go with a picked crew and attempt a rescue. He wins his point and sets out for the Polar regions. In the meantime, Rondelle has died, one of the other survivors whose foot had to be amputated had crawled out of the tent to die. Their food was almost exhausted and they kept the fire burning by using bits of legging, leather and even their rabbit's foot. Day after day they fight their way over the ice only to find that they went in a circle for they suddenly come upon Rondelle's grave.

The rescue party arrive and their look-out spots the two survivors unconscious on the ice. They are hoisted into the ship and put to bed. "Frisky" is a victim of snow blindness. Bradon comes in to see him in his bunk and while he is talking Pierce suddenly remembers that he has not read Helen's letter yet. He asks Jack to read it aloud. Instead of reading what is there, Jack substitutes a few words of love and then pretending that a gust of wind caught the paper, throws it out the window.

The conquering heroes return but for once "Frisky" leaves the spotlight and rushes to see Helen. Bradon rides alone through the deluge of ticker-tape, and glancing up to catch sight of Helen, sees "Frisky" at her side—content for once.

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves both give very creditable performances. Holt especially is always a convincing actor. Graves is improving in every part he gets and he fits into the swaggering show-off role as if it were made for him. Hobart Bosworth, Roscoe Karns, Harold Goodwin, Clarence Muse, Emmett Corrigan, Al Roscoe and Selmer Jackson all deserve a word of praise. Fay Wray, the girl on the cover, has developed tremendously since her last appearance.

"Dirigible" is the second picture of the month of our second year—"Front Page" being selected as the first.

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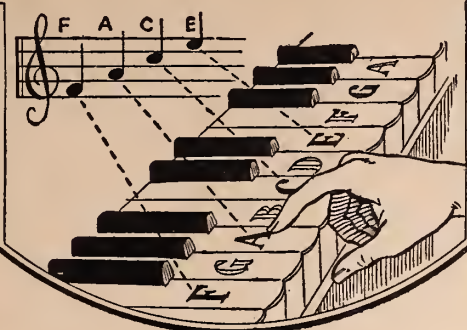
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OCTOBER
BIRTHDAYS



JEAN ARTHUR, *above,*
born October 17th

JEANETTE
LOFF,
Born Oct. 9th





The Real Gangsters



WALTER W. HUBBARD.

NOT content with the work he has done in the past which has dragged many innocent girls into the Magistrate's Court, Special Sessions, or others, that Prince of Smut-Hunters is now going after the "movies". And in doing this we are afraid that Johnny Sumner is going to get himself into trouble, for he's monkeying with one of America's greatest industries.

It's all very well to drag innocent girls into court and charge them with waywardness; obscenity, or anything else calculated to disgrace them; those poor souls don't have the time or the money to fight back... But trying to play the Lord Almighty and dictate the morals of the movies from West 22nd Street, New York, is a horse of another color.

Writing in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Thomas Kennedy says:

"Mr. John S. Sumner's protest against gangster films in your issue of July 17 is a thought provoking document. I wonder if Mr. Sumner realizes that to many law-abiding and respect-

able citizens Mr. Sumner himself and the organization which supports him are public enemies and public nuisances as well?

"If any minds were to be corrupted by seeing the sort of thing which it is Mr. Sumner's business to see, what a mind, indeed, Mr. Sumner would have acquired! He will undoubtedly explain that his great strength of character protects him, whereas weaker souls cannot stand the strain.

"But this is no place to rehash the entire battle of censorship. Instead, let me add a very pertinent suggestion—that if anything is to be suppressed it be Mr. John S. Sumner."

Not so very long ago the *New York Telegram* demanded the abolition of the N. Y. Society for the Suppression of Vice, and suggested that the N. Y. State Legislature strip it of its quasi-official powers. They have been abusing the public too long, especially where it concerns the arrests of innocent young women. And now Johnny proposes to stop the gangster films which are teaching such good lessons against crime and exposing it to the public.

Witness the plight of a busy-body in Indianapolis who slapped the face of an attractive young matron because she was smoking. Ten days in jail and a fine, and in sentencing him, Judge Royse said:

"Keep your nose out of other people's business in the future. Such rascals as you contribute to the ruin of America."

This magazine intends to fight for Liberty, the Freedom of the Press, and our Constitutional Bill of Rights, against all cracked-brained reformers of all kinds. We may not be successful, but as Abraham Lincoln said: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

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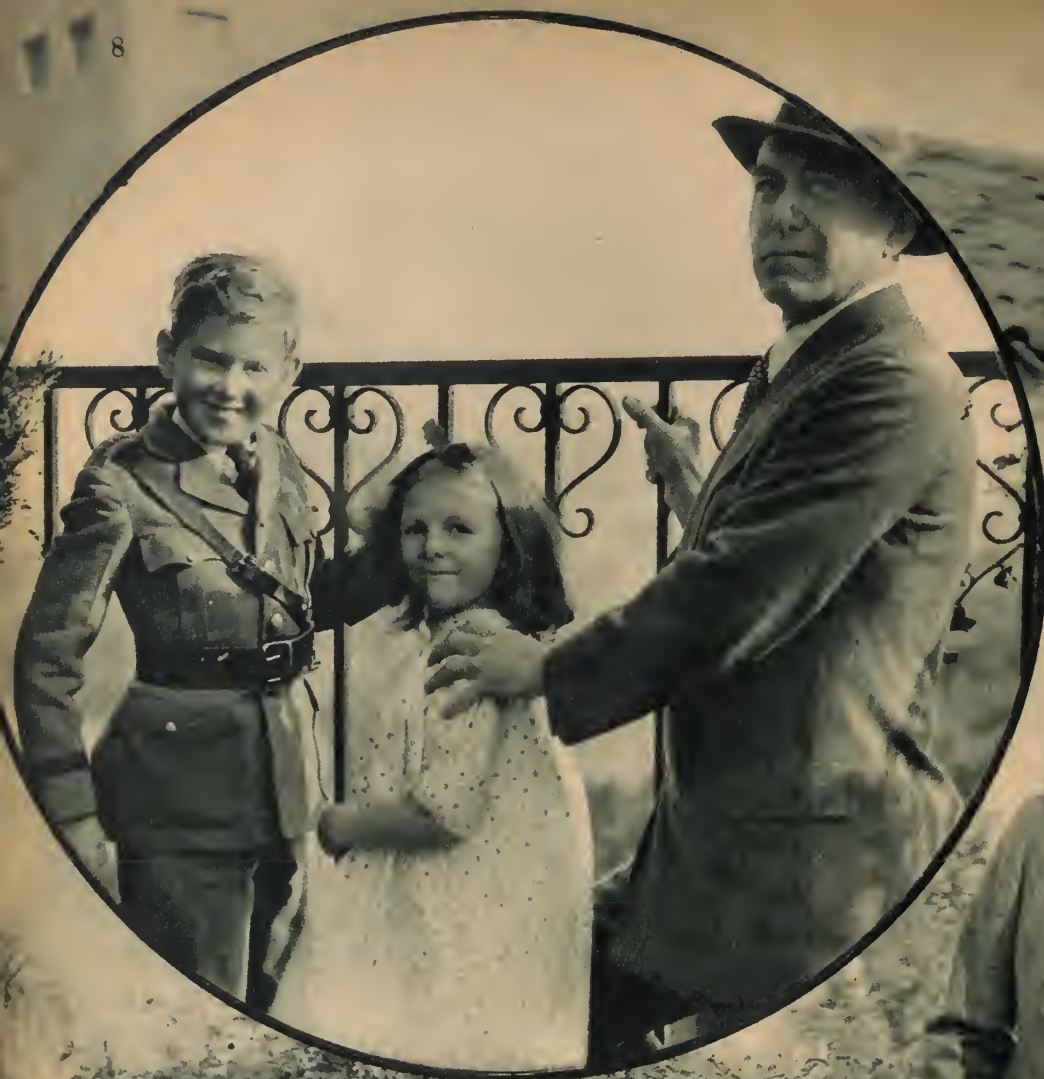
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RUTH
EDDING

CHARLES
BICKFORD





HARRY CAREY
now owns
"Falcon's Lair,"
home of the late
Rudolph Valentino. Above,
in circle, with his two
children, "Cappie" and "Dobie."

HARRY CAREY

Veteran Screen Actor, Director, Cowboy, and Scholar

By I. W. ULLMAN

HARRY CAREY has not dominated the screen; nor has he permitted the screen to dominate him. With a definite object in life, he has indulged the rare privilege of *free reign to self-expression*. In serving his intellectual craving, he has made the screen serve the purpose of a livelihood; and through it has enriched the emotional experience of countless thousands of screen fans throughout the world.

He is endowed by nature, and qualified by self-training, for big adventure.

He strangely suggests the power and alertness of the tiger, with the grace and gentleness of the cat. He has the strong love

of things primitive, with the poise of a being schooled in an atmosphere of culture. Such was the New York home of his parents, Judge and Ella Carey.

You would scarcely recognize in this hero of "western thrillers" and host of a dude ranch, the literary dilettante, author and dramatist, with a degree of Doctor of Laws, and holding membership in Delta Epsilon; who, on finishing at New York University, (close to the roar of the Metropolis), turned to the solitude of the great open spaces, determined to know and live its life making a long, long trail, leading to the toughest assignment in pictures, the title role of Trader Horn, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's masterpiece.

Essentially close-grained, he is most moved by the vast plan of life in the "wild." Few men have faced the problem of convention versus self-expression, as Harry Carey did. Full of creative force, he was less interested in the ease of society, than in the compelling charm of rugged nature.

It is probable that his early school life at Hamilton Mili-

tary Academy gave him a romantic conception of the West, which later was to infuse his very being, developing into a deep yearning for touch with its people. It was here that he learned to ride—an accomplishment which was to serve him well in the years to come.

At an early age he had acquired almost hypnotic power over animals, which enabled him to bring the timber wolf to the docility of the dog. One of many such, by name "Lobo", was his inseparable companion.

Harry Carey is a quarter of an inch over six feet tall, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones. He married his former leading lady, Olive Golden. They

have two children, a boy and a girl—all living, well and happy.

He has worked for Uni-



Harry
Carey

versal, been under contract to Hunt Stromberg, and worked for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His baseball experience at New York University came in handy when he was asked to play the role of a manager of a nine in "Slide, Kelly, Slide".

My first meeting with him, some twenty years ago, brought the conviction that here was an unusual person. In face and figure, seen at that period, he stood an Apollo; and the years have not altered the kindly compassion that lit up his rugged face. Oscar Lund, (later director for Pathe), full of his Scandinavian confidence, fresh out of Denver, after completing his second year directing stock was converting me to the wisdom of a two man production, featuring Carey and Lund. Carey sat in that conference. I call it a conference; it was both a financial "pow-wow" and an analysis of persons.

Carey, it developed, was just off the road with his show, "Hearts of Alaska", which he had written and produced with success for the Shuberts; following his first dramatic success, "Montana", also produced by the Shuberts. Carey is no dreamer; he indulged no wild ideas that day, but a desire to try out in what to him was a strange field, an unknown technique, a coming art, which warranted serious effort to qualify; something he might consider for his life work and for which, for all he knew, he might be totally unfit. What other impression was possible, than that here was the sober expression of a big mind?

Now big men convey the sense of bigness; you have only to look into Carey's eye to receive the back-flash of sincerity and power, or to hear him speak, to sense the reserve of force which he commands. A motion picture career in those days offered only the privilege of privation but Carey had the vision of *its future*, and *I knew* that he had it.

In me they found an independent producer, exhausted after a bitter patents fight, (the early days of the Motion Picture Patents Co.). Mine was a very friendly ear and a busy brain; you probably see the mental operation. Not a question of *would we*; rather *could we* produce. We solved

the problem in the only practical way in such matters; a contract was drawn on the basis of mutual confidence. That conference cut the path from an humble cottage on City Island, New York, to Carey's present Hollywood home, formerly the home of Rudolph Valentino.

His early identity in pictures deals almost exclusively with Western life and story, for which his taste and experience supplied an invaluable background, and which also broadened his opportunity for the contacts he had planned with things western.

He tells most absorbing tales of the Navajo Indians (revealing always the Carey character with its intensely human appeal) of his life with this tribe, in his study of their language, customs and arts, in which he rates an outstanding expert today.

This generation thinks of the Carey of "Satan Town", of "Soft Shoes", of "Burning Bridges", of "Silent Sander-son", of "Slide, Kelly, Slide", of "Roaring Rails", of "Beyond The Border", of "A Little Journey", of "Drifting Through", and a host of others well known to the public, which make up a long record of a type of pictures portraying the West and the East to the world, and which gave him the stamina to withstand the hardship of a year in the African jungle. The role of Trader Horn found him ripe and ready, for what proved to be the most enjoyable intellectual experience of his career, and leaves him more fit to continue the "Veteran Screen Fan Favorite" of the picture world.

He has been flooded with propositions recently. It was quite logical that he should be chosen by R.K.O.-Pathe, for a leading character role, that of a United States Marshall, in Helen Twelvetree's picture, "The Mad Marriage," (in production at this writing); and likewise that he should refuse several other offers of certain Independents, in an attempt to capitalize on Trader Horn.

The screen world numbers in its fold some strange types; this Carey is more an oddity than a contradiction. In every sense a man's man—all his promptings are those of the intellectual.

(Continued on page 48).

Edwina Booth, Harry Carey's leading lady in "Trader Horn."



WHAT LOVE MEANS TO ME

By VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE

"Big 4" Featured Player

ASK any woman what, to her, is the most important thing in life—and I'll bet that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the ninety-nine will say "love"—that is, if they're honest.

Then ask the men—and if they will take time off to be truthful—the same unanimous answer will be given. Of course I don't mean they'd all say "love." Now, they'd probably answer by telling you they enjoy being fussed over—or they like to be mothered—or that they consider a good home where they can be comfortable and "themselves" is the most important thing in life—but it all means "love," which, the analysts will tell you, is manifested by inhibitions, complexes, reflexes and what have you.

I call it love—quite simply. And if you're one of the 120,000,000 Americans who find it an equally important part of your lives, you'll agree.

Now that we've decided that love really is the ruling factor—and who can review history, recall the great wars prompted by this vital force and doubt it—I'll tell you what love means to me. Perhaps, if you're a girl like myself, who loves life and loves love, perhaps you'll find that love means the same thing to you.

While I do consider a career a very useful and delightful form of expression of modern womanhood, I believe that any girl who, in choosing between them, would sacrifice "marriage" for career is a little fool who will find out when the silver threads are one up on the gold that she has traded a home and the love of a fine man and perhaps children for something that, she will then realize, is ephemeral. A career—and naturally I speak of a film career, the only one I have known—is, at best, a lovely thing, but fragile, as fragile as the whim of a public who can be loyal and yet, sometimes, strangely fickle. If she can combine them, so much the better for her!

Therefore I would say that love means, most assuredly, warm moonlight nights with


pale stars and young hot love—it means fervid, impetuous kisses given willingly—and willingly received, it means all the ecstasy and glamor of two hearts beating in double tempo—but it means, too, security and soft lights and a charming home where mutual understanding and mutual interests build to a future that has stability and honor and grandeur in the little homely things. . . .

Love can mean sacrifice and honor-with-silence, if the love is beyond the pale of man-made laws. Surely it is not always within our ken to fall for the "right" man or the "right" woman—but it is within our power to stifle that love if it will hurt others—or if it will hurt that self-respect which is the root of all real love.

But love can
(Cont'd on
page 48)

Miss Faire
and Wally
Wales in
"Hell
Valley."





PEGGY SHANNON,
Paramount-Publix's
newest star.

Arkansas to Hollywood VIA BROADWAY

Peggy; Paramount-Publix's Gem

By DR. ABBUH RANDLAW

READING the stars for the stars has always been an interesting astrological and astronomical study, for it is entertaining as well as being informative. In the application of the science of astrology to a star of this earth—i. e.—Broadway or Hollywood—the problem becomes even more acutely engaging.

If the horoscopes of every star put on the dotted line by the Paramount-Publix organization are as well cast as their newest "find", Peggy Shannon's, then theirs is a year of wealth and good fortune. Peggy was even born on the same day as were such celebrities as Virginia Vallie—now Mrs. Charles Farrell; Pauline Starke—formerly Mrs. Jack White; Francis X. Bushman, and others.

The auburn haired Peggy was born under the sign of Capricornus, and her lucky stone is presumed to be the onyx. They say her lucky day is Saturday, and that she should wear black.

Those born under the sign of Capricornus, which extends from the 21st of December to the 19th of January, should mate with those born under the sign of Virgo, (August 23rd to September 21st), or Cancer, (June 21st to July 22nd). Or, if in business, they should form partnerships with those born under those signs.

I have no desire to take you away from the most interesting study of Peggy Shannon, screenland's latest discovery, but it is interesting to note this which has been said about her in her astrological chart: "She is fortunate in money matters; and she will live to old age in comfortable security. Her best work will be done after her 30th year. Real happiness will come late in life."

It is felt, however, that real happiness is now Peggy's lot, for, in "The Secret Call", she once more demonstrated that those who have scored successes on the Broadway stage have a much

better chance of getting to the top of Hollywood's ladder. It's all very well for some magazines to claim to be edited in Hollywood, and printed Heaven knows where—but the fact remains that the publication which is "on the firing line" of Broadway gets first real peek of the celebrities, whether they come in

*Peggy
Shannon
and
Charles
Starrett
in
"Silence."*





Above: William Boyd and Miss Peggy Shannon in "The Road to Reno."

by boat as did Marlene Dietrich, or Talullah Bankhead on her return from England—or whether they are simply recruited right here in New York.

Whatever losses Paramount-Publix sustained in the "clearance sale" of several of their stars, they have been amply repaid in the acquisition of several new ones who are the envy of other producers . . . And Peggy Shannon, whose comely figure and beautiful face once graced the famous Earl Carroll "Vanities", is one of them.

New Yorkers will long remember her for the daringly powerful character she portrayed in the dramatic comedy "Napi", which starred Ernest Truex. In this she had to play the role of the theatrical girl who was Napoleon's mistress. And the fire she put into her kisses and embraces in that sophisticated gem of comedy won for her the immediate attention of officials of two large film producing companies. I dare venture the assertion that without her Mr. Truex's art would have fallen considerably flatter than the proverbial pancake.

Peggy is life itself—vivacious, highly and respectably sexed—keen, vigorous, well developed, and a thorough credit to American young womanhood. She is bound to succeed. So well has her first offering been taken, in which she played opposite Richard Arlen, that her "bosses" have arranged for her to do "Silence", with Clive Brook, and "The Road to Reno" with Charles Buddy Rogers and William Boyd.

There's a "sweet-devil" slant to her eyebrows that is entrancing—and dimples adorn her cheeks when she smiles. And when she does that—there's a double row of glistening, pearly white teeth, evenly spaced, and as perfect as teeth can be. Proper care of her health, plus athletics, has made Miss Shannon a real beauty and a healthy

girl. No wonder Paramount eagerly grabbed her when the red-headed Clara Bow went off into another of her hysterical gyrations.

I consider Peggy's personality much finer and more refreshing than Clara's ever dreamed of being, and shall look forward with a great deal of pleasure to seeing her every time one of her starring vehicles is announced. But let's get into the "private life" angle of Peggy Shannon, and find out something about the "new arrival".

Peggy Shannon's first ambition was to win her letter on the girl's basketball team at high school and her revised ambition was to become a stage actress.

She has achieved both of these ambitions and a third which had never formulated itself in her mind—becoming a motion picture celebrity. And she's done it all without any bombastic fireworks!

Peggy Shannon was born in the small town of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Her birthday is January 10. She attended the Sacred Heart convent and then the public and high schools where she was a leading girl "cager."

Legitimate stage productions never played Pine Bluff, but the Shannon family once drove more than forty miles to witness the showing of "The Garden of Allah" in a neighboring town. Peggy attended many motion picture shows; she loved pictures immensely.

She wanted to go to New York, so when she was graduated from high school she went there with her mother and sister for a visit. She had a vague idea of getting on the stage. Meeting the girl next door in the apartment house she learned the girl was in show business. Peggy was invited to go back stage for the thrill.

A publicity stunt landed her on the stage. Publicity must have been hard to get at that time for Peggy



In circle: Willard Robertson, Peggy Shannon and Charles Starrett in "Silence." Below: Peggy with Charles "Buddy" Rogers in "The Road to Reno."



was introduced to the publicity man of the theatre who learned that she was from Arkansas. The press agent asked her to pose with Florenz Ziegfeld, of whom she had never heard. The next day the newspapers announced "Ziegfeld Signs Arkansas Beauty" and two days later she was actually put into a Ziegfeld show which rehearsed for the following six weeks, the six weeks comprising Miss Shannon's only preparation for a stage career . . . Think over that when you remember her being co-starred with Ernest Truex in the Napoleonic comedy.

She spent that season with Ziegfeld, and the following season in Earl Carroll's "Vanities." But musical shows were not what she wanted. She wanted to become an actress. With this in mind she secured the ingenue lead opposite William Hanley in a non-musical, "What Anne Brought Home."

With her dramatic appetite whetted, she next went into stock playing in the larger cities from Brooklyn to Buffalo. Then she returned to New York and played in fifteen failures during the next two years. However, since theatrical producers see their shows during the first two weeks of their runs, Miss Shannon's ability to act was uncovered and she was in steady demand. But the shows were still failures, not a long run in the whole list. It was enough to discourage one with less "stuff" in her than Peggy had.

At this time Paramount was conducting a campaign and a search for, as they often do, new people, and signed ten New York actors and actresses to give them a chance on the screen. Miss Shannon was one of those selected as the most promising on Broadway. She was taking a chance in signing for she was attaining featured roles on Broadway and all Paramount promised her was small parts and a chance to work up.

However, within five days of her arrival in Hollywood, the star of one of the pictures about to start became "ill". A release date had to be met and Miss Shannon was rushed into the cast of "The Secret Call" co-starring with Richard Arlen.

Miss Shannon's ambition is to own a home in Hollywood with lots of trees around it and have a wire-haired fox terrier. She intends to have these as soon as she has been in Hollywood long enough, and has a little time to look around. She has excellent taste in clothes and house-furnishings; whatever she does will be artistically done.

She is five feet four and a half inches tall and has long red hair. Her eyes are blue-gray, like mystic, deep pools.

Miss Shannon achieved national recognition with the release of "The Secret Call". She was immediately cast in "Silence" and "The Road to Reno". She believes in hard work, and a sincere effort to understand "what it's all about" as the best recipe for success on the stage or screen, I know she has a great future ahead for her, and to the newest lady of the movies, I say: "God bid you welcome."

I picked Peggy as a future movie star when I saw her in "Napi"; I knew she had a future ahead of her and she had my verbal and mental blessing at the time. Now there is no vacation in sight for Peggy Shannon. After working without a halt in "The Secret Call", "Silence"

and "The Road to Reno" she will replace Sylvia Sidney as the lead in "Working Girl" for Paramount. The change was made so that Miss Sidney could go to work at once in "Ladies of the Big House", a story of life in a woman's prison.

Because she is so attractive, I have persuaded Broadway and Hollywood Movies to carry her picture on the cover, and I am betting dollars to doughnuts that it will appear before any other cover of hers does on any other magazine. Somehow the folks for whom this article is written have a habit of "beating the barrier"—for last year they were the first to run a full color cover of Marlene Dietrich and Elissa Landi, the outstanding "finds" of the year.

You'll like her voice, too; it is rich and has that "come-hither" quality which appeals to both men and women. She "dresses up" the picture, because normally such fellows as Richard Arlen are sometimes inclined to be a bit "colorless". Set against her they become animated, talkative and vivacious.

A girl like Peggy will do well in Technicolor when she has her big chance in that medium, and I am looking forward eagerly to seeing those deliciously red lips of hers and her marvelous teeth smiling for the color films. Her type of beauty will "sell" pictures in England and Australia, especially if they can ever make a good job of reproducing some of the glory of that auburn hair of hers . . . All I can say is "Good-bye, Clara Bow." A new candidate with "It" has arrived!

Three former convicts made their screen debuts in Paramount's "Silence"—in which the red-haired

Peggy was starred with Clive Brook. Clive seems to be waking up—less passive in this picture. Is Miss Shannon to blame?

They were given the opportunity to earn money "going straight" by enacting convicts in the prison sequence of the picture. None of them looks like a criminal in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Dressed up, they pass for average respectable citizens.

One was a banker in a middle west town some years ago. But he took some of the bank's funds and couldn't replace them. He spent more than four years behind the bars.

Another was an orphan who ran away from an orphanage and ended robbing grocery stores in the South. He was "in" five years and is the youngest of the three. He turned out to be one of the most sincere workers among all of the "extras."

The third was a theatrical manager of a fourth rate road show who decamped with the company's funds. He was caught several months later and did three years for grand larceny.

No technical director was needed on the set the days these men worked. When they learned that they were to

play in prison garb they went without shaving for two days in respect to the "big house" routine which permits a man but two shaves weekly. They all enjoyed the work and swear that Peggy's just about the last word in being "a real girl" when it comes to being on the same lot with her. There's no



With Richard Arlen in "The Secret Call."

From Arkansas to Hollywood, via Broadway; that has been the story of Peggy Shannon's meteoric rise to success. It is Paramount-Public's good fortune!



*Three
studies of*
**MARLENE
DIETRICH**



RITA ROYCE'S REVENGE

Mischief - Making Maddens Marlene

WAS there, by any chance, a deep and sinister influence or coincidence in the title "An American Tragedy"? Shortly after Paramount's star director completed this great picture there was enacted a tragedy in his own life, by way of a world of unfavorable publicity, almost hauseating in its "dirty details."

Like Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" this too was a sex problem, and two women were involved—one his wife, the beautiful Rita Royce—charming, faithful and wishing for his success . . . The other woman he found as a cabaret singer who had scored some slight success in German movies, and who was destined to literally set the country on fire because of her personality and voluptuous charm . . . The other woman was . . . Marlene Dietrich. That is, if we are to believe the stories we read from the United and Associated Presses from New York and Hollywood.

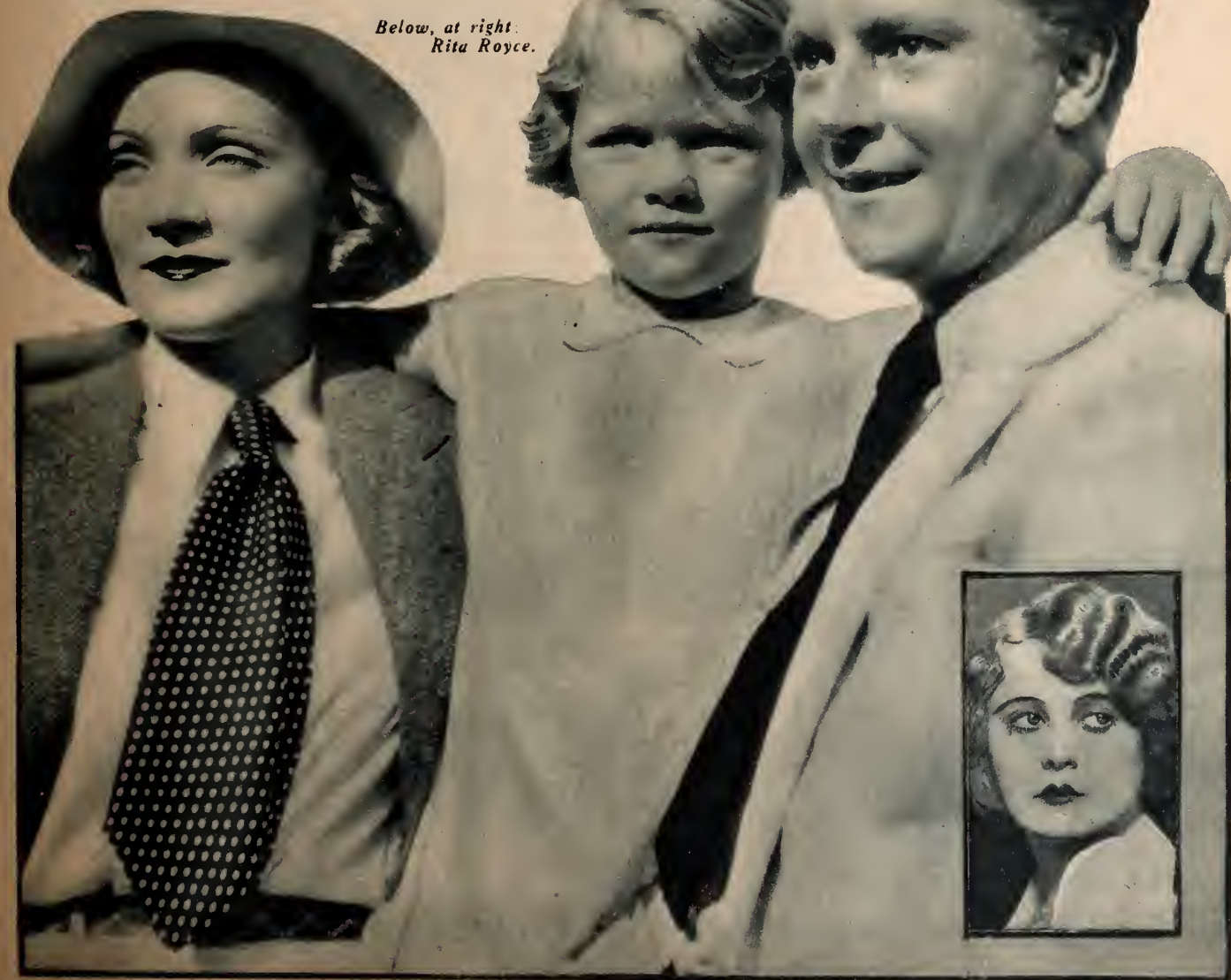
Marlene Dietrich, the suave, sexy, sinuous and serpentine Teutonic film luminary, friend of her director and "finder", has been sued in New York City for \$600,000 on charges of alienating the affections of Josef von Sternberg, director, it was revealed during a Court hearing recently.

Rita Royce von Sternberg was to have her revenge. The director's divorced wife revealed existence of the suit in Superior Court where she had cited the director for failure to pay \$1,200 due on her monthly alimony. Her picture, and that of her husband, appears in connection with the

Marlene, her daughter, Maria, and her husband, Rudolf Schieber.

publication of this arti-

*Below, at right:
Rita Royce.*



cle; this magazine being the first of the film publications with the news because it is one of a couple printed and edited entirely in New York City.

Mrs. von Sternberg, questioned for her reasons in coming here to press a contempt citation against the director, said she has two actions on file in New York against a "mysterious lady."

One of the suits is for \$500,000, charging alienation of affections, and the second is based on a charge of libel, for which she asked \$100,000.

"Whom were those suits directed against?" Mrs. von Sternberg was asked. In answer, her attorneys submitted a copy of the New York actions, naming Marlene Dietrich Schieber as the defendant.

"My husband furnished an apartment for her and it was common talk that she ran bills on his account at stores all over town," Mrs. von Sternberg said. "That's something he didn't allow me to do."

Many will refuse to believe that Marlene was occupying Josef's apartment, intimate as their friendship may or may not have been.

When Rudolf Schieber, former officer and a movie official, husband of the German actress arrived in Los Angeles for a visit with Miss Dietrich and her little daughter, Maria, sometimes called Marlies, von Sternberg was with the pretty actress at the station to greet him, it was recalled.

"My husband asked me to drop those two New York suits," Mrs. Sternberg testified, "and said he would assume financial responsibility."

Regarding the libel action, Mrs. von Sternberg said she



Two studies of Marlene Dietrich and her alleged "lover," Josef von Sternberg.

instituted them to "vindicate myself on charges made by Miss Dietrich in a series of syndicated articles in German and Austrian newspapers."

"She made charges that I tried to get her pictures boycotted in this country,

Cont'd on page 49



LOUISE FAZENDA

as a Bridge Partner, -Wins!

By JEROME K. WHITELEY

LOUISE FAZENDA on the screen and on the stage is funny enough—but as a bridge partner, especially “on the lot” when it is so vital to get all the fun out of the off moments possible for the much-needed rest and relaxation—she’s a veritable “scream.” She ranks with Zazu Pitts, Polly Moran and Marie Dressler in her ability to portray certain kinds of characters, and is one of Hollywood’s best bets.

Teamed up with Lucien Littlefield she’s still better; and with the two of them co-operating, they can make or break any bridge game—I don’t care who’s playing.

But, seriously speaking, Miss Fazenda, with all her burlesque in this game, proved to be a very serious and most interesting partner. She plays a daring, and yet sound game of auction bridge, and she receives, as a consequence, literally scores of invitations to bridge parties which she can’t begin to accept.

This little game off the set found her holding the Ace, King and 9 of Spades, the Queen, 9 and 6 of Hearts, the Ace, 5, 3 and 2 of Diamonds, and the Ace, Jack and 10 of Clubs. I was holding but three “honor” cards, all told—the 10 of Spades, and the Ace and King of Hearts, so could not bid.

Louise, although holding $4\frac{3}{4}$ quick tricks in four protected suits, didn’t have a basically sound Two No Trump bid, as only two of her suits were doubly stopped, a third singly stopped and a probable stopper in the fourth. Hence her preferable bid is Two Diamonds, as such a bid shows strength in at least three suits but not necessarily great strength in the suit bid. William Collier, Sr., passing, I take out with Two Hearts. Edna May Oliver passing,

Louise with a 4-3-3-3 type of distribution, bids Two No Trumps to invite a Three No Trump bid from her partner should her high card strength in the suits he has bid, or in the hand seem to justify it. She, Miss Fazenda, bid One No Trump which concluded the bidding.

William Collier, Sr., opens the Six of Diamonds, the fourth best card of his long suit. The Dummy going down, Declarer (Miss Fazenda) takes note of the fact that she holds in her own hand and Dummy all the cards in the Diamond suit lower than the Six, thus disclosing the fact that Mr. Collier, Sr., opened a four card suit.

Miss Fazenda now stops to count the positive tricks she can take, which are two Spades, three Hearts, one Diamond and one Club. Therefore, to make her contract she must set up a long trick in both Spades and Hearts. Any attempt to set up a trick or tricks in the Club suit would only result in the loss of game, as his entries are not sufficient in Dummy to make a possible trick in Spades and Clubs. So considered, Louise won the first trick with the Ace of Diamonds and then lead three rounds of Spades—Mr Collier winning the third round with his Queen of Spades.

Bill and Edna May Oliver then captured three Diamond tricks, and who ever wins the last trick in this suit will lead Clubs.

Miss Fazenda had to win this Club trick with her Ace at once, as she has already lost four tricks and must win all those remaining in order to make her contract. Should the Heart suit be divided 3-3-against her, she can still make her contract. As this is her only chance, she leads three rounds of Hearts, winning the first round in Dummy with the Ace and the third round in Dummy with the King.

As it so happened, the adverse Hearts are split 3-3 and she makes her contract, taking one Diamond, three Spades, four Hearts and one Club, or a

(Continued on page 48)

Edna May
Oliver

♠ 7 5 4
♥ 10 4 3
♦ Q 10 9 7
♣ 7 5 3

Lucien Littlefield

Louise
Fazenda

♠ A K 9
♥ Q 9 6
♦ A 5 3 2
♣ A J 10

Jerome K. Whiteley

♠ 10 8 6 3
♥ A K 8 2
♦ 4
♣ 9 8 6 4

William
Collier, Sr.

♠ Q J 2
♥ J 7 5
♦ K J 8 6
♣ K Q 2





NOEL FRANCIS
and EDWARD
G. ROBINSON
in
"Smart Money"

THE BARBER

and His Blondes

"Smart Money"; the Picture of the Month

BLONGE BABIES and bachelor barbers with a love for the game of African golf don't seem to mix properly. At least they don't in "Smart Money", the recent Warner Brothers' picture which we deem good enough to crown it "The Picture of the Month."

The film colony had a happy thought when they put that boastful killer, Little Caesar, and the tough hoodlum of The Public Enemy into the same story and plot. With the story written by the authors of The Public Enemy, your keenest anticipations are realized.

Not that James Cagney and Edward Robinson (in real life Mr. Goldenberg) are murderers now. The vogue of the man-killing gangster has passed. Mr. Robinson plays Nick Venezelos, a small-town gambler who aspires to buck the big-city racket. Mr. Cagney is his Irontown barber-shop pal.

Nick the Barber makes the grade, but his weakness for blondes wrecks him finally. Be sure to watch the way the slightly disillusioned Nick plants a well directed protest against blondes in general—and one in particular. This is the "high spot" laugh of the show and one of the best we've ever seen in motion pictures.

For one who has specialized on trimming and shaving

heads, jaws and necks, it is not surprising that when the small-town gambler meddles with ankles, calves and thighs, he is out of his element. In telling this part of the story the director, Alfred E. Green, hasn't minced matters of sex. They're there in all their blonde glory, and they're as much a part of the theme as "Nick" himself.

In the cast we find supporting him Evalyn Knapp as Irene; James Cagney as Jack; Ralf Harolde as Sleepy Joe; Morgan Wallace as the district attorney; Margaret Livingston (who, by the way, is supposed to be engaged to marry Paul Whiteman soon), as the attorney's girl; Noel Francis as Marie; and Maurice Black as a Greek barber.

Between Mr. Robinson's corking performance, Mr. Cagney's expert aid in a lesser role, and the pungent, shrewd, unsentimental exposition of the ways of the upper underworld, this film is an absorbing panorama of roving poker games and roving blondes, marked cards and marked racketeers. If "Johnny" Sumner, of Noo Yawk, ever finds out about this he may classify it (*Cont'd on page 43*)

*Polly Walter
and Edward G.
Robinson*



Crashing the Gates of HOLLYWOOD

Are You Qualified Photographically for Pictures?

REALLY anxious to get into picture work at the Eastern or Western studios of one of the film companies? Are you serious enough to play fair with us and with yourself? Then read this article through and through!

First crack out of the box: this is NOT an employment agency, or a joke, or a contest! It's a sincere, honest effort on the part of this magazine—the first and only one in its field to carry on this work—to aid both the film companies and the man or woman who wishes to get into pictures.

We collect no commissions; we make no wild promises of "jobs overnight," or of a glowing future as a star in Hollywood or Astoria . . . We only want to help those who are willing to help themselves a bit. Hence our efforts to establish a huge files system to be placed at the disposal of such people as:—

Casting directors, vaudeville booking offices, lyceum and entertainment bureau managers, stage directors, film company executives, and theatrical producers. In a few cases famous artists seeking models and odd "types" will have access to the files. This was done because of requests we have already received from them; men who are willing to hire models and pay fairly well for their services.

What are the rules? How to get action!

First of all, a coupon must be filled out similar to that which we've been publishing the past few months; it must be clearly written and contain ALL of the information asked for. Readers would be surprised at the number which have to go into the waste paper basket because they don't have the name of the city and state in which they live; or because it is so badly written and greasy that we wouldn't dare show it to a cinema producer.

These kind of photographs will NOT be accepted, and, in spite of our frequent warnings, they still come in. Folded or rolled photos; hand colored pictures; photographer's proofs, usually red, which fade in the light; and tiny snapshots trimmed and cut down to about three-quarters of an inch. We would also prefer not to receive such very large, huge pictures in heavy frames; because under no circumstances will photos ever be returned to the sender. If you value a certain print very highly, don't send it in—wait until you can have one taken. In any case, mark it "Released for publication."

All "candidates for Hollywood" will, sooner or later, have their picture published in this movie magazine; watch out for it. We also expect to run a word or two of comment on every picture we receive; giving a few of his or her qualifications.

Hollywood's latest Cinderella hails from Nebraska. She is Hazel Witter, former art student at the University of Nebraska and alumnus of York College in Lincoln, her birthplace.

Miss Witter has just been selected by Samuel Goldwyn as one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood to appear in "Palmy Days," Eddie Cantor's second starring vehicle, and it is a tremendous tribute to the young Nebraskan that 2500 applicants were interviewed before the twelve were chosen. Naturally these 12 had their qualifications cards



Miss Mary Peterka

Name Telephone

Address

City & State

Sex Race Color and Type

Height Weight Color of Eyes Age

What screen star do you resemble?

Previous theatrical experience if any. Accomplishments such as dancing, singing, horseback riding, fencing, etc.

.....

Make out a standard 3 x 5 card similar to the above, fill out and mail to this magazine

FLORENCE MILLER,
*and three other
California girls*

ALICE MARR



GLEA GORDON



ETHEL HAYM



filled out, filed, and good photographs were submitted.

Hazel found her way to her career by obtaining a job as seamstress in the United Artists Studios, where fifty young women had been busy for weeks upon designs of Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, the Paris fashion authority. Many times in those weeks Hazel has pricked her fingers accidentally, but today she is deliberately pricking them just to see if this is a dream—that she really is going to be a motion picture actress. She is one of several artists and art students who've made good in the movies recently.

And tongues are flying fast among the fifty other seamstresses. Hazel—their Hazel—has been picked to be glorified upon the screen. With more pride and care than if it were for a Pickford, Swanson or Ina Claire, they are making her a gown in which she will make her screen debut.

And, as the talkative Mrs. Steinnitz will tell you, even with a mouth full of basting pins, Hazel is as "good as a star already." Three of the show girls from Cantor's previous picture, "Whoopee," are now under five-year contracts. And isn't little Barbara Weeks, the ingenue of "Palmy Days," one of the three? There are still opportunities galore for those who take it seriously, folks.

So life is like the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope today for pretty brown-eyed Hazel Witter—a radiant whirl of constantly changing patterns, all gilded with hope. From seamstress to actress—what girl wouldn't be thrilled by that!

Mr. Goldwyn, director Edward Sutherland, Busby Berkeley, former dance director of the Ziegfeld Follies, and even Eddie Cantor himself were unanimous in approving the promotion of Hazel Witter from the workshop. For them it was the end of a long and tedious search. Mr. Goldwyn is constantly searching for new and interesting types who will win the heart of the theatre audiences.

More than 2500 girls had been interviewed by the Goldwyn staff in a search for the twelve most beautiful girls in Hollywood. The film public marveled at the beauty of the girls in "Whoopee." But the producers are determined that "Palmy Days" shall surpass Cantor's first film in every way.

Only four of the "Whoopee" girls were able to pass muster for the new film. Hundreds of girls have been interviewed and given screen tests every day. And of the lot only eleven were found who were deemed beautiful enough. For the past weeks the search had been frantic for a twelfth girl. Rehearsals had to be held up for the selection . . . This magazine did not recommend any of those who were rejected; they did not appear on our lists at all.

Then Samuel Goldwyn saw Hazel Witter sewing in the work room. He gave her a test. The result was that she was signed to appear in the film, with an optional clause in her contract which may lead to stardom. Samuel Goldwyn



Mlle. Rena Rossi

made stars of Ronald Colman, Vilna Banky, Lois Moran, Lily Damita and many others. He may do the same for Hazel Witter. Here's hoping he will; we believe in her!

Three years ago Hazel came to Hollywood, and has been attending the Frank Wiggin School, studying costume designing. It was to gain experience that she started as seamstress in the Chanel workroom of Goldwyn's studio. Like many other girls, she entertained, at times, a desire to do picture work. Literally thousands of girls throughout the United States and Canada today may some day get their chance if present plans do not go awry. We want to help as many as we can in this "casting" idea.

But in doing this we MUST have your help if you want to be helped. Two photos are preferred though not required. One should be a good, clear portrait—not one of those foggy and fuzzy pictures which tell nothing and are worthless. The other should be taken in a bathing suit, rehearsal trunks, tights, drapes, or dance costume—for the figure. Qualifications must be stated clearly, briefly and distinctly.

For example—two Brooklyn girls sent their photos in this month. Erna Vlasta Budelov, five feet two inches high, an Anglo-Saxon of Austrian descent sings, dances, does "comics," and enjoys sports . . . A real treat is found in the beauty of Arden Leeds—a "white blonde", weighing 125 pounds; blue eyes, and 17 years of age. She resembles a cross between Kay Johnson and Edwina Booth, and if her voice is what we hear it to be—she has a royal future ahead of her if she tries hard enough. Some producer will be grabbing her off soon, or 'phoning the Leverich Towers for her. Was in "The Wonder Bar" with Al Jolson. Plays tennis, dances, rides horses, swims, a good archer—loves athletics, and has gone in for commercial photography.

Now to jump to California. "Miss San Diego," in real life Florence Miller, has a very fine figure, dances superbly, and hails from Ocean Beach . . . Alice Marr comes from Hollywood—has dark auburn hair and a million dollar smile. Height, five feet four inches; has been a movie extra; dances well . . . Ethel Haym, from Long Beach—is 24 years of age; fine teeth; clean, happy smile; weighs 118 pounds and somewhat resembles Sally Starr, Janet Gaynor and Nancy Carroll . . . Glea Gordon, from Glendale—also a Californian, is a blonde who looks the world like Bernice Claire. Has three years' experience in musical comedy as a dancer and one year in dramatic stock. Five feet three inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Rides horseback, swims, sings, drives a car, plays tennis, and can imitate several dialects. Altogether fairly well talented.

Returning to Brooklyn, N. Y., we find a real cute type—a brown haired beauty who resembles Janet Gaynor. Height is five feet three inches; weight 118 pounds, and age is 19 years. She sings, and has ability at dancing. A slender, but well rounded figure which is extremely attrac-

Left to right: James H. Collins, Joe Morality, Arthur L. Farmer, Ted Legarko and Clyde W. Kernahan.



tive. Her name—oh, yes—it's Mary Peterka . . . Gertrude Lillian Michael, of Alabama and now of N. Y. City, is a rare type of "strawberry blonde"—a beauty of 20 years—marvelous figure; excellent voice, and a trained actress. Bound to make good in the "movies" if she has but half a chance. Pretty hands; swims; and a cultured voice of rarest quality; are but some of her qualifications. Considerable experience.

Another very attractive girl with oodles of "It" is Agnes G. D'Urse, of 73rd Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.

Good teeth and a wonderful smile, reminding us of Lois Wilson and Janet Gaynor combined. . . . And Betty Hall, shapely girl now running a beauty parlor in Lake City, Florida, is a rare beauty and an attractive "personality". Formerly of New York City and as pretty as they make 'em. She's a wow! . . . Shirley Sikin, of Valley Falls, R. I., is an attractive girl of eighteen summers; height five feet 6½ inches; weight 122 pounds. She has hazel eyes, and is a slender blonde. Dances, sings, swims, and loves athletics. . . . Jean Broadhead, comely red-headed girl now living in New York City, has had theatrical experience. Has a charming voice and pretty teeth.

Now for the so-called "stronger sex." James H. Collins sent in an interesting photograph; he's from Hartford, Conn., and says he looks like Robert Montgomery. Brown eyes and almost six feet tall. . . . Arthur Latney Farmer, from Southport, N.C., is eighteen years of age, and doesn't resemble any screen star. Five feet ten and a half inches tall. Swims, plays baseball, sings, and cartoons. . . . Clyde Wayne Kernohan, of Redlands, Calif., writes that he resembles Joel McCrea. Have you seen him there, girls? Is blonde, athletic type, weighing 145 pounds and is twenty years of age.

Joe Moralito, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, weighs 160 pounds and looks like Gary Cooper. Says he "can love," and is six feet two inches tall. Dark brown hair and eyes. . . . Ted Legarko, of Coatesville, Penna., where they had the terrible lynching some years ago, is a fair type, five feet eight inches tall and weighing 140 pounds. Says he resembles Arthur Lake. Dances, sings, plays the banjo, rides, fences, etc. We are really amazed at the number of our readers who say they can fence, and want to warn movie aspirants that they must always be quite truthful in their statements. We believe Mr. Legarko, but it is necessary to really know these things or to have a professional knowledge of certain accomplishments before one can claim them. Ted is but 17 years old.

An unknown stepped into the film limelight recently with the signing of Robert Quirk for the third most important role in Radio Pictures' forthcoming "Are These Our Children?"

He was chosen for the role by Wesley Ruggles after he had withstood several days of intensive "tests" for the part. His qualifications card and photos were O. K.

Quirk is nineteen years old, has appeared in high school theatricals, sings occasionally over the radio and plays a mean saxophone. He takes the work seriously.

"He's another Oakie type", is the way Wesley Ruggles describes the new find. "I wouldn't be surprised if he proves a sensation in this story of modern youth."

Ruggles, it will be remembered, "discovered" Jack Oakie

for the screen, and scores of others; and he's still on the lookout for new types. Have you the necessary qualifications, good photographs, and can you fill out the blank neatly and clearly?

Larry A. Surak, a Shamokin, Pa., lad—cartoonist, author of Books on Art, writer of two novels, dances, sings . . . Jerry Heeger, of Springfield, Ohio, an American, plays golf, baseball, substitute for Richard Barthelmess . . . Almerico Marcaccini of Ansonville, Ontario, a young blue-eyed Canadian who has acted on the stage in several plays, rides, fences, boxes, etc., is quite debonaire . . . Roderigo Torriani, of Jersey City, N. J., is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 136, is a tango dancer, sings fairly well, and speaks Italian, Spanish, and English. He has a striking resemblance to Rudolph Valentino, and wears well the costumes of that actor.

Ernest Hall, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is five feet ten inches tall, has dark hair and brown eyes, thinks he resembles Lew Ayers . . . Leon V. Thompson, Flushing, L. I., New York, an American with light hair and blue eyes, has done amateur theatricals, a possibility for

Emil Jannings, Fred Kobler, or Edward G. Robinson . . . Edwin P. Toca, Norfolk, Virginia, has a dark olive complexion, speaks Spanish and French, slightly resembles Frank Albertson.

And then there is Cecil Vineberg, of Montreal, Quebec, who has charming black hair and dark eyes, and is six feet tall. We think you are nice looking, Cecil . . . William Roche comes from St. Thomas, Ontario, with quite a number of qualifications. He does Irish singing and dancing,

plays the accordion by ear, and is quite popular among the women . . . Eddie King, Seattle, Washington, is light, fair and young looking, has dark eyes and is 18. His occupation is musician, singer and song writer, suggests Doug Fairbanks, Jr., or Eddie Nugent as the stars he resembles most.

We have Alex W. Letrick's photograph. Alex is from Edmonton, Canada. He has brown eyes, and dark, wavy hair. He is a Russian by birth, and writes us a very interesting letter . . . Buell F. Earles, from Seminole, Oklahoma, who is a cross between Leslie Howard and Richard Cromwell . . . Bernard Richards of Jersey City, N. J. is an Italian with blue eyes, and is six feet tall.



Erma V. Budelor, in circle, and Arlen Leeds



Shirley Sikin



THE AMERICAN BEAUTIES!

At the left we find Nadine Dore', beautiful star of Samuel Goldwyn's "Palmy Days." At the lower right, no less a person than the heroine of "Svengali",—Marian Marsh, Warner and First National star.





THE DREYFUS CASE.—Columbia Release. Drama of an incident in recent French history, but not of sufficient importance to appeal to an American audience. It may, however, be said, the "Tiger of France," (Clemenceau), based his rise upon the role he played in exposing the Military Department of that day; which resulted in the release of Dreyfus. Should not be imported.

SECRET OF A SECRETARY.—Paramount-Publix. Dramatic comedy is always good fare at this season, and Paramount is expert with a dish of this nature. A good cast in which Claudette Colbert is wisely featured for her charm and understanding. Herbert Marshall, Hugh O'Connell and Betty Gard, round out the picture with their contributions which are worthy ones.



THE MIRACLE WOMAN.—Columbia Pictures. A good title and an excellent theme; the perspective however would not be our choice, though we imagine it follows the play. Should say it borders on melodrama, which insures a wide appeal for the picture. Barbara Stanwyck with David Manners, Beryl Mercer, Sam Hardy, Russell Hopton, all give good account of themselves.



A PERSONAL MAID.—Paramount-Publix. Nancy Carroll, her very name brings suggestions of pretty things, prettily done. Her *fort* is doubtlessly dramatic comedy. She beams away the blues as naturally as she revolts from the slavery of mill, and tax of home troubles, which form the predicate for action leading up to giving herself in service. Enjoyable.

BORDER LAW.—Columbia Pictures. Featuring Buck Jones with Don Chapman, Frank Rice, Lupita Tovar and James Mason. Done to the usual formula, but rather well done, though lacking in novelty. Buck Jones has undoubtedly earned and holds a big following, which is the "why" for the western drama and its place in America. Good quality and fine, fast action.



DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON.—Paramount-Publix present in this another of the Dr. Fu Manchu series, which have been outstanding in the field of mystery productions. Warner Oland, Anna May Wong, Branwell Fletcher and Sessue Hayakawa make up a matchless cast for this thrilling number. Ye lovers of the mystery are hid to a feast; fail ye not.



THE FATAL HOUR.—A real, honest-to-goodness Sherlock Holmes story at last. The English haven't been any too good at making movies, but this is one time they did a good job, with Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard, Prof. Moriarity, Dr. Watson, and the Baker Street boarding house. Even if you've read your Conan Doyle mysteries recently you'll still enjoy this one.

SILENCE.—Paramount-Publix. We have yet to see failure in a production where the title is legitimately derived from the elements of the drama. We shall ask you to see this picture with this thought. We predict a splendid evening for you in the company of Clive Brooks. Marjorie Rambeau, Peggy Shannon. Willard Robertson and Arthur Lawrence. Peggy is always good.



SMART WOMEN.—A recent Radio production, an adaptation of stage play of the same name. An interesting farce comedy with an excellent cast. Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Edward Everett Horton, John Halliday, Noel Francis, Ruth Weston and Lillian Harmer. The dialogue bristles with humor. The situations are interesting and possess sufficient color to insure satisfaction.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—A Warner Bros. production with George Arliss in the title role. Magnificent presentation of a period in our Colonial history dear to every American heart. Alan Mowbray as Washington lends color and force and is in delicate contrast to the inspirational achievement of Arliss at his best. An outstanding picture. Meritorious in every detail. See it by all means.



FAME.—A First National release, featuring Lewis Stone, Doris Kenyon, Charles Butterworth, Evalyn Knapp, John Darrow, and Una Merkel. Thwarted in his ambition to be an artist and forced by marriage to earn a regular income, we see the son inheriting the father's gift and repeating the father's mistake in giving it up for business. It all ends well, however.

THE UNHOLY GARDEN.—A George Fitzmaurice production for Samuel Goldwyn and United Artists. Ronald Colman, Fay Wray, Estelle Taylor, Tully Marshall, Warren Hymer, Ullric Haupt, Mischa Auer, Henry Kolker, Lawrence Grant, Henry Armetta, Kit Guard, Lucille La Verne, and Nadja appear in the cast of this story laid in Arabia. Very good stuff.



FIVE AND TEN.—M.-G.-M. picture; adaptation of Fannie Hurst's story. The dialogue is effectively handled, supplying tonal values to a family portrait in which the situations can be only the merest outline. Marion Davies and Leslie Howard make notable contributions to the production. Food for thought. A picture of life. Not new, but psychologically sound. We enjoyed it.



THE MAGNIFICENT LIE.—Paramount. This colorful New Orleans story with Ruth Chatterton is as interesting as she is charming, with her sterling art and a worthy cast including Paul Bellamy.

You are carried through a tense, social study with varied emotions and pleasing high lights. In this picture Miss Chatterton sings most, delightfully; and her mimicry is at its best.



HONEYMOON LANE.—Paramount release. Featuring Eddie Dowling with June Collyer, Raymon Hatton, Ray Dooley and George Kotsenarous, in a pleasing dramatic comedy, through which runs a bit of effective dialogue. The character work gives relief and contrast lifting the production into good entertainment. Eddie Dowling is a competent excitant in the theme here offered.



TOO YOUNG TO MARRY.—First National picture, adaptation of stage play, "Broken Dishes". The picture has more appeal and perhaps more fire for Loretta Young and Grant Withers (in fact man and wife), add fervor of no ordinary tone. O. P. Heggie is as always convincing in his work. Direction, cast, dialogue, photography and adaptation are in pleasing harmony.

THE SHE-WOLF.—Based on the stage play "Mother's Millions", James Flood has made a real live film for Universal. May Robson, stage favorite of a generation ago, has the title role and is superb as the flinty hearted millionairess. James Hall, Lawrence Gray, Frances Dade, Edmund Breese, Lillian Harmer, Leah Winslow, Elinor Flynn and William L. Thorne are also cast.



COWSLIPS.—Radio Pictures two reel "Chic" Sales comedy. The work of this famous comedian is so favorably known that you will most certainly anticipate our criticism. Subtle humor done to the Sales formula.—Artful comedy for Sales is an artist. Tom Francis is given plenty of latitude and he gives an acceptable performance. There is a reason for Sales' reputation.



STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.—Sidney Fox, charming Noo Yawk girl, has the leading role in this Universal picture modelled as closely after the stage play of the same name as the morals-god Hays would allow. She's ably supported by Lewis Stone and George Meeker. The picture is fairly good and should make a lot of money for the C. Laemelle crowd and theatres showing it.

MY SIN.—Paramount production. Talulah Bankhead and Frederick March, with strong supporting cast. March's work is, as is to be expected, easy, sure and compelling. Miss Bankhead injects into her role the qualities which have gained for her recognition on the stage. The picture holds much tensely, is handled with much skill by the director and should be classed as good.



THE BRIDE'S MISTAKE.—Educational Comedy, featuring Marjorie Beebe as the bride with the groom, Kenneth Thomson, waiting at the church whilst she battles through some tough and side-splitting situations (after discovering her watch has stopped) in her effort to get there. Vernon Dent, an escaped lunatic, as a mysterious stranger provides material for both mirth and misery in the climax.



THE MAN IN POSSESSION.—M.G. M. production. Critics may complain, let them, for ourselves we feel that they have produced a delightful comedy, heightened by very competent direction and acting. We want to emphasize—Robert Montgomery, Charlotte Greenwood, Irene Purcell, Beryl Mercer, Forrester Harvey and Alan Mowbray are certain to delight many millions with their work.



THE ROAD TO RENO.—Paramount-Publix production, featuring Charles Rogers, Peggy Shannon, Lilyan Tashman and Irving Pichel. Directed by Richard Wallace. A modern theme, a deft bit of satire; properly cast, and smartly done. Well here we have a subject which may hold a dozen themes; but, alas! one picture may deal with only one. Yes, see it and think.



SECRET CALL.—Peggy Shannon's first venture into pictures. The red head makes good and will prove an able substitute for the loss Paramount-Publix has sustained in Nancy Carroll's slump and Clara Bow's departure. Richard Arlen, Ned Sparks, and others contribute their share of the thrills and the merriment in this moving story of contractors and political intrigue. Really good.



NIGHT NURSE.—Warner Brothers' Production. Featuring Barbara Stanwyck, with Ben Lyon, Joan Blondell, Charles Winninger, Charlotte Merriam, Edward Nugent and Allan Lane. We fail to respond to such high pressure plotting, as a picture of life. In other respects holds some interesting situations; however many flat notes. The cast is good. Director Wellman's work also good.



MURDER BY THE CLOCK.—Paramount-Publix. William Boyd, Lilyan Tashman, Irving Pichel, Regis Toomey, Sally O'Neil and director S. Lee Sloman have built a deep mystery plot interesting in a way; lots of hard work and effort has been spent in the cause, but why force these crimes for crime sake pictures on the public? Mystery, oh! mystery. It keeps one guessing, though.

DOLLY MACHT KARRIERE.—Dolly Forces Her Career.—"Ufa"—German musical comedy. This production clearly defines for the American Industry the necessary technique for the adaptation of song and music to pictures; namely, unless made the motivating principle in the action, music has no place in pictures. Alfred Abel and Kurt Gerroud's work outstanding. Direction and photography good.





SON OF INDIA.—M.G.M. Picture. There's always a deep charm in Ramon Novarro's work he moulds into this. I know not whether our public are responsive to the high note sounded in this picture, which holds everything of quality. Supported by a brilliant cast; Madge Evans, Marjorie Rambeau, Conrad Nagle, Nigel de Brulier and Mitchell Lewis. Jacques Feyder, director.

EAST OF BORNEO.—Such a locale should always make a good story, especially with Rose Hobart, Charles Bickford, Lupita Tovar, and others in the cast of this Universal production. Lupita's no mean eye-full, and we don't mean "maybe". On the whole the picture is sufficiently interesting to be worth your paying the price of admission to look it over



FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP.—Columbia Pictures. Jack Holt in this is supported by a good cast comprising Richard Cromwell, Loretta Sayer, Wallace MacDonald, Mary Doran, Henry Mobray and Christina Montt. We like the tensity of this picture, but regret that the situations were not developed with greater finesse. Believe the public will be tolerant, and will enjoy.



MONKEY BUSINESS.—Paramount-Publix, Comedy Feature. A maniacal stew, by the greatest cooks in comic kingdom (Perelman, Johnstone and Sheehan). Served by the world's undisputed greatest laughs, the prize nonsense team of the stage, The 4 Marx Brothers. The director Norman McLeod had a very big problem; but he cracked the nuts. Well named, well done, a box office "WOW".

IMMORTAL VAGABOND.—An imported production, Ufa—certainly not one of their best but having sufficient merit to appeal to those who love the Tyrol country. Distributed by Talking Picture Epics, Inc., and featuring Liane Gustav Frohlich. A love drama, introducing a Tyrolian peasant dance as one of its "high spots". H. A. Schlettow and Karl Gerhardt also appear in the production.

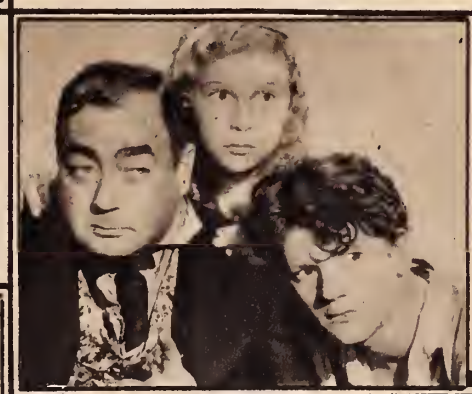


POLITICS.—M.G.M. Production. Featuring Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, with Rosco Ates, Karen Morley, William Bakewell, John Miljan, Joan Marsh, and Mary Alden. Another Marie Dressler success, which is to say if you are in need of strong, stimulating diversion see this picture by all means. It has the virtue of novelty and action. We class it excellent and recommend it to our readers.



THE PUBLIC DEFENDER.—An R.K.O. production, with splendid cast, Richard Dix, Shirley Grev, Edmund Breese, Paul Hurst, Boris Karloff and others. Plot somewhat forced yet yields melodramatic action, on which count we feel we may class it as entertaining. Might have made a gripping picture with proper support from the scenario department, since the situations are strong.

THE SOCIAL LION.—Jack Oakie, one of Paramount-Publix's best bets—an excruciatingly funny guy who can wish himself in and out of more trouble than you can shake a stick at, appears in this comedy. We confess to being a wee bit late with the review, but it isn't always easy to get "stills" as fast as we'd like to get 'em. A real good comedy film. Mary Brian plays opposite him.



HUCKLEBERRY FINN.—Paramount-Publix, Kid Feature. Mark Twain's imperishable picture of American youth. Adapted for the screen by Grover Jones and Slavens McNutt. Portrayed by those you love, Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, Eugene Pallette, Warner Richmond, Clara Blandick and others. Director Taurog has created a jewel destined to sparkle in every city.

BROADWAY AND

STAGE

DOLORES COSTELLO,
"THE MAD GENIUS,"
and their baby
daughter Dolores
Ethel Mae
Barrymore





Rudy Vallee; Married.

Fifi Dorsay; Engaged.

PROBABLY the greatest "shock" the flappers got this past month was the announcement that the crooning orchestra leader had middle-aided it with Fay Webb and was happily married; spending his honeymoon in Rudy's Central Park West apartment and one or two days in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Those who read our Vallee the Vagabond story in the November issue and saw the picture of Fay Webb in that number, attired in light drapes, might have suspected, as we did, that he was going to do it. So a picture page was in readiness and naturally this was the first movie fan magazine to appear with a picture of the pair after they were married. As one Vallee fan wrote in—"if you want to hear about it first, get the right magazine."

Getting back to the point—when the singer was interviewed at the N. B. C. offices he said:

"I don't think they care about me except through music. And anyway, judging from the telegrams I've gotten from the girls who hang around the stage doors and at the Villa Vallee, I think the few who desert us will be few and unimportant."

Fay Webb, former M-G-M player, pretty and black haired, is the lucky girl who received the four-carat diamond ring. She's the daughter of the Chief of Police of Santa Monica, Calif. She also wears a platinum wedding ring set with diamonds.

"Tell me, Rudy," he was asked, "why did you go to California for your bride?"

"To be perfectly truthful," replied the nervous Rudy, "I didn't. But when I saw the girl who was my ideal, the one who I thought would make me happy, I—well, I won her."

This to the accompaniment of Fay's adoring glance.

"But," expostulated the well-rehearsed announcer, gazing at Mrs. Rudy's raven locks, "I thought gentlemen preferred blondes!"

"Well, I guess," guessed Rudy, "I'm no gentleman."

Yes, sir, wisecracks and everything!

Cresson E. Smith, mid-west district manager for the R. K. O.-Pathe Distributing Corporation, was married recently, in Noo Yawk, in the Little Church Around the Corner to Miss Elsie Christy, of Philadelphia. James Ashcroft, of Philadelphia, was best man and Miss Bee Bearse, of New York, was bridesmaid. A reception at the Park Central Hotel followed the ceremony. Mr. Smith's daughter, Mrs. Richard Lang, of Pittsburgh, attended the wedding.

Lyn Lary and Mary Lawlor are married.

Mary is the sweet, wholesome-looking, nearly-but-not-quite-blond little girl you saw playing opposite Richard Dix in "Square Dice." She was the minister's daughter. But in real life her father is Frank Lawlor, manager of the Knights of Columbus Hotel, and that's where the wedding breakfast will be served this morning.

Before that, Mary sang and danced her way through "Good News," "Queen High" and "Follow Thru." Her latest role was that of ingénue in "You Said It."

And Lyn Lary—Lynford H. Lary—there's a name to bring a smile to the face of any female baseball fan. Like young Lochinvar, Lyn came out of the West a couple of years ago to do great things for the New York Yankees.

Six feet tall, dark, with a smile as wide as his face, he cut a romantic figure inside a baseball uniform or out.

But he had met Mary on the coast before he moved east, so all the bewitching smiles from the grandstand were in vain.

Fifi Dorsay, who has a vaudeville engagement to keep in Europe, may keep a previous engagement with her fiancé, Terrance Ray, and become his bride in New York before she sails. If we can get any more details about the impending ceremony, we'll let you in on them.

The Barrymores are immensely happy on the coast except that John doesn't like his brother-in-law Lowell Sherman. Recently his daughter, Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore, visited him on the lot while he was making "The Mad Genius" for Warner's. Dolores Costello expects to be seen on the screen quite soon; here's wishing her luck!

We learn from one of our most trusted sleuths that Dolores Costello Barrymore is going to have another baby before long. I'm told, in fact, that the baby clothes are already in preparation and that Mrs. Barrymore's current wardrobe has been designed

to suit the exigency. The Barrymores have been away most of the time the last few months and are seldom heard of, even when they are at home. The palatial yacht on which they make their voyages up and down the ocean is under charter at the moment to a wealthy oil man.

She's going to throw the bull! Bull Montana, wrestler, boxer and film character actor, commented when he married Mrs. Mary Matthews Poulson, in 1929, that love has "thrown me for a fall."

Recently, in Los Angeles, Montana, a native of Italy, whose real name is Louis, was defendant in a divorce suit. Mrs. Montana charged the actor quarreled with her.

Creighton Hale, motion picture actor, and Mrs. Kathleen Bering of Beverly Hills were married recently by Juvenile Court Judge Samuel R. Blake in his chambers. Only close friends and relatives attended. Mrs. Eugene Forede of Beverly Hills, a sister of the bride, and Charles Coleman, motion picture actor, were attendants.

Plans for the wedding were kept secret by the couple, but it is known that they will make their home in North Hollywood, when they return. Mrs. Bering is a daughter of John Bering, Texas oil man.

On the marriage license application Mr. Hale gave his age as 35. Mrs. Bering's age was given as 30. Each was married once before.

Marriage spoils a lot of illusions for the pampered darlings of Cinemaland. Thus Dorothy Lee and Jimmy Fidler, who were sweethearts a long time before taking the leap into matrimonial shoals. Dorothy and Jimmy hadn't been married long before stories of dissension began to creep out. Maybe Dorothy's sudden rise to stardom had something to do with it.

Anyway, their pals now assure me the romance is definitely derailed. She will pursue the elusive phantom, fame, while he will try to make other little starlets big.



MRS. RUDY VALLEE, the former Fay Webb

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, once a motion picture comedian and now a director under the name of William Goodrich, will be married in September to Addie McPhail, film actress. It was announced recently. Addie posed for some "draped" and semi-nude studies for a comedy film concern, not too long ago.

At Hollywood, Calif., recently, Lady Inverclyde, formerly June of the English stage, said she intends to marry Lothar Mendes, motion picture director, as soon as a divorce can be obtained from Lord Inverclyde. Mendes, a German by birth, is the former husband of Dorothy Mackaill, movie actress.

Lady Inverclyde has established a residence at Reno, intending to sue on grounds of extreme cruelty. Owing to inability of her lawyer to find Lord Inverclyde, divorce papers have not yet been served.

Estelle Taylor, movie star, and Jack Dempsey, twice beaten by Gene Tunney, are suing each other for divorce on all sorts of grounds. Estelle now goes places with Arthur Brown, late of the New York stage.

She's now a Mason. That is, Grace Johnson, vaudeville star, is now Mrs. Tyler Mason Tyler, who also is a vaudevillian, had just gone on at Academy of Music when the orchestra swung into "Here Comes the Bride." And that was giveaway of their runaway marriage at Greenwich, Conn. She was named corespondent in suit of Mason's first wife.

Ginger shakes Pepper. Ginger Rogers, formerly of 55 Central Park West, New York City, highlight of the stage and screen, is no longer Mrs. Jack Pepper. Pepper, actor who was playing a vaudeville engagement in Yonkers recently, was informed that his red-headed wife had divorced him.

He said Ginger left him a year and a half ago and he hadn't seen her since. She sued and won her decree in Dallas, Texas, where they met when she was 18. Pepper said he would not have fought the divorce.

A weird story from Hollywood! Having won a court order directing her ex-husband Charles F. McGrew III, of Chicago, to pay her alimony which would amount to \$200,000, besides a residence and limousine here, Jean Harlow decided that the moral victory was sufficient for her and said, "I gave him back the money."

Fay Lamphier, movie star and "Miss America" of 1925, and Winfield J. Daniels, a childhood schoolmate, announced their marriage at Carson City, Nev., June 30. Daniels is a mechanical engineer.

The former beauty pageant winner, who resides in Los Angeles, was divorced in 1929 from Sidney Spiegel, Jr., of Chicago.

Catherine Willard, screen actress, and Ralph Bellamy of Los Angeles were married at Reno, Nevada, recently. Mr. Bellamy was divorced from his first wife at Detroit last month. Miss Willard obtained a Reno decree recently.

Reliable rumor has it that Bebe Daniels, pretty brunette star, in private life, Mrs. Ben Lyon, is to have a visit from the stork soon. We wish them every bit of luck possible. "B" for Ben, "B" for Bebe, and "B" for Baby; enough bees to make a hive.

Jealousy of another movie beauty has sent Ethel Kent to Reno, Nevada, where she will seek a six-weeks divorce from Robert Armstrong, the stage and screen star, friends of the couple learned.

The woman who Miss Kent believes is her rival is Carole Lombard, one of a bevy of Hollywood celebrities who helped Adolph Zukor entertain Mayor James J. Walker during his recent visit to Palm Springs. Carole is now happily married to Bill Powell.

Miss Kent and Armstrong have been at odds several times in the last year. Once before they parted.

Stuart Erwin, 28, and June Collyer, both featured moving picture actors, were married at Yuma, Arizona, not long ago, by Superior Judge Henry Kelly.

The only witnesses were Richard and Clayton Heermance, brothers of the bride.

In applying for the license Miss Collyer gave her real name, Dorothea Heermance.

Miss Collyer, born in New York, appeared in pictures for the first time four years ago. Mr. Erwin recently starring in "Boarding School," described it as "the filthiest thing I ever worked in."

Constance got a Hanky? Rumor doesn't seem so idle after Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye were seen together aboard S. S. Bremen bound for Europe. Gossip says Constance and Hank will wed as soon as he is divorced by Gloria Swanson.

R. L. Moore, Jellico banker, announced recently that his daughter, Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera soprano and movie star, would marry Valentine Parara, wealthy Spaniard, at Cannes, France, and so they were!

The operatic star's father said he received a cable from his daughter announcing the approaching marriage, but said he was "not at liberty to give any further information."

Miss Moore attended Ward Belmont College in Nashville. Later she attended a voice culture school in Washington and then appeared in light opera and went into musical comedy. She then studied in Paris and made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in February, 1927.

Later she sang in the movies.

The wedding of Clarence H. Mackay, the Postal Telegraph head, and Anna Case, famous Metropolitan Opera soprano, took place recently in the great hall of the Long Island mansion. And Mackay's 18 years of single-blessedness will be ended. Once again a woman's hands will direct Mackay's domestic affairs.

In solitary loneliness—especially since his differences with Ellin, his favorite daughter, concerning her marriage to the song-writer, Irving Berlin—the aging Mackay has presided over his estates.



BEBE DANIELS, who is expecting the stork



The platinum haired beauty from St. Joseph, Mo. Her first movie was with Hobart Bosworth in "The Sea Wolf."

June Clyde



Clark Gable *Screen's latest male "find." His best roles were in "Night Nurse," "Sporting Blood," and in "A Free Soul."*



STATION — BHM

OWNED AND OPERATED BY
BROADWAY & HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
Under the direction of DeWard Franklin Jones
NATIONAL NETWORK
BWY. TO HOLLYWOOD
KEY STATION AT
101 W. 31 ST. N. Y. C.



RADIO fans are up in the air when it comes to question of whether the present television is ready for the laymen. Having seen the "sight-see" instrument in operation, we agree with those who say it is impractical for mass use.

In about three years television will have progressed to the stage of the present day radio. Television has unlimited possibilities as both the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia are forging ahead in the field. There is at present a large number of enthusiasts throughout the good old U. S. A.

At the radio dealers' convention in Chicago most of the "execs" stated that in due time it will transplant sound-radio; which is perfectly obvious.

The figures of the images are too small and they have a pinkish glow which is terribly annoying to the eyes. The sheen of a Tuxedo can not be used at present because the reflection cast hurts the machine. So you see, television is not just ready for universal consumption.

We just want to say a word about Larry Funk here. We nominate for radio's *Hall of Fame*, this gentleman because he has successfully stood the test of time. Larry has broadcasted over NBC about seven times a day since that organization has sprung into existence. He is an institution in the hearts of all housewives.

We also want to nominate for *Oblivion* all the song pluggers who continuously have their numbers on the air. We heard that there is to be a ruling in the big broadcast companies, that will limit a number to three performances a day. Allah be praised!

John S. Young is getting better we think since he is announcing special events. Ed. Thorgenson just about gets on our nerves with his rasping *Luckies are KIND to your throat!*

The Oxol Feature
CBS—WABC
Columbia Network
1:15 P.M.—Sunday

On this program the Oxol Boys (Reiss and Dunn) are featured and they well deserve it. A novelty trio backs the boys up and the accordion playing is a special treat. Their routine consists of popular melodies and a short bit of patter. Announcer: Don Ball.

Palmolive Hour
NBC—WEAF—NBC Network
9:30 P.M.—Wednesday

This program presents popular music with a marvelous orchestra, Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver! The orchestra is directed by



Erno Rapee. Rapee was formerly associated with Roxy. He is at present musician, composer, conductor and Music Advisor of NBC.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS

Rudy Vallee's orchestra over NBC.

Guy Lombardo's orchestra over CBS.

Two dance orchestras of the "Class" type. Vallee's crooning style of singing and his slow-tempos are good for waltzes and fox-trots. Lombardo is also good for waltzing, but best is his trick two-step arranged music.

Snooks Stompers over WPAP.

Duke Ellington's boys over NBC.

Hot music best suited to the fellow who knows a lot of tricky steps. Brass is featured in both orchestras.

RADIO RAVES

May Singhi Breen's uke went out of tune recently. The first time in eight years of this little queen's playing!

A group of bellhops in the Roosevelt

think Adele Vasa is one voice that is good

NBC and CBS are signing up television possibilities at present. Dick Robertson won't be signed by either as he claims he is making more do-re-mi the other way, that is the free-lance way!

SONGS FROM THE RADIO PLUG

Come To Me.—A nice torch song with a beautiful melody. Especially good when sung by Harriet Lee.

Why Shouldn't I.—A snappy dance tune that will be very popular. Part of it sounds like a "Cheerful Little Earful."

Did you know that Vallee is just as popular today as he was three "yars" ago? . . . Ray Carter is going out to California for his vacation . . . Nat Brusiloff has trained his violin for squeaky noises—by that we mean he tries for the same effects that a trumpet player does when he uses mutes. . . If you ask Ben Bernie why his gags are good he will say: "And why shouldn't they be? I only lifted them from New York columnists the other day."

SOME MORE WORDS FOR YOUR RADIO VOCABULARY

"Cans": headphones.

"Nemo": programs originating outside the studio.

"Nervous baritone": one who over-emphasizes the dramatic effect.

"Corn fed": when the performance of the artists lacks culture.

(Continued on page 48)



Ruth Alyce Townsend Talks As

WOMAN to WOMAN



Ina Claire



like to see on the covers of this magazine. Your decision will help solve a very pressing problem for the editors.

screening by M-G-M. It was originally written by Emil Gauvreau.

Yola D'Avril, the dark eyed French girl who played the leading feminine role in "All Quiet on the Western Front," is a member of the cast of "The Common Law", new picture starring Constance Bennett.

Since the war epic, Miss D'Avril has been featured as one of "The Three French Girls" in the picture of that name. Her latest role before joining "The Common Law" cast was in "God's Gift to Women", with Frank Fay and Laura La Plante. Mr. Fay, who is Barbara Stanwyck's husband, proved a "flop" in the movies in the opinion of scores of women I know.

Miss D'Avril was born in Lille, France, and started her theatrical career in her native land as a dancer. She has been unusually successful in her French characterizations for American talking pictures.

I want to personally urge women's organizations not to grow hysterical, like the men did in Elizabeth, N. J., about the so-called "gangster" type of motion picture. They won't make your boy want to go out and shoot policemen as some would have you believe; so take him to the movies yourself . . . And then counsel him that, as a future voting citizen, he's to do his loyal bit towards ridding the country of the filthy and diseased types of racketeers preying not only on American business but on the youth of this country.

Nipped-in waistlines and puffed sleeves, verging on the leg of mutton type are due for a return to popularity, according to a prediction made by Carolyn Putnam, style expert at the Paramount New York studio.

"If these Empress Eugenie hats are taken up—and there is every indication, that they will be—fashions in women's clothes will, in the near future, undergo a marked change, the most radical transition in years," Miss Putnam declared.

Should these hats become as popular as she predicts, styles in hairdress will also change, Miss Putnam says. Bobbed tresses will again come into vogue but this time it will be the long bob with the hair curled up at the neck.

"Hot News", which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and which deals with tabloid newspapers, has been purchased for

I enjoyed meeting Polly Moran at the Capitol Theatre in New York recently; she was there when "Politics" was being shown . . . Charming lady.

Those of us who like Joan Crawford are going to get a real treat in "This Modern Age", just being released by M-G-M. Later she'll do an adaptation of Edgar Selwyn's "Mirage".

Betty Mack, recent recruit from the stage, has been signed by Burton King, Big 4 Production Supervisor, for the leading femme role opposite Bob Custer in "Headin' for Trouble." Miss Mack has previously appeared opposite Tom Tyler.

So many women like Roland Young's droll humor. The cartoonist and stage star appears with Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt in their movie of "The Guardsman", in which they scored such a pronounced success on the stage. Mr. Young is no stranger to them, having worked for the Theatre Guild in New York when Mr. and Mrs. Lunt were also employed there.

Ruth Chatterton and her new leading man, Ralph Bellamy, were preparing to enact an *unusually amorous* scene in Paramount's "The Magnificent Lie". Batteries of cameras and blazing lights were trained on the star and Bellamy for a final rehearsal of action and dialogue to check on the photographic angles and set illumination.

"Now you embrace, fervently, and kiss—great! great!" cried Director Berthold Viertel. Ruth pursed her passionately-beautiful lips.

Just then the head electrician yelled to one of his aides on an overhead runway: "One of 'em's too hot; kill it."

"What's that?" demanded Bellamy, withdrawing from the embrace.

"Nothing, nothing, go ahead with the scene," the director explained to Bellamy, New York stage leading man who is new to pictures. "He is telling an electrician to turn off one of the sun arcs that throws too much light on you."

"Oh, I see," laughed the actor. "I thought he was yelling at us."

More next time! Until then, good bye, girls, and good luck!

I HAVE little or no use for the girl who permits her press agent to give forth stories concerning the fact that she's going to enter a convent and "take the vows." There have been all sorts of ridiculous, insane, and even clever schemes devised by press agents to secure free publicity without letting newspapers or magazines get any cash, but playing with the Church isn't my idea of respectability.

I have two or three notable cases of the past couple of years in mind . . . Of course, sometimes the press agent isn't the breed of cat who even understands the holiness and decency we associate with the Church; so he lays the foundation of another "Convent" story as a prelude to the girl getting a job in, to use the ugly expression, "a leg show."

The editors of this magazine feel the way I do about it; the Church shouldn't interfere with the theatre, nor should the theatre interfere with the Church's functions.

Claudette Colbert was kissed one hundred and thirty-four times within the span of three hours by her stellar vis-a-vis, Maurice Chevalier, in their picture, "The Smiling Lieutenant".

The marathon oscillation was necessitated by the rehearsals, takes and retakes of one of the many love scenes which they share . . . Anyway, a kiss on the lips is worth two or three on the hand, girls!

It is not often that one woman goes out of her way to compliment another. When Ina Claire first enacted the role of Sara Jeffrey in "Rebound" on the Los Angeles stage, she received what was probably the finest compliment of her career. Hope Williams, who created the part in the original Broadway production, saw her play the role and declared that she had "improved it immensely," when she called upon her after her return from Honolulu.

Miss Claire, estranged wife of Jack Gilbert, did the part for the movies of the play.

As woman to woman, why not let this magazine know whose pictures you would



POLLY WALTER
*kept cool during the past
hot spell*



THE HUBBARD \$500 music prize contest is on! An international competition for a prize of \$500 for an unpublished composition suitable for performance by schools and amateur groups was announced recently by the Association of Music School Settlements of New York. The prize was donated to the association by Mrs. John Hubbard of Paris.

The composition must be in one of the following forms: for string orchestra; for chorus of mixed adults or children's voices, or women's voices, with string accompaniment; for two pianos with string orchestra accompaniment; for chamber music ensemble and chorus, necessitating, however, no more than fifty minutes for production.

The contest closes Dec. 1. Compositions must be submitted by Sept. 1 to the prize composition committee of the association, of which Marion Rous is chairman. Offices are at the Barbizon Plaza, New York City. Compositions must be submitted by registered mail with *nom de plume*.

A committee of judges to be announced later will make the award. The work will be performed in New York in the Spring of 1932 by the combined forces of the associated schools. The prize winner, it is understood, cedes to the association the exclusive rights of performances for one year, including broadcasting rights, from the date of award.

"Sporting Blood" has been selected as final title for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer racing melodrama that was provisionally known as "Horseflesh." This picture, based on a Saturday Evening Post story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, is now being directed by Charles Brabin, with a cast headed by Clark Gable, Lew Cody, Madge Evans, Ernest Torrence and Marie Prevost. The chief equine star of the film is Tommy Boy, Agua Caliente winner. Many of the scenes for the story were made on location in and around Lexington, Kentucky.

Lois Moran appears opposite John Gilbert in the latter's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring film, "West of Broadway," which ceases production soon on the coast. Harry Beaumont directed "West of Broadway," and the cast includes El Brendel, Gwen Lee, Richard Carlyle and Ralph Bellamy. The story is an original by Ralph Graves, and Bess Meredyth, with dialogue by Gene Markey.

Charles Sellon, veteran character actor of the screen, has been selected to play one of the leading roles in Eddie Quillan's next starring production for RKO Pathe, "Eddie Cuts In", being directed by Albert Rogell. In the screen play, a story by George Kibbe Turner dealing with the exploits of a radio repair man who gets mixed up with a gang



Constance Bennett

of pugilists, Sellon will have the part of "Pop," proprietor of a radio shop.

Sellon joins a cast which so far consists of Quillan, Robert Armstrong, Ginger Rogers and Cupid Ainsworth, with others yet to be selected.

A headdress of glass bubbles, three feet high, is the principal feature of Dolores Murray's wardrobe as tableau queen for the Paris Four Arts Ball sequence of "The Common Law", Constance Bennett's current RKO Pathe starring picture. Jewels, a few square inches of white velvet and Dolores herself complete the ensemble. The artists' ball in the picture is a red hot number; the picture is "plenty sophisticated", but a rare treat. Constance appears nearly in the nude in her studio scenes in Paris.

Our hats off to the little Greely Square Theatre, on Sixth Avenue, Noo Yawk, for the steady quality of its pictures. Good films at popular prices seems to be the rule. Honor where honor is due, folks!

Clark & McCullough are resting between gags as Lou Brock announces the famous comedy team have just completed a two-reel "Headliner," "Hard to Get" for Radio Pictures.

A remarkable cast is finishing up Tiffany's forthcoming special "Morals for Women", an original A. P. Younger, directed by Gene Lewis.

The complete cast includes, Bessie Love, Conway Tearle, Natalie Morehead, Lina Basquette, June Clyde, Emma Dunn, Virginia Lee Corbin, Edmund Breese, Crawford Kent, Otis Harlan, Ethan Allen, John Hyams, Wilber Higby and Walter Perry.

Dorothy Peterson plays two important roles in forthcoming Fox pictures. One is in "Skyline" with Thomas Meighan, Myrna Loy, Hardie Albright and Maureen O'Sullivan. The other is in "She Wanted A Millionaire" with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy, James Kirkwood, Una Merkel and Humphrey Bogart.

Miss Peterson has divided her time between the stage and screen during recent

years. On the stage she played in "God Loves Us" and "Dracula," and made her greatest success in "Subway Express". In pictures she made "Mother's Cry" and "The Reckless Hour."

Arthur Stanley Jefferson, who was named that at his birth in Aveilon, Lancashire County, England, has petitioned the court to let him change it to his screen name so fans will recognize him. On the screen he is the little fellow who breaks out crying every time big Oliver Hardy gives him a tongue lashing—Stan Laurel.

Douglas Walton appears in the cast of "Sob Sister," in which Linda Watkins plays the title role. Other members of the cast are Minna Gombell, George E. Stone and Joyce Compton. The picture is being directed by Alfred Santell.

Ernest B. Schoedsack, explorer-producer, whose fine photographic hand has been revealed in such memorable films as "Rango," "Chang," and "Grass," sailed from San Francisco recently for India, where he will film scenes for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," Paramount picture to be based on the best-selling book by F. Yeats-Brown. Mr. Schoedsack served in the motion picture and photographic unit of the A. E. F. with Walter W. Hubbard, of this publication.

Jetta Goudal's row with Cecil De Mille made Hollywood history. Now, within a few weeks of the time De Mille left Hollywood for an indefinite stay abroad, Jetta has her first job since the row with Will Rogers for Fox.

Joel McCrea, handsome and rugged young film player who has been steadily headed starward, plays opposite Hope Williams, Broadway stage star, in "Penthouse," authored by John Howard Lawson for Radio Pictures.

"Are These Our Children" will soon be released from the Radio Pictures studios; made under the direction of its author, Wes. Ruggles. Mary Kornman was signed for the cast which includes Beryl Mercer, Arlene Judge, Ben Alexander, Eric Linden, William Orlamond, Roberta Gale and others. Howard Estabrook did the screen adaptation of this "metropolitan tragedy."

The deletions made by the Censorship Board in Clarence Darrow's "Mystery of Life" recently appearing at the Cameo Theatre in New York were characterized by the Chicago attorney as "utterly absurd".

While admitting that he has not been informed what parts of the film had been



OLIVE HATCH in "Palmy Days."

BROADWAY AND

deleted by the censors, Mr. Darrow insisted that "there was nothing in the screen production that had not been discussed on the lecture platform, in books and in the newspapers."

"Its only purpose is to teach evolution," said Mr. Darrow. "The film is a purely scientific project. It was made merely to present to an interested public a logical and correct analysis of the theory of evolution."

Edward Crandall, popular juvenile on the New York stage, who was placed under contract recently by the Fox Film Corporation, was assigned the leading role in "Surrender," which went into production recently under the direction of William K. Howard.

Crandall, still in his early twenties, has had eight years' experience on the stage. He has played leading roles with Ina Claire, Mary Boland, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Miriam Hopkins. His only previous screen experience was in the leading role with Mary Eaton in "Glorifying the American Girl."

Be careful of trying to act as censors, boys! Better stick to aviation! The Exchange Club of Elizabeth, N. J., called upon city officials recently to forbid the showing of crime and gangster films in Elizabeth theatres. A resolution adopted by the club was presented to Mayor Hohn F. Kenah and the other city officials by a special committee headed by Donald D. Hand.

Inez Norton, actress, and comely, intimate "friend" of the gambler, who recently won her suit to recover on a \$20,000 life insurance policy of Arnold Rothstein, filed suit in the Supreme Court, New York, against the Fidelity and Deposit Company on its bond given for the executors of the Rothstein estate guaranteeing the payment of the insurance if the plaintiff won the case. The complaint alleges that \$21,500 is now due and that the Rothstein executors have failed to pay.

Ever seen Olive Hatch in pictures? No? Well—here's your chance! The comely maid is aiding Eddie Cantor in Samuel Goldwyn's "Palmy Days", and from the amount of pulchritude in the cast the picture looks like ready money. She made good with her qualifications card and was cast!

Did you know that Mischa Auer, featured in the Fox film, "The Yellow Ticket," is a grandson of the noted violinist, Leopold Auer?

Ethel Barrymore celebrated her 52nd birthday on August 15th, enjoying the congratulations of the day in sunny California.

Gloria Swanson recently gave up her racing stables at Deauville, France. Questioned, she replied: "I gave up racing because I must return to America to make a picture. But I expect to take up racing again in 1932."

Encouraging reports come from the hospital where Joan Bennett is recovering from her recent accident, a fall from a horse in which she suffered a broken hip and other injuries. Joan says she expects to leave the hospital for her home soon and in the near future to resume work in "She Wanted a Millionaire," Fox picture.

Evalyn Knapp, injured by a fall, is recovering. Here's hoping she has not lost that sweet smile—nor the shape of her pretty legs.

We published no August issue, so don't write in for it. All subscriptions have been extended an extra month so no one will lose. We owe no debts to advertisers as this is the ONLY fan magazine which can exist without advertising.

"The Cuban" is the title of Lawrence Tibbett's next Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring picture. W. S. VanDyke, who made "Trader Horn" and "The Pagan," will direct from an original story, with Lupe Velez in the principal feminine role. The cast includes Karen Morley, Ernest Torrence and Cliff Edwards, while a special orchestra has been brought to the studios from Havana, under the leadership of the Latin-American composer Ernesto Lecuona. Tibbett's last production was "The Prodigal" and the new film will be his fourth. His other two pictures were "New Moon", with Grace Moore, and "The Rogue Song."

One of the best-known stage plays of the past two decades has been added to the roster of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer story properties with acquisition by this company of talking picture rights to "Peg O' My Heart." This play by J. Hartley Manners was first produced by John Cort at the Cort Theatre, New York, in 1912. It ran for two seasons and was equally successful in London. Laurette Taylor had the original stage title role, but no actress has yet been named for the forthcoming picture. . . . We respectfully refer them to our "doubles" files in the casting office here.

Someone ought to take movies of the "graft" being practised by the Long Beach, L. I., city government in charging half a buck for the use of the city streets—a distinct violation of the New York State Motor Vehicle Laws. Stars and directors from the Astoria studios couldn't be blamed for keeping away from that place now—and it's bound to go down in popular favor!

(Continued next month.)

Barbers and Blondes

(Continued from page 21)

as a gangster picture and want it suppressed. If the smut-hounds are really anxious to do some good, let them seize a lot of this vile literature such as "Fanny Hill", "Gems of Love", "Only a Boy", and other erotic trash which seems to be gutting the book market and is profitable enough for certain types of racketeers to take a gamble with.

However, to return to the subject of "The Picture of the Month." Others which have had that distinction recently are: "Women of All Nations", "Front Page", "Dirigible", "Cimmaron", and "Kiss Me Again." The second volume of this magazine commenced with the May, 1931 edition. We congratulate Warner Brothers on "Smart Money", and wish that the Fox people were one-tenth as courteous and generous with their press courtesies as the former has been. . . . The comparison is most striking!



EVALYN KNAPP; *First National Pictures* Star.



GRAND HOTEL. with Eugenie Leontovitch, Siegfried Rumann, Sam Jaffe, Hortense Alden, and a cast of 100, is still running, as we go to press, at the National Theatre, N. Y. City. It has been such an outstanding success that no further words from us are necessary by way of endorsement. Mlle. Leontovitch is, of course, the "find" of the season and gives a worthy and outstanding performance in the role of a Russian dancer. By Vicki Baum.

AFTER TOMORROW.—Noo Yawk's having a run of plays with the word "tomorrow" in the title; this one bids fair to succeed. It opened at Atlantic City and is now opening at the John Golden Theatre, N. Y. City. The play is by Hugh Strange and John Golden, and Ross Alexander appears with a very creditable cast.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE.—Always a good bill—vaudeville, occasionally a one act play, and corking good pictures. Cool in the summer and warm in the winter—and it really is! Loew has theatres all over the country as well as this one in the Times Square district.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES.—At the Ziegfeld Theatre, in New York City. A "million dollar show," they say, at a fair price. Haven't had a chance to review it as yet. In the mean time there are lots of shows to see. We'll report on it in our next issue.

THE GREEN PASTURES.—Marc Connelly's real success—still going strong at the Mansfield Theatre, New York City. A homespun idea, from the southern negro's standpoint, of what Heaven must be like, plus his vision of what happened during the Old Testament period. It is a play anyone can see and that all will enjoy; clean as a whistle.

AS HUSBANDS GO.—No chance to review this yet at the John Golden Theatre. It's written by Rachel Crothers and they say it's "clean."

BILLY ROSE'S CRAZY QUILT.—Featuring Fanny Brice, Phil Baker, Ted Healy, and others! But that trio alone makes it worth the price of admission. Now knocking 'em dead in the 44th Street Theatre, New York City. Some racy and snappy bits in the show, too!

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE ST.—Katherine Cornell, famous American act-

ress and gifted artist stars in this and holds her audience—of course, those who are interested in this particular type of a comedy. Running at the Empire Theatre—last of the "legitimate" theatres on Broadway, N. Y. City. Her acting alone is worth double the price of admission we'll avow.

TRIAL BY JURY.—The revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and operettas have been having quite a successful run at Erlanger's Theatre, New York. It was played for all it was worth, as far as humor went, though not all this humor is as strongly accented as it could be in the staging—and it makes an engaging prelude. Sixteen years have elapsed, according to learned

Dolly Thain in Shubert Shows



Times Square historians, since "Trial By Jury" was last mounted in New York with De Wolf Hopper as the judge and William Danforth in the role of the usher, which he is playing again, but since that time the operetta without spoken dialogue has had its full share of innings in college and amateur productions.

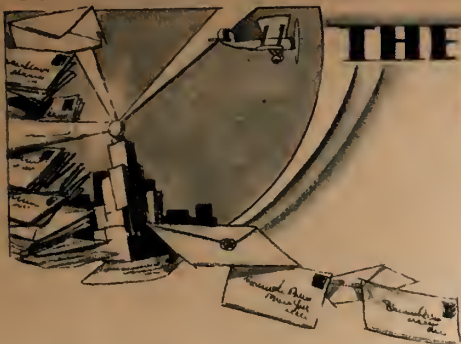
On this occasion Mr. Moulán comports himself in excellent fashion as the judge, while Mr. Macaulay, pretty well disguised by make-up, is a satisfactory counsel. The statuesque Miss Pennington sang considerably better than she had done before.

The cast includes Frank Moulán, Frederick Persson, Howard Marsh, Joseph Macaulay, William Danforth and Theo Pennington.

H. M. S. PINAFORE.—Presented on the same programs with "Trial by Jury", at the Erlanger Theatre, Noo Yawk. Miss Templeton, who has been here before, exercised her feminine prerogative and returned as fresh and captivating as ever, to carry off the individual honors with a knowing and felicitous performance as Little Buttercup. Miss Templeton has been lured out of retirement for three recent "Pinafores" in this town, and it is to be hoped that no future performances of the nautical operetta hereabout will be regarded as official without her.

In nearly all respects save that of lavishness of scenic investiture is it as well rounded a "Pinafore" as has come this way in some time. Frederick Persson displays a rich baritone voice and considerable acting ability as Bill Bobstay, while Theo Pennington is less fortunate and flexible in her singing and stage presence as Josephine. The Messrs. Moulán, Macaulay, Marsh and Danforth are, despite the heat, in fine fettle, as are the sisters, the cousins and the aunts. It is an able crew which mans the good ship Pinafore.

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.—The play of the young Southern girl who just wants to see the big city and "life as it is"—and does! The leading role in this production at the Country Theatre, East Islip, L. I., N. Y., is most capably handled by a young Southern artist, Gertrude Lillian Michael; a blonde of rare and enchanting beauty. Miss Michael held her audience in the suburban theatre spellbound by her personality and the interpretation of her lines. A real treat for those who missed the show when it appeared some time ago in New York. She was recently starred in "Broken Dishes."



THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue edited by: ELEANOR BOARDMAN



Bernice and Alexander

GLENDAL, CALIF.—I am extremely thankful to you for putting Bernice Claire's picture in your magazine. I have told many of my friends about it and they are getting the BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES just to have Miss Claire's picture.

I am sure that after reading it through they will make up their minds to take it monthly like I am going to do.

We would all appreciate it very much if you would print a large picture of Alexander Grey, and if possible would you print something about Miss Miss Claire's life? I can assure you that many people would enjoy it.

—Nan Goddard

Shaall We Fold Up?

LONG BEACH, L. I.—I have been wondering why your magazine seems to go to such drastic extremes to publish the truth? The people in the motion picture business aren't perfect, but is it any of your business to try to disclose their indiscretions?

Why can't you be like other magazines; there seems to be a set formula of quiet, sugar coating which I like. We don't have to know the "inside facts" all of the time, and I am amazed that your magazine sells as well as it does. We may have a corrupt government here, as some say, but you don't find, for instance Long Beach people parading those facts. Why don't you suppress some of the so-called "hot news" and tame down your pictures? I'm sure some of the motion picture stars and directors are themselves shocked when they read your magazine every month. Let us have less truth, if necessary, and more taffy like the other screen publications, and I am sure it would be a better state for all of us to be in.

—Cecelia Goldstein

Sunday Acting

PATERSON, N. J.—May a bewildered observer be permitted to make a few remarks about an existing situation in the theatre, sanctioned and fostered by the Actors' Equity Association—a situation which in its intricacies equals any Baconian acrostic?

It is, and for a long time has been, a definite ruling of the Actors' Equity Association that its members may not appear in any legitimate stage production on Sunday nights in New York City. It has been pointed out that they are permitted to appear on the vaudeville stage, in picture theatres and so forth on Sunday nights, and that, such being the case, there is little excuse for the discrimination against the legitimate. Equity has a ready, if not acceptable, answer—and the situation still chafes.

Now, radio has bid for the talents of actors of the dramatic and musical stages,



and the fact that the latter appear on Sunday night broadcasts of full-length plays and musical comedies apparently meets with the full approval of Equity, for no objections have been forthcoming from that quarter.

The pertinent question is, Wherein has the legitimate been lacking that it alone must experience a pernicious Sabbatical inactivity?

I remember reading of a suggestion offered by certain of the managers that an added performance a week very easily could be utilized to ease unemployment in the theatrical profession. A certain performance during the week could be played by competent understudies, who might not otherwise be employed in these parlous times in the theatre, or, if that plan might not meet with popular approval, it is undeniably true that an extra performance would add materially to the income of actors intermittently employed.

I respectfully urge the Actors' Equity Association to consider this state of affairs and remedy a condition which is depriving thousands of actors of an additional income—a condition that exists in the theatre only because of an obsolescent and impracticable ruling.—M. M. Gilbert.

Curtis Carlton "Cries"

CHICAGO, ILL.—When we are told that "snake medicines" are cure-alls, the most of us of course do not believe it—that anything could cure everything—and put down the stuff as all fake. But some are only skeptical and think that perhaps it might cure something, and that that something might be just what they are ailing from, and so buy a bottle and try it.

That is human psychology.

This "snake medicine method" of selling the public, is exactly the very regrettable thing that was resorted to by the Paramount

publicity agents in their apparently frantic efforts to sell us their "other—but promising to become greater!—Garbo", Marlene Dietrich. I say "very regrettable", for by it they have as surely ruined Miss Dietrich's success with the public, as any snake medicine vendor ever did his product; and Miss Dietrich possesses abilities that are worthy of a much better fate. For due to our human psychological make-up, we do not want to be told, or have slung in our faces, by "wizards", that we are incapable of judging for ourselves, whether we are or not. And, I repeat, we give the humble a hand, and the boastful a foot.

As a result of this method of advertising Miss Dietrich, we are all of us now looking for faults in her; so eagerly, even, that we will overlook much that is to her credit, if for no other reason, so just to show the press agents that they were less wise than are we; that we can quite well be left to judge for ourselves. But also, because none of us have much use for a boaster or a swindler; such as can the press agents concerned in a sense justly be classed.

If Miss Dietrich had been permitted to earn her "crown", from the public, which alone can bestow the honor, she would have in time received it; for she possesses the beauty and abilities that could have elevated her, not to a second Garbo, but perhaps to next to Garbo. But, as it is, her future with the public is ruined. Sure, she will be a big drawing card at the box office for awhile; but only until the public has satisfied itself that it has discovered all of her faults, for evidence in the prosecution of the "snake medicine vendors," for the final verdict! Wait and see!

—Curtis A. Carlton.

Honor the Dead

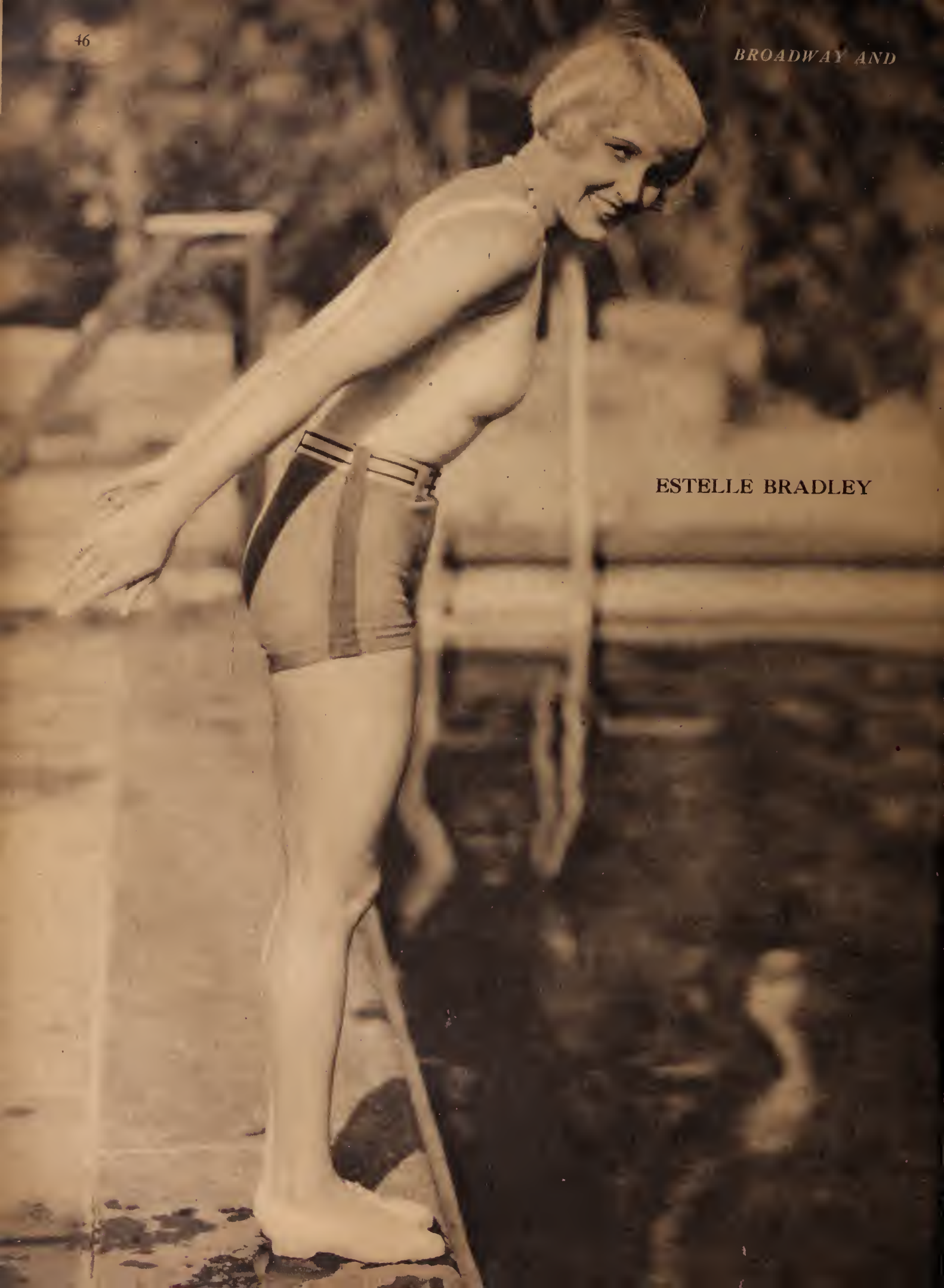
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Your recent issue was particularly interesting because of the clever article on gorgeous Marlene Dietrich and because of a clever suggestion from Juanita Guerrero of Brooklyn. I say clever because it would be great to publish pictures of our departed favorites every month.

We mustn't forget Jeanne Eagels, Mabel Normand, Milton Sills, Lon Chaney, Olive Thomas, Wally Reid, Martha Mansfield and beautiful, haunting Alma Rubens. Who could forget Alma and her wonderful eyes and charming smile?

I do wish that theatres would revive these players' pictures, as they would cause a panic at the box office. Who would turn up a chance to see them again? The silly Joan Crawfords and Doug Fairbankses of today can't compare with them.

Please do be a trifle different and give us pictures of those whom we have loved and, darn the luck, lost.—Jeanne Carlson.

ESTELLE BRADLEY



ALICE
WHITE



Louise at Bridge

(Continued from page 19)

total of nine tricks.

Lucien Littlefield, not playing, broke in every once in a while with some wise cracks, and the usual drawing, dumb expression, "What's trump?" An old gag, but the way Mr. Littlefield springs it it's good for a real belly laugh. All in all I enjoyed the game and hope to see them again soon. . . . My hat is off to a real trio of players—both at bridge and in the "movies".

Radio Station BHM

(Continued from page 38)

A series of excellent travel talks is being given by the N. Y. Automobile Club every Thursday morning at 11:30 from WABC and its kindred stations.

The stories of the sea by Cameron King, over station WHN, at two o'clock on Saturdays, are well worth listening to. Mr. King spent a large part of his life aboard schooners and barques. . . . Another thing which delighted us was the sweet singing of Winnie Carlson over WBBC, at 10 P. M. Sundays. Mlle. Carlson sings in English, Italian and French and appears to have promise; is at present studying for the opera.

And so, radio fans, we are signing off again until next month—because we've just run out of copy, and Bertha, the Cleanser, is cleaning the floors.

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City

State

Harry Carey

(Continued from page 10)

I have met many men, but few more aggressive, and none more kindly. The family life of this type of man could not possibly hold a jarring note. To Carey, life makes its appeal in the abstract, his is a mind instinctively telescopic; the little things are but elements of the larger whole which engages his attention; the mind of an executive, automatic in its adjustment to detail; with a soul of the seer. Endowed with great charm, a magnetic personality, he is color-blind to ugliness, finding beauty in all things.

What Love Means To Me

(Continued from page 11)

mean so many things—all sincere. It means one thing at sixteen, another at twenty-two and quite another at twenty-seven. At sixteen it means dances and crushes and hurts that are "eternal" and are forgotten the next time a well-shaped masculine head hovers in sight. At twenty-two it can mean a swank car or a man who knows every head waiter in town and has entre to the high-hat speakeasies. It can mean a European honeymoon or Monday nights at the opera. But at twenty-seven it might be translated to spell good family and a keen mind, a great companion for golf or a pleasant opponent at bridge.

In some recent Big 4 pictures in which I have appeared I have portrayed the impetuous, loyal, yet warm and yielding heroine that the script has called for—and at times I have felt that the loves and trials of the girl I was depicting were my very own. Perhaps this can be accounted for by the understanding of Wally Wales, the "hero," who is at all times a charming gentleman and a brave and romantic lover of the screen. In "Hell's Valley" I was the betrothed of one of three Mexican brothers who was killed, and was required to select a husband from among those two surviving. Selfish they were and ruthless, considering marriage a man's privilege and a girl's duty. Is it any wonder, then, that I capitulate to the charms of a border ranger enacted by the dashing Wally Wales? And is it any wonder that I brave all—my very life and honor—to save him for myself? It does not seem strange to me, for I would find no sacrifice too great, no hazard too dear for anyone who would capture my heart in real life.

For myself, then, I would say that love means just this: Consideration for the little things that mean much to me—even if they're not very important. Tolerance for my views. Strong arms that impel me to love and be loved and that never lose their insistence. Honesty, candor and frankness, up to the point where they don't hurt. Respect for my wishes. Mutual tastes in the esthetic and athletic. Mutual forbearance. Belief in my word and my truthfulness. My love, however, would not be selfish, nor would I expect my partner to find pleasure and delight in my company alone. Courage to face the truth gamely, squarely and fairly, even if some other love were to mean more than mine. And I reserve the right, as well, to about-face should my ardor cool or I find love wanting. In short—love really means "everything" to me.



If you're
"On the
outside
looking in"

You need this
FREE Book

ARE you standing on the sidelines, wishing you were in Aviation . . . envying those who are already making Aviation history while holding down good jobs with fine futures? If so, remember this:—*Wishing won't get you into Aviation—but practical training will!* Lt. Hinton's free book, "Wings of Opportunity," tells you a quick, sure, inexpensive way to get the necessary practical training—in your spare time, at home.

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If you're 16 or over—and serious about wanting to get into Aviation, get a free copy of Lt. Hinton's book. It tells how he can give you the vital facts, the necessary knowledge of plane-construction, engine-design, rigging, repairing, servicing, airport management, navigating, theory of flight, etc. If you want to learn to fly, his course can save you many times its cost in cash. It's interesting and easy to understand from the start and packed with facts that mean success for you—no matter what branch of Aviation you choose to enter. Mail the coupon today—right NOW to Dept. 388Y.

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Draftsman

"After completing your course I was engaged as Aeronautical Draftsman by a leading concern. I thoroughly recommend your training. It is complete in every detail."—Ira W. Bergen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$50 a Week
After Completing
Course

Another Hinton Graduate, John J. Morton of Bayport, L.I., writes that he secured a position with the Slicker Flying Service at \$50 a week, immediately after we recommended him for it.

Now Chief Instructor at Institution of Aeronautics, N.Y. Robt. N. Dobbins, a Hinton Graduate, writes: "I cannot thank you enough for the assistance you gave me in getting my present position. Last week they promoted me to Chief Instructor at a salary increase of \$15 a week. We have about 170 students and classes in all branches of ground work."

Rita Royce's Revenge

(Continued from page 18)

and accused me of saying she was going to divorce her husband to marry Josef."

Von Sternberg, one of the most successful directors in Hollywood, appeared to show little interest in the proceedings. He slouched down in a chair in the courtroom and idly ran his fingers through his long hair.

"Von Sternberg testified recently that the reason he had not paid his wife the alimony was because "she was harassing me with suits."

"There is no question but that Mr. von Sternberg is in technical contempt of court for failure to live up to the order requiring alimony payments," said Judge Lester Rolph, who heard the proceedings. "but I am convinced he intended no formal or personal contempt."

Judge Rolph then took under advisement his ruling on whether he should hold the director in contempt for his refusal to pay alimony.

"Me a jealous man? I should say not!"

That was Rudolf Schieber's reply to reporters who questioned him about his married life when he arrived at Los Angeles three weeks ago for a visit with his wife, Marlene Dietrich, and his small daughter, Maria. The handsome German screen director smiled at his interrogators as he denied rumors of marital unhappiness.

Von Sternberg "discovered" Miss Dietrich in Germany and induced her to come to America to appear in motion pictures under his personal direction.

However, she was "not in" to news reporters and magazine editors who tried to interview her personally or by telephone shortly after the sensational "disclosures." Many studio officials are hoping the matter can be hushed up before the Hays morals code is put into effect, and sincere hope is expressed that there isn't a word of truth in the whole accusation, serious as it is.

"I can't help but wonder if these actions would have been brought against me if I had not been fortunate enough to be welcomed and befriended by the American public," Miss Dietrich said in the statement, the first issued by her since Mrs. von Sternberg's suits became known, when the film director was brought into court on contempt charges for failure to pay back alimony.

"How ridiculous and unfair and unjustified these suits are, commenced against me by the twice divorced wife of Mr. von Sternberg will be fully demonstrated at their trial—if they ever do come to trial," she said.

Last Christmas the German star went home to spend the holiday season with her husband and her daughter, and also to make several personal appearances in European cities.

When she went from Berlin to Prague to show herself for an hour in the loge of the Lucerna, where one of her pictures was being presented, she was intercepted en route by a girl reporter of the Prager Presse, the leading German-language newspaper of the Czechoslovak capital, and subjected to a detailed interview in the train. This interview read, in part, as follows:

"Was it the girl of 'The Blue Angel'? Or the stranger from 'Morocco'? Or the prostitute-spy in 'Dishonored'? Not at all. In the moment I surprised her in the railroad coach she was only the somewhat weary mother of



Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored."

a sick child, sad and not inclined to talk. In her English costume *a la garconne* and the soft gray hat she looked anything else but 'enlisted for love from head to foot.'

"I began with, 'We journalists are pests, but I implore you in the names of Gary Cooper and Charlie Chaplin and for the sake of the seven service stripes I earned in Hollywood to be nice to me.' And Marlene Dietrich was really and truly very nice to me, although the rather tired smile didn't leave her face for a minute. First of all it turned out that she, too, belongs to us. She comes from Aussig, her name is Mrs. Schieber, and Mr. Rudolf Schieber says he comes from Aussig and hasn't forgotten all his Czech."

"We like you awfully well her," said I. "We women, too, although you have turned our men's heads with your 'Blue Angel.'"

"I prefer 'Morocco,'" replied Marlene Dietrich. "That's really the film. And Gary Cooper is a marvelous partner. An excellent actor. And Sternberg is a director in a class by himself. I am going back to Hollywood very soon, but I don't know yet what picture I shall act in there. I really don't, and I don't worry about it, either. I am resting and reading books."

"Talking about Hollywood," Marlene said, "everybody there had been very nice, but"—She really didn't say 'but'; nevertheless, one sensed that there had been something lacking there. Besides, we are used to that. Many of the best are coming back from there and all of them give the impression of having missed something.

"Somebody offers her some perfume. 'No, I never use any perfume at all. I am not mondaine.'"

"But one can be mondaine even without perfume. Marlene is a lady, but just the

same she has something of the real Bohemian about her. Of course, an artist must have some Bohemian characteristics. She hadn't slept all night. She has a headache and is thinking all the time about the child she left at home somewhat ill. She is counting the minutes until she arrives in Prague and can telephone Berlin and hear that all is well.

"Where did you learn English? 'Only in Berlin.' Her amiable husband speaks English very well."

"How about Greta Garbo? How is her accent?"

"She has one, but it sounds very charming. She has made a hit all along the line. The American public is sensitive regarding accents. Even persons using fearful slang themselves can't stand a foreign accent in the mouth of somebody else."

"Did you meet Greta Garbo?"

"Not even once. She doesn't go any place and I didn't get any place either. There wasn't any possibility of our meeting."

"And how about Novarro?"

"Marlene Dietrich livens up. She is convinced that Novarro is one of the most valuable, finest and most interesting men in Hollywood."

"We are nearing Prague. Marlene straightens up. She glances at her red-colored finger nails, her boyish costume and her cloak and remarks:

"You hardly expected me to wear anything like this. They all are always thinking about 'The Blue Angel' and the cabarets. So this is Prague. I never was here before and now, unfortunately, I must leave right away. Tomorrow we have a rehearsal in Berlin. Oh, I wish I were in the hotel already!"

"Her big Paramount automobile took her to the hotel. And all that was left of her was a pair of red rose leaves."

Even then, it will be noted, Marlene expressed a profound admiration for her friend Mr. Sternberg. But after the insight given into the charming simplicity and sincerity of her home life we wonder what all the commotion was about. Whatever it is she will live it down—granting that it is true.

And we shall find ways to forgive and forget, for somehow greatness always has its cross to bear... And we are sure Marlene has hers.

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The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and only one, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.



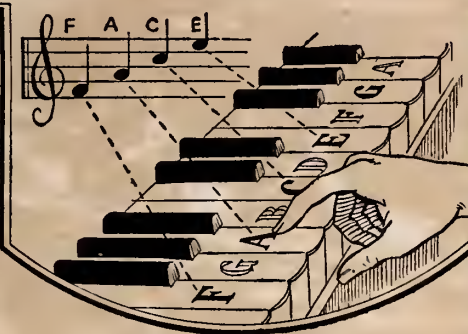
Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

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Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

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JUDITH WOOD, *Paramount star*, prepares to enjoy a *Puritanical Thanksgiving*; while KATHRYN CRAWFORD, *Universal star*, celebrates *Hallowe'en* in a way that's anything but *Puritanical*





Admitting We're Wrong!



WALTER W. HUBBARD

THE hardest thing for a certain class of Americans to do is to admit that they're wrong. Stubbornness, as a characteristic of the mule, is never to be classified as an act of wisdom. It too closely approaches the jackass.

At a time when a so-called business depression appears to exist, and we are entering the third year of it, it behooves us to take stock of causes and find immediate remedies; even though actual hardships affect but a small portion of our population. If ever America craved definite leadership it is now. Times like these call for Lincolns, for Roosevelts, for Wilsons; and pussy-footing won't supply sinews needed in the war for prosperity.

It takes courage to admit we're wrong . . . It takes a man with a divine soul and a brave heart to say "I thought I was right, but I feel now that I was in error."

If ever this country is to completely recover from the mire of corruption, gang rule, graft and murder into which we're sinking faster and

faster, we've got to return, *en masse*, to the Constitutional freedom our forefathers fought so bitterly to give to us. And in doing this my personal belief is that we must kick the whole 18th Amendment down stairs and out! No half way measures; no lollypop diplomacy; no sugar-coated sweetenings for both sides; and no compromise!

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths," said Philip James Bailey. We can't accept compromises of beer and light wines when we've taught the youth of our nation the use of and taste for hard liquor. In all sincerity, the only thing which will stop the use of gin and highballs at bridge parties, dances, etc., is not the presence of frothy steins of beer but the fact that whiskey can be gotten so easily that it will be simply *bad taste* to permit its presence in one's home.

It will then become relegated to medicinal use and for strong men who can stand a drink now and then . . . It will never again harm the masses. The Judges of the highest Courts in Finland are pleading with the public to abolish their prohibition laws; they claim that the morals of young men and girls are corrupted and degraded as never before in the history of Finland.

Prohibition promised us the end of crime; the emptying of jails; and less drinking. Today 35,000 speakeasies replace 7,000 saloons in New York City; and the same ratio holds good elsewhere to a large degree. The birth rate has dropped since Prohibition; our jails are more than filled; murder was never so popular; and seduction, rape and fornication has reached a stage of popularity hitherto unknown in the United States.

No other movie magazine, because of Will Hays, may have the courage to say this—but we say it: "In God's name let us return to the days of our fathers; and let us have the U. S. Constitution as it was a dozen years ago. We say this because we're fighting for the sanctity of the home and the betterment of our Nation."


WALTER W. HUBBARD, Ps. D., D. D.

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A black and white portrait of actor Frank Albertson. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a patterned suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. He has dark hair styled back and is smiling slightly, looking towards the camera. The background is a plain, light color.

FRANK ALBERTSON
Fox star

"THE ART OF MAKE-UP"
*Left to right: Joan Blondell,
Lilian Bond, Marian Marsh
and Evalyn Knapp*



The ART of Make-Up

By WINSTON CLARKE

MAKE-UP can be so subtle that it leaves an impression on the audience like that of a rare scent.

The widespread use of make-up, doubtlessly received its greatest stimulus from the observed importance of the art in screen work. The right color and the proper massing of colors is often vital to a result.

The Lon Chaney idea of make-up, for complete alteration of identity, is the exception rather than the rule.

The word "make-up," when applied to stage and screen players, gives the impression generally, of elaborate cosmeticising that change a face completely. The facts are otherwise. Chaney specialized in the grotesque; *putty* and *collodion* were indispensable in creating his types, *where identity ceased to be an element! but wherein he crystallized an idea in character, swayed solely by environment.* These characterizations assured his position in the art; but likewise contributed largely to his early death.

Till recently, players pre-occupied themselves little if at all with make-up. Casting Directors, you see, make a point of choosing types. There was no demand for the lightning-quick changes, clever impersonations, Jekyll-and-Hyde alterations of visage.

The change which signalizes the revival of interest in make-up is sudden. The past six months or so have seen the emergence into popularity of pictures that lean heavily on out-and-out characterizations.

Today, cosmetics, putty, aluminum powder, collodion and other chemicals are used to alter faces. It has become axiomatic that a good actor, with make-up versatility at his command, does better work than a player who approximates a given type, but whose command of speech and gesture is primitive. Men like George Arliss, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft and Edward G. Robinson have appeared in talking pictures that fascinate movie audiences by their strong characterizations. Vehicles have been chosen for players wherein the continuity calls for the actors and actresses to display virtuosity in displaying the ravages of time, dissipation, fear and the like.

The practicability and ability to emphasize some given point in features, and the possibility of suppressing others, insures greater flexibility for the artist, greater variety with less tax in portraying character; a wider range in depicting the more closely related types. In addition, that greatest of all charms (beauty) may even be registered through a proper understanding of make-up.

Make-up made Adolphe Menjou different in "The Front Page." And Douglas Fairbanks, in "Reaching for the Moon," discarded it after a given sequence.

Make-up, it would seem, has come in for a revival at the Hollywood studios. There is a strong demand for the services of experts cunning in means of transforming a twenty-year-old beauty into a harridan, or endowing a Nordic youth with negroid characteristics of nose

and lips. The girls are fussier

Barrymore as
"Svengali"



too—Una Merkel, Ruth Hiatt, Evelyn Knapp and Marian Marsh being noted for the time they spend in "getting their make-up on straight."

The actual details of the make-up are not too complicated; but the manipulations must be fool-proof. An actor's face must first be cold-creamed, then wiped off, before make-up is used. The ground color is next applied — either grease-paint or a liquid preparation. This base for the make-up must be evenly spread and made to fade into the nape of the neck. Eyes and nose are next taken care of, before the application of a lighter shade. Eyelashes of the film folk are treated with brown mascara. A brown eye shading is used for the eyelids.

Emil Jannings is one of the virtuosi of make-up—his changes rarely eradicate,



Above:
Una Merkel,
on location,
being
"made-up"

Courtesy
of
Pathe



Ruth Hiatt making-up

BROADWAY AND

however, the original. Otis Skinner took two hours to arrange his make-up for the film production of "Kismet." Vivienne Segal astonished all beholders in "Vivienne Nights" with make-up cunning; she successfully and successively depicted a girl of twenty, a matron of forty, and an old woman of sixty.

To look anywhere over sixty, all you do is apply a thick coat of putty to the face, and then engrave lines into it with a sharp point for the wrinkle effect; the lines are then traced with red water-colors. Care should be taken not to line the eyes; shadows can be got through color a bit darker than the foundation color around them.

William Powell, as a down-and-out crook has to make-up for his pre-regeneration period. In the same manner, Ruth Chatterton has in several pictures disguised herself through make-up into an unpleasant personality.

And any of the vehicles starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar") will afford an object lesson in cunning make-up. In "Smart Money" at the Warner Studio, he plays the part of Nick, the barber, whose success in gambling is matched by his ill-luck with blondes. The rise of this Greek barber from an insignificant small-town gambler to the head of a fashionable gambling resort gives Robinson the opportunity to develop a character radically different from (Continued on page 48)

Conrad
Nagel and
Bob Leonard



PHYSIOGNOMY

Your Face and What It Reveals

WILLIAM POWELL, known as Bill to his admiring intimates, has one of the most interesting faces from the standpoint of the student of physiognomy.

His pictures of late have tended to stamp him as a type and to my way of thinking, have ignored his capabilities. In short, they are not making the most of his artistic ability. He strongly disliked the role of Philo Vance, for the reason that it called for no real effort on his part. Yet in spite of this prejudice his studio could depend on him giving an excellent performance. No one who saw him would have guessed that he wasn't enjoying it to the limit.

Powell's long tenure with Paramount are proof of his dependability and loyalty. He has had many tempting offers which up to the time of his recent switch to Warners held no appeal for him. I wonder if Bill's realization that he wasn't getting the right sort of characters to portray didn't have a lot more to do with it than the enormous sum we hear was offered for his services.

Bill Powell is endowed with an exceptionally keen mind and is determined in action. It has often been said of him that he never quits on anything or anyone. He is most energetic and most likely will be active on the screen as long as he lives. He enjoys travelling and says he would be on the go all of the time if he had the wherewithal to do it.

Meeting him or seeing him on the screen you are impressed with his poised and rather coldly brilliant charm and you must wait awhile before you get a glimpse of the kindly and affectionate nature beneath the mask. Another trait of

QUICK THINKING
INDEPENDENT
PRACTICAL

OBSERVANT
AMBITIOUS
PROUD

DETERMINED
KEEN

MAGNETIC

KINDLY

ENERGETIC

SOCIABLE

FIRM
COURTEOUS
AFFECTIONATE

LOYAL
DEPENDABLE
ARTISTIC

Bill's that stands out because it is so rare among his fellow workers is his absolute lack of egotism.

Bill's practical nature is revealed in the fact that while he earns a handsome salary, he banks most of it, knowing that lean days come to most people in his profession. His tastes are extremely simple and while his clothes look like Bond Street, Bill is not extravagant or showy in his dress.

Among the male stars, Will Rogers and Robert Montgomery have already been written up in the columns of this magazine and we expect to present others soon.

—Dr. Abbuh Randlaw

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN. Don't we all like to hear an Irish name when we're introduced to a person of that race? Isn't it altogether fitting and proper that Maureen O'Sullivan has a cute Irish face as distinguished and yet soothing to the nerves as her name? There are many distinguished people with Irish names and many an Irish face has dark hair and blue eyes, a tip-tilted nose and straight upper lip.

You don't have to be Irish to have these interesting facial characteristics, but, if you have them, the mentioned colorings mean you can talk coolly and indifferently, yet actually be warm hearted and impulsive. The tip-tilted nose and straight lip show wit and a firmness to hold established opinions.

A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still. Even Irish gentlewomen can hold to their opinions very firmly, so if you look like Maureen O'Sullivan through having her nose, lips and chin be

(Continued on page 42)

REAL PRIDE
AMBITIOUS
TENACIOUS
SURE

IMAGINATIVE
CREATIVE
COLORFUL
ARTISTIC

FRIENDLY
LOVER OF
PETS
ROMANTIC

IMPULSIVE
MUSICAL

PROUD
IMPATIENT

GENEROUS
HOSPITABLE
DEFENSIVE

GOOD TASTE
DETERMINED
PIONEERING



RONALD
COLMAN,
now starring in
"The Unholy Garden"

RONALD COLMAN

Aristocrat, Athlete, Artist and Actor

By Anita Delglyn

THERE is more of the mysterious, the elusive and the unknown about Ronald Colman than about any other male star in Hollywood. And it isn't because Ronnie has tried to do a Garbo and maintain an air of secrecy and pussy-footing about his doings. He just naturally is retiring, modest and not given to bombastic publicity.

Which is, of course, why so many women, including the writer, greatly admire and almost worship him. He came to the screen in an unusual way. It is interesting to note that Ronnie's first screen work in an American picture was done in Italy. Here's how it happened.

After playing a small part in "East is West" with Fay Bainter, he signed to play the Italian officer in "The White Sister" with Lillian Gish. That picture if you recall was filmed in Italy.

Ronnie is all man; a he-man type; clean-limbed, athletic, dark haired, and possessing those soulful, loving eyes that have won so many, many feminine hearts in the darkness of the movie theatre.

Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891, the son of Charles Colman, silk importer, and of the former Marjory Fraser. He attended the Hadley School at Littlehampton, Sussex. When he was sixteen his father died, and the boy had to find work; he got a job as office boy for the Britain Steamship Company in London, at a salary of \$2.50 a week. He became a bookkeeper for that company and finally a junior accountant, being employed there for five years. Sounds ordinary or prosaic, doesn't it?

During his Hadley School days young Colman played in amateur theatricals: "The Admirable Crichton," "Sowing The Wind," "Fanny's First Play." Now, as he worked at his bookkeeping, he continued in amateur theatricals, with the Bancroft Amateur Dramatic Society. At the same time, for exercise and diversion, he enlisted in the London Scottish Regiment, an organization similar to the National Guard in the United States.

For four years he belonged to the London Scottish, concluding his service in 1913; but he promptly rejoined his regiment when war broke out the following year.

In September, 1914, Colman, a private soldier in Kitchener's "contemp-

Ronald Colman and Ann Harding in "Condemned"



tibles", that "first hundred thousand" of England's army to land in France, found himself in the front line trenches. He saw action in the first battle of Ypres. Then, at Messines, during an advance to reinforce the first line trench, a shell struck, there was an explosion, he stumbled, and his ankle was fractured. He was not wounded by shrapnel, as has been reported.

He was sent back to England, attached to the Highland Brigade, given clerical work for his second year in the army, and finally discharged by the medical board after having failed to get back into action in other branches of the army. He naturally has the heart of a soldier and looks well in a uniform.

Lena Ashwell, during the summer of 1916, gave Colman his first professional stage role, supporting her in a playlet by Tagore, "The Maharanee of Arakan," presented at the Coliseum in London. Colman played a herald—and in black face. Thereafter he supported Gladys Cooper in "The Misleading Lady," and he had a principal role in "Damaged Goods," the daring play concerning a venereal disease and its terrible consequences.

While he was performing in "Da-



Above: Ronald Colman and Kay Francis in "Raffles"

aged Goods" he accepted an offer of George Dewhurst, British film producer, to act in his first film: a two-reel comedy that was photographed in an improvised studio rigged up in a room of a vacant house. The film has never been exhibited. More pictures followed, during the next three years, in England, some made for Cecil Hepworth, British film producer. "A Son of David" offered Colman as a Jewish pugilist who knocked out a much bigger man. "Snow in the Desert" was made for Broadwest Films; "The Black Spider" was another picture of that era in Colman's career . . . He was working very hard, determined to succeed.

Colman continued to play on the stage, as he had a very low opinion of himself as a screen actor. "The Live Wire," "The Great Day" and "The Little Brother" are plays in which he acted throughout England. In 1920, when there was general unemployment in England, he could not find steady work as an actor and so he departed for America, reaching New York with \$37, three clean collars, (they would be "clean" because that's the first impression a woman gets of Ronnie—he just breathes and "smells" cleanliness—a characteristic so much admired by my own sex) and two letters of introduction in his pocket.

He lived in a cheap Brooklyn furnished room, toured the film studios and theatrical managers' offices in New York, could not find work, and was down to his last dollar when he got a part in support of Robert Warwick in "The Dauntless Three," a short-lived play. He was chief of the Turkish Police in Act I and a Russian spy (bearded) in Act II. Thereafter he supported George Arliss in "The Green Goddess" and also played in "The Night Cap," "The Silver Fox" and "East Is West" on the stages of New York or out-of-town cities. "East Is West" was the story of a half-caste Chinese.

During the fall of 1922, he was appearing at the Empire Theatre in New York in "La Tendresse," supporting Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller, when director Henry King saw him and offered him the leading male role in "The White Sister," opposite Lillian Gish, the film to be made in Italy. Colman followed it up with "Romola," in which he again acted opposite Miss Gish. It was then Samuel Goldwyn, film producer, signed the young actor for a role in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Tarnish." That was followed by the signing of a long term contract; today Colman is still under contract to Mr. Goldwyn.

"A Thief in Paradise" followed "Tarnish," and then came "His Supreme Moment." "The Sporting Venus" was next, being released through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, May 17, 1925. August 30, 1925, "Her Sister From Paris," with Colman supporting Constance Talmadge, was released through First National. October 18, Colman appeared with Vilma Banky, for the first time, in "The Dark Angel."

November 22nd was the national release date of "Stella Dallas," the Samuel Goldwyn production for United Artists, in which Colman acted with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran and Jean Hersholt. December 6th Colman was seen in Ernst Lubitsch's production of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," a Warner Brothers picture.

April 11, 1926, Colman appeared opposite Norma Talmadge in "Kiki," for First National. August 15 of that year he had the title role in "Beau Geste,"

Herbert Brenon's production for Paramount. September 26, 1926, Colman's second film with Vilma Banky, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," was released through United Artists.

January 30, 1927, brought another Colman-Banky picture, "The Night of (Continued on page 42)



In circle: Florence Britton, Loretta Young, and Ronald Colman in "Devil to Pay." Below, at right: with Fay Wray in "The Unholy Garden"



The Quest of BEAUTY

By LILY DAMITA

IF I HAD a younger sister, there are so many, many things I would like to tell her about beauty, about the art of being attractive. For it is an art. One which the wise woman studies carefully. And the first thing she learns is to develop what she has and to live up to her type.

On numerous occasions I've heard girls say: "Oh, if I had So-and-So's eyes, I'd be happy!" It's like crying for the moon—and they probably would not like the moon once they did get it.

I have always believed originality was the fundamental source of beauty. No matter how exquisite a painting may be, if it's lined up with a hundred duplicates, it ceases to interest the spectator. It is so with a woman. She may be distinctly good-looking but if she does not stand out as an individual, she remains in the "merely pretty" class, a beauty-parlor conformist.

Haven't you seen the merry, chubby little soul who wanted to be a Dolores Del Rio? Or the tall, suave creature who tried madly to imitate Clara Bow? And haven't you rather pitied them? That's the reason I say, dare to be yourself. Don't try to copy. There's something in you that no one else has and it's that something which makes you a personality, different from all the other people on the earth. Bring it out; accent it. That is point number one I'd stress with a younger sister—if I had one.

The next point is a "bandbox appearance." Nothing draws so much favorable attention as neatness in clothes, that fresh-out-of-the-tissue-paper look. Straight stocking seams, immaculate gloves, clean shoes—they're all included. And behind all that must be an active, vital body, one that is intensely alive. Don't be afraid to develop your muscles; they make for a good figure. There is little to be admired in flabby flesh or in a puny body.

I like to sleep without a pillow because it keeps the spine straighter and helps to erase the lines around the throat. *It's a luxurious feeling—lying flat on one's back in a comfortable bed (but it shouldn't be too soft).* It is the most perfect way of relaxing. Once or twice a month I take a day off from all activities to rest, and I spend it quietly in my room. During that time I eat nothing; however, I drink quantities of hot water. It's an excellent means of eliminating all impurities and restoring energy. For anyone employed in a busy professional life or on their feet all day behind a counter, it serves as a splendid nerve tonic.

Oh, I know it's difficult when you're working every week-day to give up a precious Sunday to complete idleness. If you find it impossible, perhaps you can devote at least a Saturday afternoon to yourself. Rest. Put all cares and worries away from you. Drink about six glasses of hot

water . . . squeeze the juice of half a lemon into each one, if you think it more palatable that way. You will be astonished at the beneficial results to your health.

I was, I remember, the first time I tried it. It was in Germany and I was run-down from the strain of a long theatrical season. I had determined to go to Baden-Baden for the baths when a friend suggested this simple home treatment. I felt so good after a single day of absolute relaxation I went back to Paris and played for six weeks!

The most noticeable effect

With Gary
Cooper

"Fighting
Caravans"



of proper rest and thorough cleansing of the system is in the skin. What a tell-tale banner that is! Little red blemishes on the face are so many little flags waving frantically that all is not well within. It's up to us to heed their signals, making up over a bad skin is a waste of time. You must first make it beautiful in itself. *I suppose her skin is what attracts a man most to a woman.* If it has a soft glow that bespeaks of health and care, he is apt to be charmed. Aren't we all?

I have found milk a remarkable aid in preserving the smoothness of the skin. About two times a week I bathe my face in it, patting it in and allowing it to remain for five minutes or longer if I have the time. Applications of hot milk whiten as well as clarify the skin. After washing the face, and while it is still damp, place cloths saturated with the hot milk over it and keep the features immobile. It will give you a velvety appearance that is lovely.

When you are tired, especially during the heat of the summer, use ice often to remove



the fatigue lines and to tone up the skin. Another thing—never leave the skin dry. You may not have enough natural oil secretions to keep it soft, and in that case you'll need to rub a generous amount of good cold cream on your face after each washing.

Sometimes I think we expect too much of our poor faces. A hasty dab of powder, a bit of rouge (usually the kind we thought looked nice on somebody else) a blur of lipstick, and we go out into the searching sunlight confident that we are at our best. An hour passes . . . we take the mirror from our bag . . . and make a grimace in the glass. Awful! Simply because we didn't take enough pains with our make-up. My personal belief is that cosmetics should not be used excessively—and those that are used should be applied with extreme care.

To have a make-up perfect, powders and rouges must be subtly blended with the flesh tones. After all, the chief purpose of these "beautifiers" is to intensify your complexion in a pleasing manner; they should never be obvious. I prefer only a trace of powder and lipstick for myself during the day, but many women like to begin their make-up by using a foundation cream or liquid. If you use the cream,



Lily Damita, above, in "The Woman Between."
At left, in "Sons o' Guns."

you'll find it lasts longer by putting it on while your face is damp with a stringent lotion. The rouge is applied next. Frequently, women like to start the day with either the cream or liquid variety because they do not disappear too quickly.

It's here that your artistic sense should assert itself, for rouge needs to be blended very carefully into the skin, and by applying it cleverly you can change the very contour of your face. Yes, you can! Not all of us are blessed with the ideal oval face, but we can do a lot towards simulating it. Supposing you are one of the fortunates who do have oval faces. The place for your rouge, then, is on the cheekbone immediately below and extending a trifle beyond the outer corner of the eye. If you happen to have shapely ear lobes, too, rouge them a little.

If your face is round or broad, you can reduce the width by placing the color higher behind the eyes and nearer the nose. Instead of emphasizing the ears, put just a bit of rouge on your chin. This will seemingly increase the length. Then, if you have a long, thin countenance, you can foreshorten it considerably by rubbing the rouge over a large area, and by placing it low—particularly if you have prominent cheek bones.

For your powder, choose one a shade darker than your skin, since the darker tones are more becoming and soften the lines of the face, if you should have any.

And now for lipstick—the tri- (Continued on page 13)

LILY DAMITA, on and off the screen.
Lower right: With Eric von Stroheim
in "Friends and Lovers"

17





LIONEL BARRYMORE and NORMA SHEARER
in "A Free Soul." Above,
in circle, LIONEL BARRYMORE
and ALAN MOWBRAY
in "Guilty Hands."

TWO PICTURES OF THE MONTH

M-G-M Stars Lionel Barrymore

JUST as we were about to announce to the world at large our choice of "A Free Soul" as The Picture of the Month, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer released "Guilty Hands", another winner. Much is written these days of "stealing pictures" or scenes as the case may be.

In these two productions we see a man, no longer young, his hair thin and gray, his eyes though bright, showing unmistakably the toll of time, his shoulders slightly stooped, completely steal the show.

Let there be no mistake about it, this superb actor is surrounded by a very capable cast in each instance, whose first rate performances will receive our plaudits a bit later.

Of course the actor to whom we refer is none other than Lionel Barrymore of stage fame. Little has been heard of him in recent months although he has been busy directing. To those of our readers who remember Barrymore in "The Jest", "The Clown" and some of his other successes, we want to say: "Don't miss these two pictures." Granted that he is a past master of the art of raising lumps in your throat, misting your eyes or whatever it is you do when your tear duct is aroused, nevertheless he gives an outstanding artistic performance in both these films. He portrays the sort of father most girls long for and a few lucky ones have. The kind that's a pal, an understanding friend, one who while shielding you lets you know what it's all about.

Norma Shearer has never been so exotic as she is in "A Free Soul". As the daughter who was raised by an indulgent father and has accepted his standards Miss Shearer gives us a very vivid portrayal. Clark Gable, that personable young man who has had such a meteoric career is cast as the gambler for whom Jan Ashe risks her good name and is most convincing. Leslie Howard, as the young man who loves Jan does very well with the small part he has, especially in the scene where

the gambler reviles Jan as being one of his women but says he might take her back although no one would want to marry her after he blasts the truth about her visits to his rooms.

Since space will not permit of more than passing comment, a word about the cast of "Guilty Hands". Madge Evans as the young innocent girl madly infatuated with a roue, who happens to be one of her father's clients, is admirably cast. Alan Mowbray is excel-

*Cont'd on
page 44*



One of the most dramatic moments in the history of the talkies

TRAINING *for* WEEKS.

By Dr. Abbuh Randlaw

WEEEKS is not weak! Not in any sense—in muscles, morals, music, mirth, mind, merit, or what-have-you? She's one of the brightest bits of femininity the screen has seen for some time and headed for stardom just as sure as gun's iron.

Her shapely thighs and legs, kept in trim by that Whiteley exerciser she appears to be using seriously, have carried her to a considerable degree of success already; considerably more than the average girl who

seeks fame and fortune via the Hollywood silver screen.

The modern axiom that "youth will be served" seems to be working out in Barbara's case, for although she is barely seventeen years old, Miss Weeks has been on the stage for more than four years!

Born in Boston, Mass., July 4th, 1913, Barbara and her family moved to New York while she was still a child. The little girl, brown-haired, blue-eyed, and graceful at the age when most children are all arms and legs, had always wanted to go on the stage, seriously preparing for the fulfillment of her ambition by taking singing and dancing lessons. It seemed to her but a natural outcome of her long-cherished desires, then, when one day in her thirteenth year, a more advanced pupil of her dancing teacher sent her with a card to a theatre where a musical show was then being cast and rehearsed.

Little Barbara Weeks, aged thirteen, entered boldly through the stage door, believing the moment to be the beginning of her stage career. And she was right. That afternoon Gene Buck gave her a part in his musical comedy, "Take the Air," and she has been on the stage ever since. She takes excellent care of her body, keeping constantly in training. But she never "over-trains", not Barbara!

"Ringside," a dramatic production, followed "Take the Air," and later Barbara, whose nickname is Bobbe, appeared with Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee," becoming a protegee

BARBARA
WEEKS

Cont'd on
page 42





TWO STUDIES OF
BARBARA WEEKS

SCREEN WORK

Is No Bed of Roses!

By Charles Farrell, *Fox Star*

SCREEN acting is the world's greatest profession if you succeed—and the worst if you don't.

There's no thrill like that of seeing one's name in electric lights over a theatre marquee—and no disappointment like that of plugging along in the extra ranks, year after year, getting a "bit" now and

*Charles
and
Janet*

then, with long lay-offs when the studios all temporarily shut down. An extra is often down to his last dime before he gets a day's work at five dollars or seven and a half.

I know. I've experienced both. And my advice to any ambitious but unknown youngster who starts out to win screen fame is: "Don't!"

That admonition, of course, can be qualified. If the youngster in question can afford it, and by that I mean if he has enough money to live on for a year or more, aside from anything he may be able to earn in pictures, then it won't do any harm for him to try. But the chances are a thousand to one against him, even then—and if he starts with an empty purse and plans to live on his earnings, the percentage is a million to one.

There are plenty of sound reasons for this. One is the complete upsetting of "extra" conditions by the coming of the talkies, which have enormously reduced the opportunities for outsiders to get a start. When I began my own film career eight years ago, things were bad enough for a greenhorn. There were around eighteen or twenty thousand extra players in Hollywood, all offering plenty of competition to tenderfeet who didn't know the ropes.

On the other hand, "mob" scenes were frequent, and every major studio used hundreds and even thousands of extras in a week's time, so that almost everyone had a day's work or two every so often.

When the Central Casting bureau was organized, this huge army of extras was trimmed to a fraction of its former size, and the survivors found considerably more work available. The

(cont'd on page 43)



WHAT PRICE PIES?

By
**Louise
Fazenda**

*Famous
Movie
Star*



A GOOD many of my readers who live in the rural districts will know what I mean when I talk about rich and yet light pie crusts; about fresh fruit pies still hot from the oven's heat—their rich juices seeping into a flaky, buttery and crumbly crust . . . And grandfather, who's not supposed to touch pastry, asking for a second helping and washing it down with a cup of steaming Java.

Thanksgiving especially will bring much happiness, and some heartaches, as far as pies go; but there is no reason whatever why you shouldn't have just as good pastry as your neighbor. Pie making is an art, to be sure, but it isn't restricted to New England housewives, any more than the cooking of fried chicken is the sole knowledge of the women and chefs of Maryland.

I like pie, and there are a hundred million others like me, as the song goes. And if there's anything which gives me more enjoyment at the table than seeing a hard working business man relish a cut of home-made pie, and find that it gives him a complete sense of satisfaction and well being, I don't know what it is! If you knew the number of pies that are used up in Hollywood every day—in the cafeterias, not the comedies, you would think that the so-called Hollywood diet was the bunk.

Pie is unquestionably the favorite dessert of most American men and apple pie gets the majority of votes. One smart American woman who chose to live in London but had to find a means of livelihood there opened a pie shop which is flourishing with great profit.

The American housewife who enjoys catering to her husband's dessert whims has found the pie another means of getting more milk into his diet. So she skillfully maneuvers his taste from apple pie to a variety of cream pies, which are not only tasty, but nourishing. A smooth cream pie may be made with evaporated milk if you have not fresh.

Maybe you have speculated on how the expert

piemaker obtains the glaze on her pie crust. Brush the upper crust of a two-crust pie with concentrated evaporated milk or fresh milk, and it will produce that same glaze.

Apple With Cheese Pie Crust.—While not strictly our good old friend, the standard apple pie, this charming dessert has much to merit your attention and will prove a satisfactory addition to any planned meal. One and one-half cups of flour, one-third cup cold shortening, one-half cup grated cheese, not too dry; one-half teaspoon salt, four to six tablespoons ice water, six to eight apples, one and one-half cups sugar, three tablespoons cinnamon, one teaspoon vanilla, one tablespoon butter. Sift flour and salt, then work in shortening and cheese, leaving shortening in large pieces, gradually add the ice water with a spatula, blending well. Put in refrigerator for a half hour before rolling to fit pan. Peel and slice apples.

Mix flour with sugar, then mix with apples, but do not let stand too long before putting in fitted pie crust, sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with butter. Add top crust, brush with top milk and sprinkle over with sugar. Put in a hot oven, 500 degrees, for ten minutes, reduce heat to moderate, 350 degrees, and bake for 30 to 40 minutes.

(Continued on page 43)

*Louise, shown
in make-up,
is one of
Hollywood's
finest
cooks*



SCREEN

Possibilities

How Well Do You Photograph?

Aileen
Onist



In spite of all of our previous warnings, photographs still come in colored. No attention is ever paid to hand tinted pictures, and they cannot be returned under any circumstances. We have numerous letters from friends and relatives of those whose pictures have been printed—asking us to supply copies of back numbers. These are very scarce, and it is suggested that if anyone wants copies, the best time to purchase them is while they're actually on sale on the newsstands throughout the United States and Canada.

Sometimes a young man receives a "commission" to start work in pictures right here in New York City—either at the Fox offices, the M-G-M offices, or the Astoria, L. I. studios of the Paramount-Publix Corporation. Because he was recently accomodating enough to act as test partner for two girls who were seeking to enter the movies, William Pawley is now the possessor of a Fox Film contract. When a suitable leading lady for "Bad Girl" was being sought at the Fox New York office, Pawley did the honors opposite them. He had appeared in the original stage play. Neither of the girls got the part. Sally Eilers was the winner, but Pawley was offered and signed a contract.

Upon the completion of "Bad Girl," in which he played the part of Miss Eilers' brother, he was assigned to "Over The Hill."

Are you willing to act as a test partner in case we were ever able to get the opportunity for you? We make no wild promises; this is not a school nor an employment agency; but we will help you if you're willing to help yourself. These files, and the information on the cards, are all made available to casting directors, vaudeville and theatrical booking offices, film company executives, producers, stage directors, etc.—as well as to prominent New York artists and commercial photographers who are seeking talented models.

Under those circumstances, do you want to send in your photograph? If you don't have a photograph—you can have one made at the expense of BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES monthly, at 1680 (Continued on page 41)

ABOUT once in every three weeks we receive a photograph of a young woman who is so strikingly beautiful and whose qualifications card, references, etc., appear so good; or the picture of a young man who has had previous experience and who photographs so well—as to merit our sending it along with a personal note of explanation to some film company executive. Or to several of them.

Obviously we can't do this to all of the pictures we receive, for they are legion. We will, however, print every one we receive—the month or two following their receipt; and if not then, the following month. Furthermore, we will publish, at some time or other as soon as space is available, acknowledgment of the receipt of the photograph and a comment or two upon that particular person's qualifications.

What's this all for? What, and for whom are we doing it? Is it an advertising gag?

The answer to the latter question is emphatically "No!" If you feel it is an advertising racket—stay out; we don't want your photos for our files. It is a sincere and genuine attempt to be of service both to the movie producer and to the aspirant who wishes to land in the films—a young man, a child, or a girl, who wishes a job in the pictures and doesn't know whether he or she has ability or has even a remote chance. There are no favorites—and the registrations are NOT limited to those who are subscribers. Of course, the circulation department tells us they'd like to see all of you on their rolls—but this is the editorial department speaking. And how!



Left to right: Bohumit Zeman, Al L. Lepore, and Frank Wallace Naggi

Schenck Slams Screen Slush!

Reserve Advertising for Newspapers and Magazines

DENOUNCING commercial advertising on the motion picture screen as being unfair to audiences, Nicholas M. Schenck, President of Loew's Inc., operating hundreds of theatres in this and foreign countries, recently issued an official statement that his theatres would continue to refuse screen advertising. As President also of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one of the leading producing companies, Mr. Schenck said that his studios would not produce films subsidized by commercial advertisers. This is a bold step, but a most commendable one, we'll say!

Schenck further revealed that he is making a determined effort to convince other producers and operators of theatre circuits that screen advertising is a menace to the motion picture industry and should be barred by all first-class theatres. In some instances the showings have been exceedingly repulsive to an audience, and two or three shown in succession.

In addition to being an annoyance to audiences who pay money for entertainment alone, Schenck points out that he is opposed to screen advertising because it constitutes competition with newspaper and magazine advertising and he believes this unfair in view of the editorial friendship toward the motion picture evidenced by most newspaper publishers. There are too many good screen fan magazines and plenty of excellent newspapers where advertising could, and should, appear. It's up to the public, however!

In a statement prepared for publication in "The Loew-down," his company's house organ, Mr. Schenck said:

"I have been repeatedly questioned by the press, the public and by the executives of our own theatres as to the attitude of Loew's, Inc., and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with regard to using the motion picture screen for commercial advertising purposes.

"Some of our own theatre managers have expressed their curiosity as to why Loew Theatres have not accepted screen advertising, as other theatres have done, and why we are foregoing the large revenue held out to us by advertisers.

"Loew Theatres were probably among the first to be offered huge sums to run subsidized motion pictures. However, our decision was and still is to refuse to use our screens for advertising. At present we see no reason to change our attitude.

"We are definitely opposed to the commercializing of the screen. Screen advertising is unfair to our audiences. An advertisement on the screen forces itself upon the spectator. He can not escape it . . . yet he has paid his admittance price for entertainment alone. Screen advertising is far different from newspaper or magazine advertising. One is not forced to read that advertising. It is true that some screen advertising is cleverly done and in spite of its commercial angle it is entertaining. However, I should not like to see many of such subsidized pictures, and the temptation is to make the advertising phase more and more obtrusive and hence annoying to the audience.

"In Europe there has been a great deal of screen advertising. It, too, started in a clever and subtle manner. But now it has become a bore to the spectator and a menace to the theatre.

"We have been very active in trying to persuade other producers and theatre operators to take a stand against screen advertising similar to ours. We are continuing these efforts to free the screen from anything but entertainment. We are hopeful that the entire industry will take a stand



Greta Garbo, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star

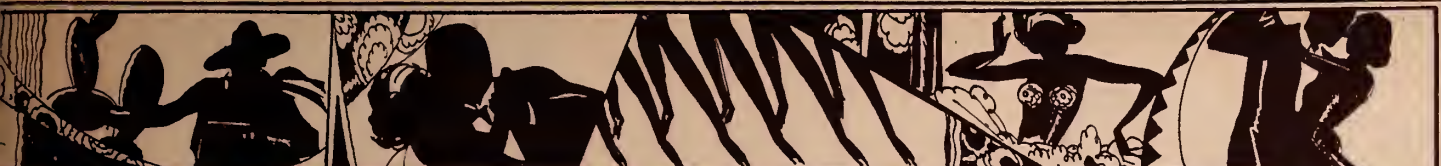
against screen advertising and not attempt to force our theatres into that field."

We asked several of the screen stars what they thought of it, and the answers were all in opposition to the nefarious practise, even though, in one instance, a star had actually received money for endorsing the product of a company which was trying to exploit its product via the screen.

"I consider it a distinct step backwards," said one prominent male star who did not wish his name mentioned for obvious reasons. We shall respect his confidence, but we were glad to hear him continue: "It is a retrogression; screen advertising is in the same class with the old style colored lantern slides, and constitutes a producer's and theatre owner's insult to the public which supports the business so nobly . . . I look forward to the time when these advertisers will stop playing 'cats and dogs' and will make use of the advertising columns of the magazines."

Every one of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars we know of feels the same way we do about it, and the same way Mr. Schenck does about it. Patrons of movie theatres don't have to stand for the junk; it can be hissed off the screen if one feels like it. We wouldn't recommend a boycott of the theatre, no matter how we felt about it, because that is a violation of the Federal law. But, we stand unalterably opposed to advertising via the movies as it is now foisted upon the public.





NOEL FRANCIS
First National and Warner Bros. star





THE LULLABY.—Helen Hayes, of stage fame, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, Cliff Edwards, Marie Prevost, Aileen Pringle, Robert Young, Halliwell Hobbes, Bradley Page, Claire McDowell, Lloyd Ingraham, Lennox Pawle, Margaret Seddon and Tenen Holtz combine to do the best they can with this M-G-M story by Edw. Knoblock. The photography was by Oliver T. Marsh. Good.

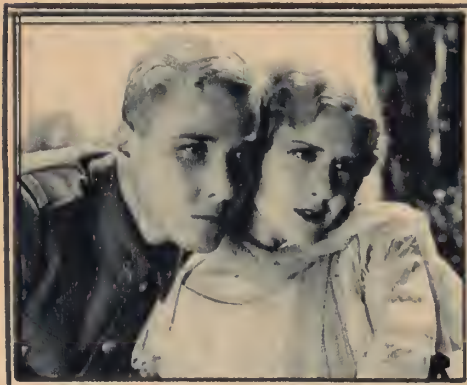
THE BLOND NIGHTINGALE.—UFA Films. A highly satisfactory and pleasing piece of work. Else Elster as Grete is fascinating and has an excellent voice. The production as a whole is very well done. The music is good, direction, sound recording very good, staging and photography excellent. Arthur Hall, Paul Kemp and Leopold von Ledebur with others make up an excellent cast.



THE SPIDER.—A Fox Production, with Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran, El Brendel, Howard Phillips, Earle Fox; Kendall McComas, Ruth Donnelly and George E. Stone. An adaptation of the play, *The Spider*. Excellent mystery material revolving around the solution of the details of a murder. Full of suspense and El Brendel's relief contribution. The individual work of the cast is fine.



BOUGHT.—Another one of those things in which Constance Bennett is being someone's mistress. In this Warner job, however, she's not quite as wooden as we've seen her in some things. Ben Lyon's role is convincing and easily handled, while Richard Bennett, as the Jewish father of an illegitimate child, is just "fair". Paul Porcasi's part, though brief, is capably portrayed.



WATERLOO BRIDGE.—Universal release of a British war story which indicates the importance of a vehicle, without which no pictures rise to the dignity of achievement. Our British cousins understand Drama, and there is a subtle atmosphere of conviction in the work of Kent Douglass, Doris Lloyd and Mae Clark in this picture, which will guarantee your enjoyment. Classed excellent.



THE LAST FLIGHT.—We might have run this as "The Picture of the Month", but the First National publicity department didn't get stills to us until some time after the picture had opened at the Strand on Broadway. A splendid film, starring Helen Chandler and Richard Barthelmess, ably supported by John Mack Brown, Walter Byron, Elliott Nugent and David Manners.



FRIENDS AND LOVERS.—R. K. O. —With such artists as Adolph Menjou, Lilly Damita, Eric Von Stroheim, and a vehicle which yields opportunity for such artists, one feels a director should have little difficulty using such elements with telling effect. You will not be disappointed in this for the material has been used with excellent judgment on the part of the directors.



THE BARGAIN.—First National Pictures. From the play "You and I." An extremely absorbing and pleasing adaptation, with Louis Stone, Doris Kenyon, Evalyn Knapp, Una Merkle, John Darrow, Oscar Apfel, Chas. Butterworth and Nella Walker. Not a tensely dramatic subject, but full of the milk of human kindness. Splendid performance, as you would anticipate from the splendid cast.



CAUGHT.—Paramount-Publix. Featuring Richard Arlen, with Louise Dresser, Edna Frances Dee. Director Ed. Sloman. Builds up to a satisfactory recital of the traditional Western, with splendid action affording Louise Dresser and Arlen opportunity which they make the most of. Very picturesque, with the unique story of a woman turned Wild Cat head of a band of dirty cattle rustlers.



LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE.—Universal Production. Drama of life in the most picturesque section of the North American Continent, where life moves swift and emotions are deep seated and hearts beat furiously. A tender and absorbing story is well told in this. John Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and Leo Carillo contribute a sterling performance with gripping force. Well directed.

THE GUARDSMAN.—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer masterpiece from the stage play as originally presented by the Theatre Guild. The Guild has been so stingy with its press courtesies, but we'll have a chance to see it done much better by a worthy film company. Cast is headed by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, supported by Roland Young and Herman Bing. Sophisticated and good!



THE AGE FOR LOVE.—Billie Dove's latest starring vehicle for Howard Hughes' Caddo Productions. Directed most ably by Frank Lloyd, assisted by Wm. Tummel. Plenty of humor supplied by Edward Everett Horton who seems to fit well into most any sort of picture. Billie Dove, recently divorced and happier, is positively at her best and you will enjoy seeing this wonderful film.



PARDON US.—Laurel and Hardy in a comic adaptation of "The Big House", in which use was made of the sets for that prison film. A full length picture, but not quite as funny as we had hoped it would be. They do a sort of Amos n' Andy in a part of the film. Walter Long's "Tiger" portrayal is really fine. This isn't Walter's first try at convict roles. He's also a director of note.



EXPRESS 13.—A Ufa film of the mystery type, reviewed at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, N. Y. City. Alfred Bierle, Heinz Koenecke, and the seductively beautiful Charlotte Susa appear in the production which has much to do with the oil and railroad industries as well as murder. German language films, as a rule, without any English titles; but fairly good film stuff.



THE SQUAW MAN.—M.G.M. Production, directed by Cecil de Mille, with Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez, Eleanor Boardman, Roland Young, Charles Bickford and Mitchell Lewis. Produced both as a silent and a talkie by de Mille, we feel that the silent version has the edge upon this later effort—Perhaps absence of novelty explains our reaction. Has broad appeal.



FANNY FOLEY HERSELF.—Radio Pictures with Edna May Oliver, Hobart Bosworth, Florence Roberts, Rochelle Hudson, Helen Chandler, John Darrow and Harry O. Stubbs. An excellent cast, with excellent material and able direction, result, excellent entertainment. Edna May Oliver is always a show unto herself, you cannot fail to enjoy her work in this, wherein she is afforded fair latitude.

HEIDELBERG.—Gay and glorious Heidelberg with its students as often indulging in beer, romance and song as they are on professorial teachings—that's the sort of picture set before you in German from the UFA studios of Europe. Those whose Deutsch is proficient—even if it's helped along by the synopsis in the program sheet—will enjoy "Ein Burschenlied aus Heidelberg."



I LIKE YOUR NERVE.—First National picture. An extravagant abuse of drama by a melodramatic mind with fairly pleasing results. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with Loretta Young work a clever piece of hokum, violating all tradition, which because of action passes for entertainment. Boris Karloff, Henry Kolker, Edmund Breon, Claude Allister, Paul Porcasi give good performances.



HEAVEN ON EARTH.—Universal. As you like it. Lew Ayers featured in a charming drama, pitched to the level where life is lived humbly, hence truthfully. Less of form and more of reality. Chests bare to the struggle, where contacts are close and understanding deep; where sunshine is eternal and clouds mellow, but do not foul. Where life is a benediction, and men have souls.

HIGH STAKES.—Radio release with a strong cast; but it takes more than a cast to ring at the Box Office. Lowell Sherman, Mae Murray, Edward Martindel, Karen Morley, Ethel Levey and others, fail to lift the picture above the count of fair, despite good performance. The story is inherently weak, notwithstanding its stage history and the dialogue does not save it.



MANY A SLIP.—This Universal release does not afford Lew Ayers a chance to do the sort of acting he is capable of. Joan Bennett plays the modern young woman, and Virginia Sale, Vivian Oakland, Ben Alexander, Slim Summerville, Roscoe Karns and J. C. Nugent complete the cast. Flaming youth and its scrapes prove that "Many a slip" can end happily. Well handled photographically. Good.



THE RULING VOICE.—First National Production, with Walter Huston, Loretta Young, Doris Kenyon, David Manners, John Halliday, Dudley Digges and Willard Robertson. A strong cast, with forced plot, barren of truth, yet well executed. We expect force from racketeers, this melo-dramatic form of presentation is true to such a theory, and will be enjoyed by many. Not convincing.



HOMICIDE SQUAD.—Universal Production with Mary Brian, Noah Beery, George Brent and J. Carrol Naish; certainly an able cast. The picture has enough soul, and just enough sophistication to mould into a tense theme, and because of good direction, makes for good entertainment. The plot and execution is cohesive, as is the idea of permitting the drama to overshadow the settings.



THE STAR WITNESS.—With Grant Mitchell, Frances Starr, Chic Sale, Walter Huston and others the movie boasts of an all stage cast. The lines were very badly written in spots, too much repetition and drag, while the big identification scene in the courtroom was atrociously cut. On the whole, though, a fairly good picture and an expose of gang practises.



THE GREAT LOVER.—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production with Adolphe Menjou, Irene Dunne, Ernest Torrence, Neil Hamilton, Olga Baclanova, Cliff Edwards, Hale Hamilton, Roscoe Ates, Herman Bing and Else Hanssen. From the play in which Leo Dietrichstein made such a hit several years ago on the stage. The story concerns "backstage" in the opera and singers' loves.

SMART MONEY.—Advertised as "not a gangster picture" we can assure you that it isn't; but it is a darn fine picture, full of laughs and a cross section of the gambling life of our country, interspersed with blondes which gamblers seem to prefer. Edward G. Robinson at his best; ably supported by Margaret Livingston and James Cagney. Good and worthy of a long run!



EAST OF BORNEO.—Such a locale should always make a good story, especially with Rose Hobart, Charles Bickford, Lupita Tovar, and others in the cast of this Universal production. Lupita's no mean eye-full, and we don't mean "maybe". On the whole the picture is sufficiently interesting to be worth your paying the price of admission to look it over.



CAUGHT PLASTERED.—Radio Pictures. A Wheeler and Woolsey dramatic comedy, directed by William Seiter. The situations are fluid with action and are utilized fully by the director in telling his story. The dialogue is good and the boys handle their material effectively. You will enjoy the nonsense and feel fully repaid for your time. Lucy Beaumont, Dorothy Lee and Jason Robards appear.

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE.—An M-G-M production starring the famous Greta Garbo and Clark Gable, well supported by Hale Hamilton, John Miljan, Eddie Kane, Alan Hale, et al. The exotically beautiful Garbo does her stuff in her usual, high class manner, and the story goes over with a bang. A really excellent and worthy production.



SODA POPPERS.—R.K.O. Dramatic comedy. Story by Douglas MacLean; directed by William Seiter, featuring Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, with Dorothy Lee, Lucy Beaumont, Jason Robard, and De Witt Jennings. Whilst the plot is traditional, we like the material and its handling, which afford contrast and warmth. The action is fluid with legitimate sequence. We class it good.



PALMY DAYS.—Eddie Cantor and Charlotte Greenwood starring in this United Artists comedy. Story and dialog by Eddie Cantor. Morris Ryskind and David Freeman. Supporting the principals we find Spencer Charters, Barbara Weeks, George Raft, Chas. B. Middleton, Paul Page and Harry Woods. The plot hinges 'round a band of crooks who are making "game" of a rich baker.



A HOLY TERROR.—A Fox release based on the novel "Trailin'" by Max Brand. George O'Brien, Sally Eilers, Rita La Roy, Humphrey Bogart, James Kirkwood, Stanley Fields, Robert Warwick, Richard Tucker and Earl Pingree comprise the cast of this rousing western. Irving Cummings did a good job of directing, and there are some very fine shots of the plains. Good western stuff.



THE BRAT.—A Fox Production. Excellent adaptation of the play by Maude Fulton. Vested with best elements of drama, full of pathos and a skillful admixture of humor, the appeal is intensely human, in short a splendid picture, with Sally O'Neil, Allan Dinehart, Frank Albertson, June Collyer, William Collier, Sr., Virginia Cherrill and Mary Forbes. Director, John Ford.



THE ALBANY BRANCH.—Educational ought to "say it with magazine advertising" as far as their short subjects go, but this one's good enough to merit real attention. It features and includes Pert Kelton, Tom Dugan, Frank Eastman and Alice Mosher; and is directed by Mack Sennett and Babe Stafford. Another "society crashing" story of a razor salesman and his sweetheart.



FIVE STAR FINAL.—First National Picture, with a very strong cast, comprising Edward G. Robinson, H. B. Warner, Marian Marsh, Frances Starr, Robert Elliott, Ona Munson, George E. Stone and Anthony Bushell. With the combination of Robinson and director Mervyn LeRoy, each outstanding in their respective fields, you may be sure of effective results, with Five Star Final.



THE HOUSE DICK.—R.K.O. two-reel comedy, featuring Jimmy Savo, in his first talking picture; Tom Francis, Natalie Kingston and Gertrude Sutton make up the cast. A clever farce affording ample scope for Savo's talent, and we will say, his is a distinct personality. He has his following and we shall watch with interest his work in pictures. Jimmy was formerly with Earl Carroll shows.



JOAN BLONDELL, at left; and above, her
"heavy date," WALTER PIDGEON. At the
lower right, POLLY WALTERS, of Warner





UNA MERKEL

WALTER PIDGEON, that handsome brunette giant of a movie actor with the bass-baritone voice, is reported as being exceptionally sweet, right now, on the shapeless blonde queen, Joan Blondell; vamp *par excellence* . . . The same story, as far as the love interest goes, also applied to Walter Huston and Una Merkel . . . Dorothy MacKaill's latest fiancé, Neil Miller, is the sugar king of Honolulu. He's again reaching for a sweet.

Ronald Colman has done a nose-dive for Alison Lloyd, whose nom de movies formerly was Thelma Todd, after all these years. Love psychology works that way often in Hollywood. A staid British boy like Ronald who has known Thelma for ages suddenly becomes Thelma-conscious—then Thelma-minded—then Thelma's boy friend.

We're wondering if Polly Walters is married; or intending to get married. We like her brunette boy friend.

Charles Mack, of the old blackface team of Moran & Mack, better known as the "Two Black Crows" recently made a settlement of \$100,000 in cash and property to Mrs. Marian Mack, whom he recently sued for divorce. The New York action may be dropped and the suit brought in California or Reno.

Mrs. Gertrude Whiting, wife of the well-known paper manufacturer of Holyoke, Mass., is being sued by a young dancer for \$250,000 for alienating the affection of her husband and dancing partner. Mrs. Humphrey, of the team of May and Maurice Humphrey, were dancing in an Atlantic City club when the Whitings met them. From then on Mrs. Whiting is accused of forcing money, jewels and a trip to Europe on the dancer. Mrs. Humphrey says she confronted them in a New York hotel, but that her husband refused to leave the older woman.

Catherine Willard married Ralph Bellamy the screen star less than six weeks after she

got her divorce from William Barry, actor and producer.

The reported rift in the Tibbett household has finally reached the divorce court. Mrs. Grace McKay Tibbett is in Reno and the case has been put on the calendar for a hearing. Evidently bad boy Lawrence couldn't stand success in large doses and so a boy and girl romance goes on the rocks. Sympathy seems to be with Mrs. Tibbett who will have her twin sons to console her. Her philandering husband owes much to her for she helped him through the early years that preceded his overnight success in the role of Amonasro in "Aida" in the Hollywood Bowl in 1923.

Bill Wellman, director of "Safe in Hell," soon will give up his bachelorhood to wed Marjorie Crawford, blond flier and 23, who has never acted in the movies and doesn't want to.

Loretta Young has definitely divorced Grant Withers. This was the ONLY screen magazine which didn't fall for all that lying, unholy bunk about this one being the ideal love match which would last until the moon turned to green cheese, or what have you? . . . Betty Compson is engaged to Hugh Trevor . . . Mae Murray, with



Grant gets bums rush from Loretta

WALTER HUSTON

the lifted face, decided to divorce her royal husband, Prince M'dvani, and then, woman-like, changed her mind.

Barbara Bebe Daniels Lyon, weight 5 pounds 14 ounces, was born September 9th, to Ben Lyon and his wife, Bebe Daniels, film players. Miss Daniels was given an extension in her motion picture contract to prepare for Barbara's arrival.

Max L. Hassman, German film director, and Grace La Vitske, French-Polish actress were married in a picturesque sunrise ceremony.

Justice of the Peace H. E. Billings performed the service, which occurred at a secluded point in the Hollywood hills just above the Hollywood Bowl, a natural amphitheater.

Norma Taylor, one of Texas Guinan's girls who tried to see Paris and failed has returned to her parent's home in Jackson Heights, Long Island after ten days of married bliss. She announced her intention of suing her departed Big Bill Duryea, for divorce.

Does any one know why Nils Asther was not on deck when his wife Vivian Duncan returned with their miracle baby? Vivian says she intends to stay with her sister in New York and rehearse for a play. Little Evelyn is considered a miracle, since her mother had been told that she could never become a mother.

James A. Stillman, the banker, is reported as leaving for France to marry Hilda Moreno, a former "Follies" girl. Early reports of this match made at the time Stillman's first wife married Fowler McCormick heir to the harvester millions, were denied.

The airplane elopement of Ina Claire and John Gilbert has ended with both of them taking to parachutes when their marital craft crashed into the divorce courts. No property settlement was made



Willie Wants Westerns

AKRON, OHIO.—The new dirigible they are building here for Uncle Sam will never give me the "kick" I used to get out of the old style western type of picture. It is to be greatly regretted that some of the big concerns haven't gone in for a real western picture of the type of the cowboys and Indians and the early building of the railroads—for the talkies.

I for one would welcome just such sort of film, and would like to see M-G-M do it because it wouldn't be so anemic, then. Why not put the story of Custer's last stand into the talkies with all the trimmings, sound effects, and a good, old-time crowd of actors, horses, cattle, forts, tepees, etc.?

—William E. Nansmith.

No Double for Marlene

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Your magazine would be indeed delightful if it weren't for that one feature: "The Screen Doubles." If "BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES" have to continue that nonsense, make those in charge of that certain department stop confirming the world with eternal doubles of the divine magnificent Marlene; gorgeous Greta Garbo; Elissa Landi and Pola Negri. There are no doubles of these godly creatures.

This so-called resemblance exists only in a few overheated brains. The trouble with Americans is they want to make everybody alike; just so to kill a person's individuality. So, of course, when the heavenly Dietrich appeared on the movie horizon the "pattern cutters" got busy comparing her to Garbo, Jeanne Eagels, and etc. . . . *Die liebe Marlene*: She has been compared from Michelangelo's Mona Lisa, to the shoemaker's daughter, but with her superb nonchalance she laughed it all off and after her first triumph rushed to Europe. In the meantime the glorious Dietrich continues to enchant the movie audiences the world over with her talent, beauty, worldliness and romantic personality. She is indeed the movie fan's most perfect idol for there is none like her in the whole world.

—Miss Tamy D. Schroeder.

Frank Criticism

MELROSE HIGHLANDS, MASS.—I have bought the "Broadway and Hollywood Movies" magazine for several months and I am so strong in my praise that I will now try to express it. I can best do this by distinguishing between male and females. I will first discuss the men and their accomplishments.

I was very much interested in the stories about Ramon Novarro, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Quillan, and Basil Rathbone, and learned to

THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue edited by: WILLIAM HAINES



appreciate their work to keep us happy. Illustrating these stories you have published, what I consider, some very lifelike studies of these men. The drawings are especially interesting to me.

I will now try women and their accomplishments. I was likewise pleased with the stories about some of our noted female entertainers such as Nancy Carroll, Mariene Dietrich, Billie Dove, Sally Blaine, and Clara "IT" Bow. Suitable illustrations of these people seemed to show their gracefulness and careful study of their faces seemed to reveal their character. In the columns of your magazine I have found stories pertaining to the appearance of women in public either extremely nude or semi-nude. We meet this commonly today so I do not care to raise any objection.

Running in co-ordination with what was mentioned in a letter published in your magazine I wish to state something also.

It is quite evident that the idea of "undress" has entered favorably into our modern life. I therefore do not see any reason for barring it from magazines. For that reason I am in favor of your semi-nude pictures of people. Another movie magazine recently published a picture of Christine Maple with a mere piece of cloth across her breast, the rest of her body remaining undraped.

Your magazine retains its decency. I hope you will continue to publish such photographs as you have done in the past. Such exhibits, as the ones Dorothy Knapp and "Boots" Mallory give us, show us that young America is a healthy type of human being. They also exhibit alluring grace. I, as a member of young America, praise your magazine and urge you to continue with your publication as you have done in the past. The "Broadway and Hollywood Movies" magazine is praiseworthy venture.

—A Delighted Reader.



This Letter Wins \$10

ABERDEEN, WASH.—Is there any way the screen stars can be persuaded to be a little more discreet with their indiscretions, or a little more careful in the choosing of their life's mates?

I will concede the fact that a motion picture actress, or actor, has as much moral and legal right to a divorce, (if one must believe in those things) as any other mortal; but they are in the enviable, or unenviable position, depending on our viewpoints, of being in the glare of the white lights of publicity. Their every day doings are all possible news items.

If the gods and goddesses of the screen will, in the interests of public decency and public morals, try to refrain from the nauseating frequency of divorce, it would exercise a healthy influence upon the minds and hearts of our young people of today; and Heaven would richly bless them for their consideration.

And if the bounds of control must be broken for a pleasurable gratification of what some term the "unfettered love life", let it be as secret as possible; and let the proportionate punishment of publicity-branding be meted out to those who fail to maintain the conventional reserves of at least privacy. For we are still our brothers' keepers; by the power of example at least.

—Rev. Alfred A. Bangstree.

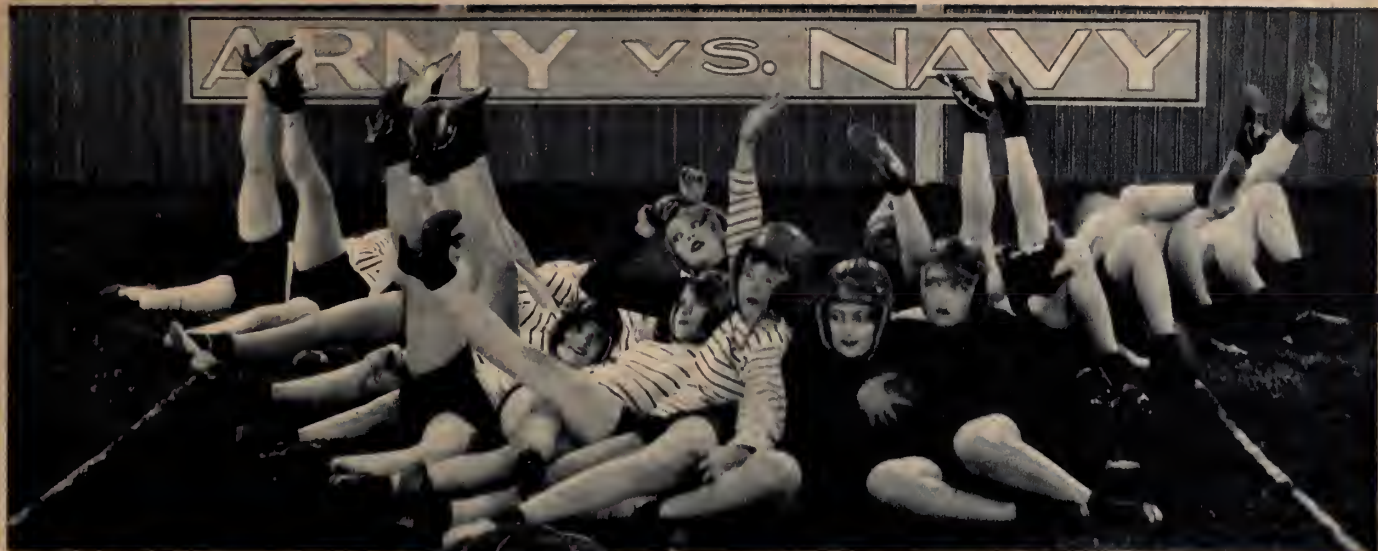
Forget the Heat

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Thank Heaven for the movies this past hot spell! I don't know what we'd have ever done without them. The only discomfort one felt was in coming out on the streets after the show let out; it felt like the blast of a furnace after one had enjoyed the cool breezes on the inside of the theatre.—Arthur MacDonnell.

A Case for the Police

NEWARK, N. J.—It wouldn't be a bad idea if your New York theatrical owners and movie show operators would protest to the metropolitan police there regarding the large number of beggars, mendicants, pan-handlers, alleged "sales-people", and small change racketeers who infest the subways, both the trains and the stairs. An out-of-town visitor can't get down the stairways in going to or coming from the theatre without having shoved under his nose a lot of jumping-jacks, dirty candy on a cardboard tray, or a miscellaneous collection of stale chewing gum.

The proper place for the advertising of good candy and fresh gum is in the columns of magazines; not by the nuisance route in the subways. I hope the police will wake up to this.—Oscar N. Donaldson.



Francis X. Bushman, Jr., at left

Above: a Tiffany comedy

Richard Arlen

FOOTBALL



Above: Charles Starrett. Below: Russell Hopton

William Haines

John Wayne





NEW YORK SHOWS come and go. Sometimes it is hard to surmise just which one's going to close first; and then again those we think will be substantial successes fall by the wayside first. Many movie fans are using this magazine as their guide to the Manhattan theatre district. That's not an advertisement for us—just a plain statement of fact. So we review revivals too, as they're always interesting.

Among the recent revivals on Broadway should be listed the following: "Death Takes a Holiday," a very unusual sort of thing. It opened originally in December, 1929, with Philip Merivale in the leading role. The Shuberts for the third time have gotten this Italian piece and their permanent "head man" back to New York.

"Dracula" is another blood curdler that refuses to stay in the storehouse. Mr. Wee, who bought the rights from Mr. Horace Liveright, who originally produced it about three years ago, netted \$10,000 a week we are told. Courtney White plays the role of the Count in the present production. Bela Lugosi, who might be called the original mad Dracula, is now in movies.

"Six Characters in Search of an Author" that searching play of Pirandello's, Brock Pemberton originally produced the play in 1922. The present cast has settled down to a serious run, according to all indications, at the Bijou Theatre.

Walter Connolly handles his role delightfully. Eugene Powers, Eleanor Phelps, Doris Rankin, Paul Guilfoyle and a dozen or so others assist materially.

THE GREEN PASTURES. Black actors doing a hurlesque on the Holy Bible and God Almighty which has rarely been permitted of white actors. A bit draggy and distinctly negroid in character. Since the N. Y. Supreme Court has ruled the word isn't libel, we'll say that the way their press representative handled the magazine critics was "lousy." Even the Mansfield Theatre, Noo Yawk, fell down on the job and refused to answer telephone calls on occasions. Bound for Chicago where they won't have the financial luck they had in Manhattan where they were still standin' 'em up when the show left . . . We hope to see the time when someone will tackle that same theme in a way that's really honest and worthwhile.

SWEET AND LOW.—Musical comedy with plenty of comedy now at the 44th Street Theatre. Fannie Brice is better than ever, which is some real praise. James Barton and George Jessel also deserve special

mention. Some of the cleverest take offs of other current shows afford much of the amusement. Fannie's songs, written, we hear, by her husband Billy Rose, go over with a bang.

Beryl
Halley



THREE TIMES THE HOUR.—A melodrama mystery presented by Brock Pemberton, and written by Valentine Davies, at the Avon Theatre, N. Y. C., which is more than unusually good entertainment. Staged by Mr. Pemberton and Antoinette Perry, it boasts of no particular stars, but has a well-balanced cast who "know their stuff." We're not going to spoil it for you by telling you the solution, but it is practically impossible to guess it until the last few moments before the final fall of the curtain.

Harold Heaton, Linda Carlson, Jas. Shelburne, Francis Stewart, Anne Reynolds, Chas. C. Wilson, Hal K. Dawson, Byron Russell, Sam Levene, Del Cleveland, Pierre Mario, Aleta Freil, Elvira Trabert, Katherine Warren, Vira Rial, Jack Bohn, Ben Lackland, Thos. Walsh, Francesca Braggiotti, Philip Van Tassel, Gertrude Flynn, Horace Pollock, Jack Winne, Robt. Strange and Hamilton Brooks comprise the cast. By all means see this Pemberton production.

REVIEWING THE SHOWS.—As this is the only motion picture magazine which publishes theatrical reviews, producers and theatre managers are urged to keep our Dramatic Critic upon their lists for first or second night performances. We make no rash promises; our criticisms will be fair to the producers and fair to our readers—in other words, *the truth*.

PRECEDENT.—A drama of real life, by I. J. Golden, staged by Walter Hart at the Bijou Theatre, New York City. A "take-off" on the Mooney trial and California dynamiting case. Excellent scenery for a first-class play by S. Syrjala. In the cast we find Royal Dana Tracey, Ellen Hall, Nell Harrison, James Wright, Alexander Campbell, Dorothy Ricketts, George Price, and others.

EARL CARROLL'S "FANTIES."—The publicity department there fell down badly, or went Scotch, when that show opened in the new Earl Carroll Theatre. We'll review it, however, as soon as we get a chance. In the meantime, the George White and Florenz Ziegfeld shows are hoth good and well worth seeing. Watch for our review; then go and see it! That is—if it is worth while. We don't want you to waste your dough these days.

But the odds are, of course, that you'll enjoy anything that Earl Carroll produces, in spite of what the N. Y. Mirror charges against the show.



NATACHA NATTOVA,
*Russian danseuse now
in musical comedy*
—Whiteley photo

At right, in circle:
LILIAN ROTH in
Earl Carroll's
"Vanities"





STATION BHM

OWNED AND OPERATED BY
BROADWAY & HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
Under the direction of DeWard Franklin Jones
NATIONAL NETWORK
B.W.Y. TO HOLLYWOOD
KEY STATION AT
101 W. 31 ST. N. Y. C.

BROADWAY & HOLLYWOOD "MOVIES"
—with a blast of a trumpet, ushered its two programs over WOV, September 12th and 19th with your radio editor acting as program director and master of ceremonies. Many say these broadcasts were the best ever run on that station. In our first broadcast we had the *Rhythm Chasers* under the baton of that eminent maestro *Alladin Palante*, who sang "Outside" in about eight different dialects. *Irving Lane*, radio star, nite club entertainer, and recording artist, who "canavied" on our program can give Russ Columbo and Bing Crosby plenty of competition any day.

Another artist who was prominently featured was *Bobby Godet*, who has sung for such luminaries as Vincent Lopez and Felix Ferdinand. *Bobby* did a French interpretation of the well known "Peanut Vendor" accompanying himself on a tenor guitar. *Charlie "Uke" Plunkett*, plunked it considerable and sang us a few choruses. *Clarence Morgan*, Harlem's hottest pianist, did his own origi-



There is a gentleman in the music world, that has in the past, and will be in the future, an outstanding success. Nathaniel Shilkret is the name. You fans can hear this genius, and Gladys Rice, on the Mobiloil Hour over WEA, NBC network, every Wednesday nite at 8:30 p.m. Mere words cannot convey Shilkret's artistry, and the same applies to Gladys Rice. They both take enough time and energy to lift this program from the ordinary and elevate it to the sublime!

Albert Kaye will introduce two new numbers on our program. "Gootchy-Gootch," which we think will be "Egyptian Ella's" successor. There will also be another new number, namely "I can't Believe My Eyes." Al certainly did wonderful work on these



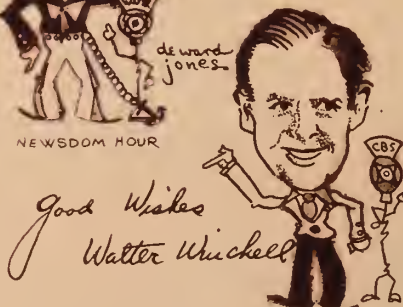
nal composition "Hot Piano," it certainly was torrid! Another piano soloist tickled the ivories with "12th Street Rag" as his number and his name is *Jack Horton*. Jack has a technique on the black and white keyboard that is all his own. He has "aired" it over nearly every Noo Yawk station.

In our second program we had the *Juvenile Vagabonds*, under the direction of *Sid Schwartz*, *Joe Small*, *Mollie Ross*, *Arnold Kaye*, who introduced his own original composition, "The Night We Didn't Care", for the first time on any broadcast. *Irving Lane*, *Jack Horton* and last but not least our announcer *Alan Kent*, who served "time" on both programs. We consider *Mr. Kent* one of the best announcers in the country as he has personality and a wonderful voice!

melodies and lyrics. Al's "The Night We Didn't Care" is sure to be a hit next season! He is the announcer of WCDA in New York

RADIO GOSSIP

The old fellow sold his "speak" and now the Radio City is under way . . . Aylesworth, NBC'S pres. says Chicago will be U. S.'s radio mart—funny when you think that NBC is backing the "City" . . . Winchell, the gossip vendor, is airwaying it over CBS —His goodlookin' "sec" tried to get a gag out of Allen Prescott, the sportscaster, but failed—Miss Cambridge is her name—which reminds us that our "sec", Theresa Muller, says it's a toss-up between the Columbo child and Crosby youngster for baritone-crooning honors—well, we have our own Lane and Godet . . . Miss Merger of WOV, we'll say, is very considerate of everybody entering those studios and she's a nice gel . . . Chic Farmer, the guy wot yodels and yodels says to us, Swiss chocolate, swiss yodel, and they call cigarettes fags—had to



put that in seeing that every columnist is doing it since Walter started it . . . Ed Dukoff, radio's youngest exec is in charge of Georgie Washington's Bi-Cent . . . Ted Husing in a CBS elevator kibitzing with us . . . Vallee's contracts end by 1934 and our friend, Rudy, is going to make talkies—shorts and the first is to be "Musical Justice"—whatever that means . . . Nat Presser, radio scribe of the East Side News likes this sheet—as does Tim McNerny of the North Side News—as does Willie Jackson the Graphic-noose-flasher—Willie, by the way is a dyed-in-the-wool Texan and does his stuff in a sort of Will Rogers style . . . Wally Kaye and his New Englanders introduced Wally's latest "numbah" "Twilight Serenade"—we predict it to be one of the outstanding hits next year.' How's that for a plug, Wally?—No kiddin' tho' it's a splendid picce of work . . . Bobbly
(Continued on page 44)



BY paying sufficient money for her "services," an oriental merchant, the late Hisashi Fujimura, a Nipponese, was able to secure as a mistress a charmingly beautiful, white girl, known in the "Follies" as Mary Dale. But now as Mrs. Mary Reissner, beautiful enough to have knocked off a splendid berth for herself in the movies, she chose to "befriend" a representative of the yellow race and is paying the terrible penalty in unfriendly publicity on the part of several New York newspapers. It seems the Jap "disappeared" from a boat, the Bengal-land, and so did \$335,412.20 of his bankroll which he had drawn out.

Oh, well, we had often wondered what happened to these Ziegfeld Follies girls.

Someone in the Fox office will probably soon put the new Roxy's manager wise to the fact that it's, at least, bad manners not to extend press courtesies to film fan magazines. He can't pull the gag that the world's largest theatre is too crowded!

An unscheduled rescue at sea was performed recently by William Boyd, James Gleason and several other film actors when a launch exploded off the Coronado Islands, in the Pacific Ocean.

Nine men, members of the film expedition, were in the launch when its gas tanks blew up, throwing all into the water. Elmer Ellsworth, sound engineer, and Bobby Burns, second cameraman, were slightly burned.

Boyd, Gleason, Robert Armstrong and Al Rogell, director, plunged into the ocean to rescue their assistants.

Donald Dillaway has been assigned a role in the Fox picture, "Sob Sister," a newspaper story. Acting as a reporter is old stuff to Dillaway; he was the ambitious young newspaperman in "Mr. Lemon Of Orange."

In the short time he has been with Fox, Dillaway has shown he can be depended upon for almost every type of juvenile role. He was a soldier in "Body and Soul," an arty youngster in "Young As You Feel," a society man in "Skyline," and he will play a part in "Over The Hill."

The trio with the grand sense of humor which was responsible for "Up The River," Fox comedy, will work together in a second production, "Young America." John Ford directs the story written by Maurine Watkins, and Spencer Tracy plays the leading role.

If some racketeering hoodlum tries to hold you up when parking your car in New York City while you attend the theatres or movies—call a police officer and make a complaint. If you encourage juvenile racketeering you may have sowed the seeds of



BILL BOYD

that infamous "profession" which may someday cause that dirty-faced boy to fry in the chair at Sing Sing. Come to the movies often, but don't encourage graft in any form whatever.

Manya Roberti and her Polish accent will be featured in "Delicious," Fox picture which will co-star Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. We've been trying to get her photograph from the Fox publicity department—but no luck as yet! Miss Roberti will make her debut on the screen when "The Spider" opens at the Roxy following "Bad Girl."

"The Nevada Buckaroo," the second in Tiffany Productions' new series of ten Bob Steele westerns, has been completed by Trem Carr, who is making the series for Tiffany. Supporting the cowboy star in this action drama are Dorothy Dix, Ed Brady, George Hayes, Glen Cavender and Billy Engle. J. P. McCarthy directed it.

Frances Dade, one of the new Wampas Baby Stars, can now be seen in "Range Law," a new Ken Maynard western which is now being distributed. They're not issuing stills to support the exhibitor, we're told!

Florence Ryerson is busily engaged getting her story, "X Marks The Spot," into shape for shooting. The story was bought by Tiffany and will be included in their Quality Group. It's a good title and here's hoping they keep it; for a lot of advance publicity may absolutely be wasted when the concern can't make up its mind about its own picture titles. R.K.O.-Pathe, for example, tried at least three titles before they selected "Friends and Lovers" for their Lily Damita film—two of them being "The Sphinx Has Spoken" and "Wine in the Blood." It's confusing to the fan and the publishers of motion picture magazines as well.

We note with a smile that a flock of movie magazines are now frantically cutting their prices. BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES was the first standard size magazine with full color covers to cut to the low price of 15 cents for general newsstand distribution. This isn't an advertisement; just a statement

of the fact that we lead and others follow. Remember that it was this monthly which first recognized Marlene Dietrich, Elissa Landi, Peggy Shannon and other stars. Also, the first and only film magazine to maintain a radio department.

Rita La Roy will play an important role in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox picture which will star Elissa Landi. Miss Roy has a featured part in "A Holy Terror," now at the Roxy Theatre. The story concerns prostitution.

Joan Bennett is doing well in the feminine lead in "Surrender," Fox film based on the novel "Axelle," by Pierre Benoit. Edward Crandall plays opposite her, with William K. Howard directing.

Terminating in a thrilling cavalry charge, Radio Pictures' "Kisses by Command" was finished recently at the studio's ranch location where several hundred players were used in the last exciting sequences.

Richard Boleslavsky directed a strong cast co-featuring Genevieve Tobin, Betty Compton and Ivan Lebedeff in a story based on Lebedeff's war experiences with woman spies.

In support are Ilka Chase, Colin Campbell, Purnell Pratt, Rita LaRoy, Arthur Edmund Carew and Edward Martindel. Ilka's quite a "sensuous vamp" type.

As an immediate and interesting result of the great success of Ina Claire's performance in "Rebound," which has been more acclaimed by the critics than any other dramatic performance in months, it was announced recently by Samuel Goldwyn that Miss Claire's career in pictures will from now on be entirely dedicated to roles of a dramatic and emotional nature, rather than to the type of sophisticated comedy which brought Miss Claire to fame in the legitimate theatre.

In conformity with this policy it has been decided by Mr. Goldwyn and Miss Claire that the light-hearted role of Jean in "The Greeks Had a Word for It" will not be played by Miss Claire as has been planned. Instead, a vehicle and role of more emotional character will be shortly announced. It has not yet been determined who will replace Miss Claire in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." As a play this was a sensational success in New York City—the principal characters being three high-priced prostitutes.

Eleanor Boardman, Clive Brook and Charlie Ruggles will head the cast of "The Dover Road," Paramount's adaptation of the A. A. Milne play which William C. de Mille will transfer to the talking screen.



LUPITA TOVAR; starring in *Universal Pictures*

A notably strong cast has been selected for Paramount's "24 Hours." Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey have the leading roles supported by Minor Watson, well-known Broadway stage actor, Charles Trowbridge, former New York stage star now under contract to Paramount and Robert E. Homans who wrote and produced plays and had more than 700 stage roles to his credit before he embarked on a stage career.

Those who base their ideas of motion picture efficiency upon the play "Once in a Lifetime," should have seen one of the sound stages at the RKO Pathe studios recently. Space and time were conserved effectively by having four complete sets for Bill Boyd's new starring picture, "The Iron Chalice," erected within a few feet of each other.

In one corner was a typical manicure booth. A private office adjoined a spacious directorial board room. Near the center of the stage was a fully equipped bank counter with teller's cage. The rest of the space was taken by a richly appointed gambling room.

As soon as action was completed on one set, the troupe moved to another with a minimum loss of time in shifting cameras and changing lighting.

Four children of Katherine the Great have just been discovered. As a matter of fact they were just born a few days ago. Katherine happens to be one of the prize-winning wire-haired terriers owned by Helen Twelvetees, RKO Pathe star, and now she is watching carefully over four tiny puppies.

'Twas no press agent gag when pretty Polly Walter, First National featured player, tried to keep cool she actually did sit on a cake of ice and eat ice cream cones. If we all remember rightly, this was one h——l of a hot summer!

The fifth completed Ken Maynard Tiffany western tentatively titled "The Arizonan" has been changed to "The Arizona Terror."

Supporting Maynard in this western are Lina Basquette, Murdock McQuarrie, Nena Quartaro, Charles King, Hooper Atchley, Tom London and Fred Burns. Phil Rosen directed.

"The Arizona Terror" is an original by Jack Francis Natteford. Production has gotten under way on "Range Law."

Madge Evans has been signed for the feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Heartbreak," Fox picture adapted from an air service romance by Llewellyn Hughes.

Miss Evans, formerly a child actress, played opposite Ramon Novarro in his latest picture.

Betty Compson, Broadway actress, was under contract to appear in the musical comedy "Fifty Million Frenchmen" which opened at the Blackppol Theatre, near Liverpool, last August 31st.

Edmund Lowe had to learn a set of tricks for his role in "The Spider" and they have since come in handy at parties. Legerdemain plays an important part in the mystery story in which Lowe portrays the role of a magician. He insisted upon learning how to do the tricks himself.

Seven New England companies which operate movie theatres filed suits recently in Federal Court, Boston, Mass., under the Clayton anti-trust act, charging conspiracy to restrain trade on the part of the Paramount-Publix Corporation.

The complainants set forth that the defendant company has bought controlling interests in certain theatres and so conducted them as to compete unfairly with the plaintiff companies. The damage asked is \$1,250,000.

Sally O'Neil, Fox Film player, was in New York recently at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, for a week's visit between pictures. She finished the title role in "The Brat," directed by John Ford, and signed a Fox contract, which she won by virtue of her work in that picture before leaving Hollywood.

Mary Nolan, the motion picture actress, formerly known on the stage as Imogene Wilson, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy as we went to press in Federal Court, listing \$2,998 in assets and \$92,796.03 in liabilities. She gave her home address as the St. Moritz Hotel, New York City and listed it as a creditor for \$750.

Other creditors were the Universal Pictures Corporation, \$13,067; the Glasshouse Film Company on a judgment, \$50,000; the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, \$3,497, and three Hollywood doctors, who had claims aggregating nearly \$6,000.

Miss Nolan gained considerable notoriety seven years ago when, as a member of the chorus in the Ziegfeld Follies, she filed a series of suits against Frank Tinney, black-face comedian; a sensationally "dirty" affair, it appears. She has been mentioned in the newspapers in connection with Hollywood's "dope racket."

Linda Watkins is already scheduled for a second picture, "Cheating," although she has not yet completed the title role in "Sob Sister." Miss Watkins' work in the latter film led Fox Films officials to make extensive plans for the blonde actress who stepped from the stage into Fox pictures.

Seymour Felix is directing "Cheating," which has been adapted from an original story by Gene Towne.

Phil Goldstone, chief studio executive of Tiffany, reports that he has signed Erin O'Brien Moore for an important part in "Left Over Ladies," an original by Ursula Parrott, author of "Ex-Wife," and "Strangers May Kiss."

Miss Moore is known for her splendid characterization in "Street Scene," the successful New York stage play in which she scored a personal triumph. She has also appeared in the stage company that played in London, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Marjorie Rambeau has been signed by Fox Films for a character part in "Stepping Sisters." Seymour Felix will direct.

Jack Pickford, former screen star, and brother of Mary Pickford, is seriously ill, it was learned in Hollywood recently. Pickford has been in poor health for some time and when stricken with a severe cold he was ordered to bed. His condition became critical on Thursday. He was reported somewhat improved last we heard from his wife. Mary Louise Mulhern, formerly of the Ziegfeld Follies "



VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE; "Big Four" film star

Have You These Symptoms of NERVE Exhaustion?

- Do you get excited easily?
- Do you become fatigued after slight exertion?
- Are your hands and feet cold?
- Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?
- Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?
- Have you spells of irritability?
- Are you often gloomy and pessimistic?
- Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?



These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

What Causes Sick Nerves?

WOMEN In women this is largely due to over-active emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations.

MEN In men, these signs of nerve exhaustion are produced as a result of worries, intense concentration, excesses and vices. The mad pace at which we are traveling is wrecking the entire Nervous Organization.

How to Strengthen Your Nerves

No tonic or magic system of exercise can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, unbalanced nerves. To regenerate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves, requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

Read This Wonder Book

Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous author, Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book, entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy, and to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality. It enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to bring back your lost nervous vitality.

"New Nerves for Old" is worth its weight in gold—and yet its cost is only 25c. stamps or coin. The book will prove a revelation to you. It will help you throughout your entire life; it will help you to build for yourself a solid foundation for your future success and happiness. Mail coupon for your copy today. Address, Richard Blackstone, N-911 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

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Please send me a copy of your book "New Nerves for Old." I am enclosing 25c in coin or stamps.

Name
Address
City State

Physiognomy.

(Continued from page 11)

sure to set your mind on a great goal of achievement because if you do you will probably get there with many a smile and shaft of wit for those who would discourage you.

The head is very suggestive of friendship and romance. Note there is almost as much head behind the ear as in front of it, which means a great capacity for making friends as well as a positive love for romance.

The fullness over the eyes on the lower forehead is found on those who are interested in a great variety of people and like them to be strongly individualized. Strongly marked high arched brows like our subject's show a wonderful color appreciation, sense of proportion and design, so people of this type make splendid costume designers, and do well at other pursuits in the art line.

—William E. Benton.

Ronald Colman

(Continued from page 14)

Love"; and September 11 of that year brought a fourth, "The Magic Flame."

September 7, 1928, the fifth and final Colman-Banky picture, "Two Lovers" was released.

January 12, 1929, brought Colman's first individual starring picture, "The Rescue," direction of Herbert Brenon, who had directed him in "Beau Geste." In August of 1929 Ronald Colman was revealed as a full-fledged talking picture star in "Bulldog Drummond," which not only gave him a lot of fun while the film was being made, but actually established him as one of the leading players of the new medium. "Bulldog Drummond" was followed by a second all-talking picture, "Condemned!", based on Blair Niles' book, "Condemned to Devil's Island," and with its screen play by Sidney Howard. Ann Harding, Dudley Digges and Louis Wolheim supported Colman, Ann being especially good.

July 26, 1930, "Raffles" was released. George Fitzmaurice directed, and Kay Francis, Bramwell Fletcher and Allison Skipworth supported the star. It was based on "Raffles, The Amateur Cracksman," by E. W. Hornung. Kay Francis was never lovelier as a vamp.

"The Devil To Pay", an original by Frederick Lonsdale, was Mr. Colman's next screen vehicle. This was released January 31, 1931. It was directed by George Fitzmaurice and Loretta Young supported the star. Had a marvelous success in England.

"The Unholy Garden," an original story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur fol-

lowed "The Devil To Pay." Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor have the feminine leads.

Sinclair Lewis' "Arrowsmith." will be Mr. Colman's next screen vehicle. John Ford is directing it; Helen Hayes playing in it with him. Once in a while something happens to a movie star that confirms the popular impression that they are fortune's darlings. Take the case of Ronald Colman. Sam Goldwyn, his boss, called him in the other day and spoke like this:

"Ronnie, you need a vacation. I want you to go away, far from Hollywood, the farther, the better. As long as you're around town, I'm thinking about you and feeling that I ought to put you to work. So you pack up and go away from here for about four months and I won't be tempted to put you in the wrong picture.

"When I need you I will let you know and give you six weeks to get back and prepare for work."

Ronnie was thus able, should he have wished it, to bask in the sunshine of the Riviera this past summer while his \$6,000 per week salary piled up... Anyhow, he's a great chap, this fellow Colman, and he deserved it.

Training for Weeks

(Continued from page 20)

of the famous Florenz Ziegfeld. When "Whoopie" was being made into a motion picture, Ziegfeld sent for her, and with her mother, Mrs. Everil Weeks, Barbara made the trip westward to Hollywood to begin her motion picture career.

Scarcely was the picture finished when Warner Brothers signed her on a long term contract to form the nucleus of a stock company, with stardom perhaps an event of the future. The budding star already prefers picture work to the stage, having appeared to date in "Men of the Sky," "Man to Man," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Illicit," "Ex-Mistress;" and recently in "Palmy Days" with Eddie Cantor.

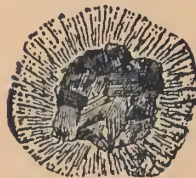
Barbara Weeks is five feet five inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds. All sports appeal to her, but her favorite is horseback riding. Her pet luxury is clothes—lots of them. She prefers to read plays, and her ambition is to be a star. She has no superstitions.

The favorite motion picture actor of "the prim Follies girl," who is still a hero worshipper, is Ronald Colman. Gloria Swanson is her favorite actress. She collects books—anything that appeals to her, for she is building a library of her own. Blue is her favorite color. She loves hot dogs; no trip to the beach is complete without one. She is not married, and she is not engaged, and says she's too young to talk about taking unto herself a mate for life.

She is now living in a Hollywood apartment with her mother.

\$2.00 is the bargain price for two years subscription to BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES magazine! Foreign \$3.00.

\$-Always Have Luck!-\$



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I HAVE A SWEETHEART FOR YOU

The Quest of Beauty

(Continued from page 16)

umphant banner of emancipated women! I'm quite certain it has made the world a jollier place to live in, to say nothing of the courage it's given to thousands of our sex. A touch of red . . . and thin lips become fascinating cupid bows; lips that are too full are diminished in size. Why speak of the "gay nineties" when we have the "lipstick thirties"? It's a sign of the age. Modern. Sophisticated. But, like all good things, it must be used with discretion. It needs to be toned with your rouge, your clothes, and your skin. It needs to be applied with your mouth open to avoid showing a color line when you talk, and with a light touch so that it can be shaded evenly. In many cases the same cream rouge used on the cheeks in the morning provides a satisfactory foundation for the lips. Powder over it and remove the excess with your finger. This makes it much more permanent. Afterwards, you may freshen it up by using your favorite lipstick. In the evening if you wish an intense color, select a bright cherry or pomegranate shade with a slight undertone of purple. Then the artificial light will not kill it.

Non-drying lipstick is the best and it always should be washed off before retiring, then rub a lubricating cream on the lips to keep them moist and flexible.

Eyes—they tell so much more than the lips may venture to. And the first thing they tell is whether they are treated right or not. Eye-strain can be avoided often by adhering to the elementary rules: Don't read intensely or in a poor light; don't squint or stare; try not to expose your eyes to bright light, wind or dust. They should, of course, be bathed daily, preferably in a boric acid solution. If you want to look young and interesting, keep your eyes wide open . . . and beware of too much mascara. There's nothing that gives one such a "painted-doll" look as beaded eyelashes, or eyes that are heavily made up.

The girl of today doesn't go in for that sort of thing. She's too active in outdoor life and sports to bother, and then again, she's grown to dislike anything that makes her appear unnatural. If she makes up her eyes at all, she does it very delicately. There's just a suggestion of mascara on her eyelashes to accent them . . . a very dark shade if she's a dusky brunette, and brown if she's any other type. Recently, a blue liquid mascara that is most effective for blue eyes has been put on the market, but I believe it is wise to use it only at night.

Eye shadows come in a wide variety of colors and once you select a shade that enhances the color of your eyes, pat it gently on the eyelid (never rub the tender skin of the eyelid for fear of stretching it). With a tiny soft brush you can train the eye-lashes to curl by brushing them up and back, and they should be oiled to increase their growth.

The one object of make-up is to accentuate your particular type, to bring out the real you. Never, never, should it be allowed to obliterate you by being too vivid. My advice is to use it artfully—but sparingly.

Like most other people, I have my pet exercises. "Bedroom exercises" I call them to distinguish them from my favorite sports—horseback riding, tennis, golf, swimming . . . which may be forms of exercise, but which spell only fun for me. I find when I'm tired that I can ease the pain at the back of the head, where the nerves knot, by relaxing and rolling the head in a circular motion. Then I adore stretching . . . up, or trying to see if I can reach just a little higher than I did yesterday morning. Doctors have told me that is excellent for a person. In the way of diet, pork and pastries are my special taboos . . . they are not for anyone who wishes to have a clear complexion.

Yes, I'd tell all these things to a younger sister—if I had one. And I would add something else. In order to be truly beautiful, you must think beauty. Dream your ideal of beauty into your face. People usually accept you at your own valuation. If you have the self-respect (and, mind you, this is no way connected with conceit) to enhance your good points so that you become an interesting, outstanding individual, you'll be respected and admired by those around you. You'll be ready for the great adventure that is life!

—Courtesy Movie Romance

Screen Work

(Continued from page 22)

newcomer's chances, however, were materially reduced, since no one without influence could thereafter get on the Bureau's list.

The final blow came in with talking pictures. Instead of vast settings and battalions of extra players in the background, the directors made ninety per cent of their pictures with just their handful of "cast" players, and an occasional butler or chauffeur. Mob scenes were the exception rather than the rule, and the extra ranks dwindled as the members gave up the unequal struggle and went elsewhere to seek steadier work.

The situation now is somewhat better for extras than in those early days of the talking picture. Scenes involving large crowds are no longer ruled out as they were at first. In "Merely Mary Ann," which Janet Gaynor and I have just finished at the Fox Studio, there were a number of scenes in a theatre in which perhaps a hundred extras in evening dress were to be seen as the audience. Most pictures today contain at least one scene of that character.

But crowds on the screen are rare now compared with the silent picture era. The extra's life is tough sledding.

And yet Hollywood, is as of old continually flooded with new arrivals, each believing firmly that he or she is, in some mysterious way, going to carve out a brilliant career. Their chances are slim—so slim as to be practically imperceptible. Perhaps out of all the clamoring applicants, a hundred youngsters each year are given a "break"—recognized by some studio and put under a contract to determine whether or not they have real possibilities. And most of these come, not from the besiegers of Hollywood, but from the New New York stage.

The others would avoid untold disappointment and heartbreak and even downright hunger if they would stay home and take up a less glittering but infinitely more satisfactory career. For most of the gold that glitters in Hollywood is only iron pyrites—and the other name for that is "fool's gold."

What Price Pies?

(Continued from page 23)

Pear Meringue.—Six large pears, six tablespoons of sugar, grated lemon rind or candied ginger, three egg whites, one-quarter cup powdered sugar.

Pare and core the pears, place them in a baking dish and fill each center with one tablespoon sugar mixed with a little grated rind or candied ginger. Add enough water to moisten bottom of dish and bake until tender in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit). Remove from oven and cover each with a meringue made with the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and the powdered sugar. Return to a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) and continue baking until meringue is set and browned.

Lemon Sponge Pie.—Like something with the tang of lemon in it? Use one package of gelatin (lemon-flavored), to which you add one cup of boiling water, two eggs, one-quarter cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, and a pinch of salt. Dissolve the gelatin in one cup of boiling water.

Then separate the eggs. Beat the yolks slightly, add pinch of salt and sugar and cold water. Put on in double boiler and let cook until consistency of thin custard. Remove from fire and mix thoroughly into the gelatin, add juice and rind of one lemon. Place in refrigerator and when it starts to thicken beat in the egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Beat thoroughly. Put mixture into a baked pie crust and top with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkle finely rolled corn flakes all over the top.

Apple Cobbler.—Who is there who doesn't enjoy a peach or apple cobbler? Take two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, four tablespoons fat and two-thirds cup milk.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in fat with knife. Mixing with knife, add the milk. Pat out soft dough and fit over the top of the apple mixture. Make 4 holes in top to allow steam to escape. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven.

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Movie Screen Doubles

(Continued from page 24)

Broadway, or at 6605 Hollywood Boulevard. The former is the Volpe Studio—or the Grace Salon of Art, in New York City; and the latter the Evansmith Studio, right in Hollywood, Calif. Both of these studios will forward your picture directly to these Casting Offices without charge to you; and both of them are equipped for motion picture still work, and have motion picture lighting effects. You will receive free help in making up the motion picture way! Can we do more for you? . . . This is the only theatrical and motion picture magazine rendering this service—and it is, of course, the only movie fan magazine with a theatrical and dramatic department every month, as well as radio. Hence we're in a much better position to aid the movie aspirant than many other publications.

Kay Carlisle and Betty Harrison, two New York beauties, are models and have had some theatrical experience . . . Ralph Burney, of Belle Harbor, L. I., N. Y., is a rather good looking and mature appearing boy of fifteen; dresses well, and loves athletics. Tall, and weighs 140 pounds. *

Station B-H-M

(Continued from page 38)

Godet tells us that Meyer Davis will conduct a 17 piece orch. with a vocal trio at the Waldorf-Astoria—which is news . . . Julio Leboe and his Canadian Fur Trappers are doing excellent morn programs . . . Kate Smith takes "Daddy and Rollo's" spot and will be at the Palace until Dec. 1st—she will then hold the record after playing eighteen consecutive weeks at that theatre . . . Eddie Cantor in Chase and Sanborn and "Nick the Kenny" seems to enjoy his work—Nick Kenny, besides being a big radio columnist is one of the writers of that successful song hit "Love Letters in the Sand" . . . that rumor about NBC buying WOR and turning WEAF into television and the one about WMCA trading "PCH" for WNYC seem just a lot of the old fashioned boloney—we

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don't think that CBS will buy Flamm's station—which goes to show that nearly all you hear is wrong now days, and it's best not to say anything until it's confirmed news . . . the Boswell sisters received credit for twenty letters because they got a tandem bicycle from an admirer and the fan mail dept. didn't know what to do with it . . . Col. and Budd got a two year contract . . . NBC is building Columbo very nicely . . . are you going to the radio show in nyc? . . . Kaltenborn and Adams of the "horrorscopes" don't seem to get "over" any more . . . Arthur Warren's Thwaite's orch. is OK . . . Tuesday travel talks are being shoved over by the Noo Yawk Automobile Club, of the A.A.A., and they're good; the "kunnel" tackles his states and cities from both the historic and scenic angle and makes the 26 minutes worth while. Tune in at 11:30 on WABC or any station handling the National Radio Home Maker's Club time . . . With that we'll close and wish you good luck until next month.

We wish to say a word or two about Roy Shelley who can handle a uke better than Cliff Edwards and May Singhi Breen. This boy must be a free lance as whenever we turn to a station we find him on the program.

Ray Perkins, "the ole topper" is still throwing his pineapples at the mike to the delight of thousands of listeners. He and Art Gilham, "the pessimistic baritone," are the best solo comedy stars on the air. Art is so gloomy in a studio that he only plays piano on the black keys.

Mid-western radio fans were privileged recently to hear Fredric March, Paramount's versatile star, in an intimate serial broadcast from his home city, Racine, Wis. March, en route from New York to Hollywood to portray "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" consented to broadcast under the auspices of the Racine Journal-News while on a twenty-four hour visit with his father.

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Lionel Barrymore

(Continued from page 19)

lent as the man with a large past. He decides to pay off his old flames and make a new will cutting off his mistress of ten years. He sends for his lawyer (Lionel Barrymore) and after making known his wishes, informs him that he intends to marry the other's daughter. Barrymore gives a marvelous characterization—"A Stag at Bay" is what he reminds one of. Failing to dissuade his client, he threatens to kill him if he persists. Later he tries to talk to his youngster, but she seems mesmerized and nothing he says registers.

Believing as he does that murder is sometimes justifiable and that if one is clever he may escape detection, the father carries out his plot. In the excitement which follows the discovery of their host's body, it becomes apparent that the woman who was losing her man to a young girl, and incidentally his fortune was the one who suspects the lawyer. He in turn shows her where he can prove it must have been her jealousy that caused the death of her lover. Kay Francis is cast in this role and gives a very good account of herself.

Many question the possibility of the ending in which the murdered man avenges his own death, even as he said he would, but after all it is only a picture you know.

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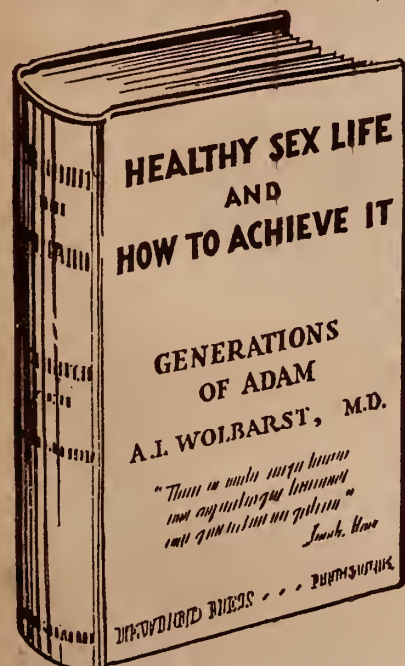


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The Art of Make-Up

(Continued from page 10)

anything he has yet essayed. Robinson is, like Arliss, a master of the art of make-up.

Scars are achieved by collodion, which draws the skin. Two coats of this will simulate a deep scar. Collodion is used to remove collodion, and cold cream to take off the base make-up.

Starch or aluminum powder is used for graying the hair. The powder is recommended as being easier to wash out.

Some actresses of the silver screen rarely use make-up, putting their faith, instead, in their ability to suggest the character through their acting. Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich seldom use trick make-up. Yet Marlene disguised herself as a Russian peasant girl in "Dishonored." In "Son of the Gods" and "The Lash" Richard Barthelmess was able, through very little make-up, to suggest with success the respective characters of a Chinese youth and a Mexican bandit.

This is the way of narrowing a broad nose: draw a high light down the ridge of the nose with light paint, and shade with red at the sides to determine the contour. To widen the nostril, insert red around the edges.

To broaden a nose, negro style, cut and insert in the nostrils three-eighth inch ends of two rubber cigar holders.

It is easier to change lips than noses. After the application of the ground color, the lip is covered and reshaped with lip rouge of a reddish brown shade. Corners come to a point. Of course, to enlarge a small mouth you merely extend the rouge beyond the corner, and vice-versa, according to Joan Blondell and Lillian Bond.

John Barrymore bristles with a rather ratty beard in his picture, "Svengali," and he is bearded again in his next film, "The Mad Genius." This is the beard of a dandy. The best hair for the purpose, according to Barrymore, comes in braids from Czechoslovakia and Germany. Fiber, from the same countries is easy to work with. The gum is applied to the face, then the straight edge is affixed to the face, and the beard is trimmed to the needed shape with a pair of scissors. To keep a false beard on the face, spirit gum is best.

Putty or plasto wax is fine for shaping the nose, building up cheek bone, making the eyelid heavy, or obliterating the eyebrow. Putty is not ideal—it sometimes comes off. Barrymore had "coming-off" trouble with his nose in "Svengali." Cotton wool between the teeth and the cheek puffs out the cheeks.

In "The Public Enemy" Beryl Mercer, famous for her mother roles, appears as a young woman, and amazes the spectators with microcosmic modulations of visage in conformity with the passing of the years.

The George Arliss characterizations have delighted countless thousands of late. Positively uncanny is his ability to depict such dissimilar roles as have fallen to him in his Warner pictures. It was always a matter of Arliss being indubitably himself all the time; and notwithstanding, he really was Disraeli, in the picture of that name; the sadistic Rajah in "The Green Goddess," the harassed Manchester business man in "Old English," and the American engineer in "The Millionaire." Next you see him as the hot blooded young Alexander Hamilton in his later picture of that name.

The facial differences in this quartet of Vitaphone offerings were subtle. Arliss was

a proven master of make-up in the days when his allegiance went to the stage. He recounts, in his autobiography, "Up The Years From Bloomsbury," how expert he became in his teens in make-up. He tells of the first time he was permitted to appear on the stage "as a unit":

"I had a brilliant idea," he writes. "I knew an old clerk, a very old clerk, who used to dress in a very strange way. I would make-up like him. So when the curtain went up, a decrepit old man walked on, in a queer low-crowned top hat (that had taken me many hours to manufacture). He had on rusty trousers, too long, and seedy frock coat, buttoned up at the neck; took off his poor old hat and proceeded to hold up the play while he polished it with a large well-worn bandanna handkerchief, and as he hung up his hat it was perceived that the tips of his fingers were coming through his black cotton gloves. With much deliberation he removed his gloves, and having rolled them up with tender care he put them in his tail pocket; he then took out a large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles (an unfamiliar sight in those days), took a pinch of snuff from an old horn snuffbox, blew his nose and sat down to work. During all this business, which was received with great expectations from the audiences, the principals who were waiting to come in were fuming on the side wing at their entrance being thus delayed; but the curtain was up and nothing could be done about it.

"When it was time for me to go off, of course, I went through all the same deliberate pantomime with hat and gloves and handkerchief, etc., entirely regardless of the dialogue proceeding, and went off to a distinct effort at a round of applause from the audience."

Arliss, in other words, stopped the show. He knew he had committed that unforgivable sin of the stage of attracting undue attention to himself, but he was forgiven, so debt was his characterization.

The importance of proper make-up cannot be overestimated and the avoidance of improper make-up cannot be too strongly urged.

I've interviewed many film celebrities in my time on this subject, they all say, "Use common sense, be discreet in it, and use the best materials only." Which sums up their secret of successful make-up as far as they care to disclose it—not overmuch information, yet significant if you but ponder the importance of the topic.

Think long and seriously of the exhausting task friend husband (perhaps through your neglect) faces in resisting the appeal of those lovely little things who flit so lightly about their daily duties at the office.

We all know the light of approval that glows in the eyes of the *One Man* when we greet him, if we merit it; and really what excuse can we possibly have in failing him?

The basic rules for make-up are: First, that a powder be selected matching skin and color—(eyes are not to be thought of when choosing the powder nor is the color of hair important). Next comes selection of proper color for the eyelids; gray blue or grey if the eyes are blue or grey and a brown if the eyes are brown. Start the color quite heavily at the lashes and blend towards the brows until, at the brows, no color is noticeable. Use a pencil of correct color under the eyes and make a faint blended line.

The lips should be made up with a color that does not clash with the face powder and

rouge, and do not make the mistake of extending the color too far towards the corners of the mouth on the lower lip.

Rouge should be of "orange" or "flame" color to avoid the hard, sophisticated look. The narrow-faced woman should put on her rouge back of the cheek bones, blending towards the temple and ears. A touch of rouge on the point of the chin in an inverted "V", if the chin is not pronounced makes for character, whilst for the bobbed hair girl a touch on ear lobes is advisable. The heavy broad-faced woman should wear her color low and well-forward and should not apply color on the cheek bones.

If the nose is small, a touch of red in the nostrils is of value. A mere bit of red in the inside corners of the eyes and a little black at the outside corners aid in making the eyes appear larger.

A powder, lighter in shade but of the same color, should be used for the neck and shoulders.

There is a reason for the various shades of rouge and lipstick now on the market. Make your selection after careful trial. Use it to retail your personality, appearance and poise.

We do not advise venture into the weird effects possible with make-up. Such had best remain in the hands of those who understand what risk is involved in the material so used. We have in mind John Barrymore's very difficult make-up as "Svengali." Realist that he is, caused him to dare the use of luminous paint applied to the eye balls to simulate hypnotic effects, a two hour ordeal each morning at the studio to complete the job, and we may add, the most dangerous step ever taken in make-up.



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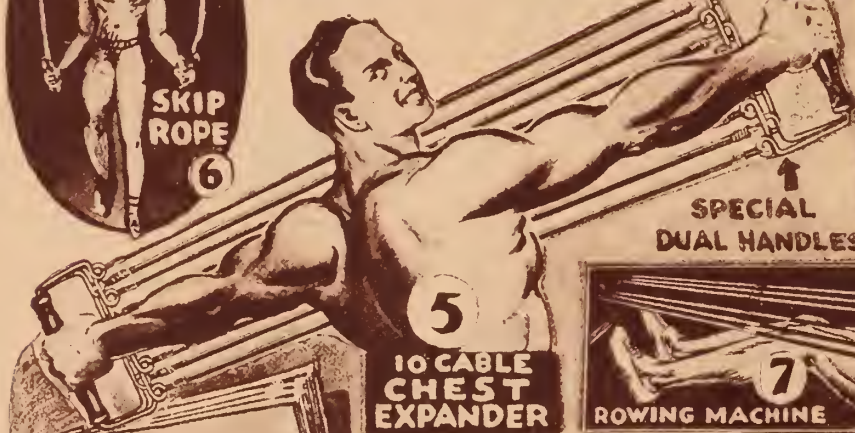
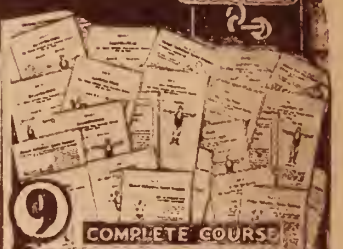
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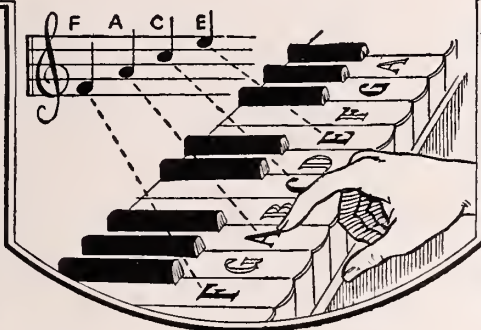
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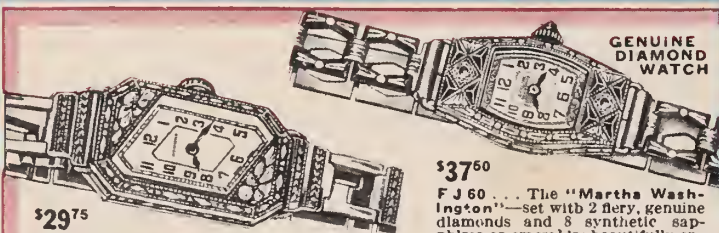
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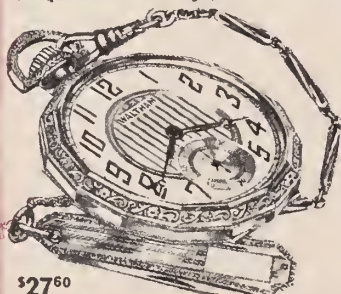
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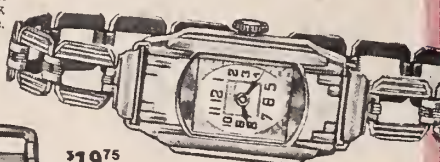
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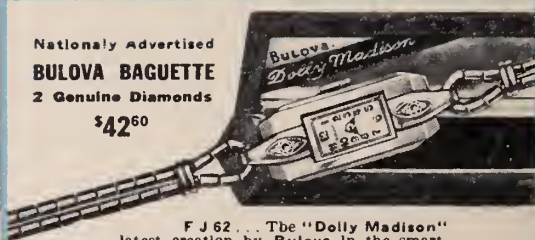


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BEBE DANIELS

By
Carlisle Jones
and W. W. H.

*A Hollywood
Beauty Who
Leads a
Double Life*



Miss
Bebe
Daniels

Mrs.
Ben
Lyon

BEBE Daniels, Inc., lives in Santa Monica, twenty miles from where Bebe Daniels, star of the talkies works, in one of three houses which the corporation owns.

I found her standing in front of the smallest of the three houses, her bare feet buried in the clean sand, her hands stuffed into the pockets of a colorful beach robe which hid, in part, her sea-togs and her shapely form, her head nodding vigorously in the general direction of some workmen perched above her, repairing the house.

She was telling them. She wasted no words and no time. She knew what she wanted done and so did the rest of us, including the workmen, when she had finished . . . Then she smiled and led the way into the middle-sized house in which Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon live.

It is a charming house, recently remodelled for a permanent home by Bebe Daniels, Inc., for two of its officers, the said Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon. Possibly the baby girl will be an officer some day.

"We'll never get our money out of it," she said, "because it has cost more than you would think—or than we planned."

It was the incorporated Bebe talking then, I knew, because the other Bebe was frankly proud and pleased with the house. But Bebe, Inc., knows the difference between an investment and a home.

Now it is a common rumor about Hollywood that Bebe Daniels, Inc., is rich, richer than almost any other woman in pictures, comparable at least to Ruth Roland, and perhaps Norma Talmadge and Mary Pickford. Like Ruth Roland, she's learning to fly, too. I mentioned the fact of her reputed wealth to pave the way for the questions

I hoped to ask. "But it isn't true," the corporation answered earnestly. "What I have is mostly tied up in real estate. Probably we could live comfortably on it if other income stopped, but only by selling. And selling now would mean a loss, not a profit."

"Members of my family have always been interested in real estate in Southern California," she explained, "although most of them weren't able to hold it to realize any of the great profits that eventually came to owners who kept their property."

"My grandfather owned a ranch near what is now Eighth and Broadway but when he died it was sold to support his family."

Miss Daniels, Inc., is often credited with uncommonly good business judgment.

"I've made plenty of bad investments," she countered when that idea was suggested. "Once I was interested in a certain kind of parachute and financed it to some extent." She shook her head. "It didn't amount to anything, and I lost a lot of money."

"Then I've put money in oil, like all of my friends. Most of it went into dry holes. Real estate is about the only thing I've tried where I didn't actually lose my investment. Except gold mines. I have never bought any stock in a gold mine."

House building and remodelling is the hobby and the principal extravagance of Bebe, Inc. She can no more resist a chance to remodel than her husband can resist an auction, particularly a furniture auction. And to prevent the eventual fleecing of the corporation through these two weaknesses, both have studies, Bebe specializing in architecture and interior decorating, Ben on furniture and antiques. Ben just loves antiques!

"I never wanted a pearl necklace," explained the lovely corporation. "I wouldn't know what to do with it. I have jewels and nice things, of course, but not extravagant ones. I prefer a house to plan and furnish, any day."

Bebe Daniels, Inc., is a balance wheel for Bebe Daniels. The one checks what might be any reckless tendencies of the other.

"The government takes a lot of money in income taxes. Other taxes and special assessments eat into our income tremendously. Right now they are talking of an assessment along the beach front of a hundred dollars a front foot. All of this keeps Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon working to protect the property we already have. Ben bought some lots for ten thousand dollars. Recently he had to pay nine thousand more for special assessments. We have to keep making money to protect what we have saved."

Visitors drifted in. One, a young man of a famous Los Angeles family, mentioned that his mother was considering the purchase of the largest beach house belonging to Bebe, Inc. "I think I'll buy the place," he said.

"I have every receipt for the cost of the house," Bebe Inc., said. "I will sell it for cost, plus taxes paid out since it was built, less the rent I have received. And I have just heard that the break-water will really be built after all, so that we can have boats of our own here before long, if we want them."

"I won't make any money out of that," Bebe explained when the young man had left. "But it will give me a chance to use the money again on another house. I like that."

"I always try to keep my money working. I've never gone in much for stocks or bonds. I buy and build and hold or sell as seems best. But I have to keep working, too, or sacrifice the property that belongs to Bebe Daniels Real Estate Company, a Delaware corporation." Delaware has the most liberal corporation laws, it developed.

Bebe Daniels, Inc., intends to see to it that Bebe Daniels, actress, is never out of work. There are half a dozen occupations and professions that Bebe, Inc. would insist that Bebe do if for any reason she should leave pictures—which both company and individual are sure she will never do. She could always pose for artists.

Interior decorating would be one possibility for Bebe.

Professional fencing might be another. Music offers still another chance. Bebe personally would like to undertake a concert tour, and may do it too, sometime, but just now Bebe, Inc., thinks pictures are better business. Sydney Ullman, art director of "Dixiana" in which she appeared, vouches for her ability as a screen star; part of her success is due to him.

The corporation allows the actress to be as extravagant as she wishes in matters of clothes. Bebe has a weakness for nice shoes. She has no rule about gowns. She will wear

the same one as many times as she wishes without worrying about the opinion of others, if Ben likes it and it is not red. She dislikes red. But another time she will give a dress a way without wearing it at all, because Ben doesn't like it on her or because she is disappointed with it. But Bebe, Inc., calls a halt eventually.

The actress has earned a tremendous sum of money in the past ten years for the benefit of Bebe, Inc. The corporation might be a great deal richer than it is if it had not specialized in the comparative safety of real estate against the more exciting gamble of the stock company.

"But my friends haven't done so well in the market, either," suggests Bebe, Inc. "I don't know anyone among them who has not made some mistakes with his money."

Bebe Daniels is reported to own much scattered real estate about Hollywood and Los Angeles. The frontage on the ocean, occupied by Bebe, Inc.'s, three beach houses, is only one of many parcels of property. But neither Bebe, Inc., nor Bebe in person owns a yacht, nor a swimming pool, nor even a tennis court, although there is land enough left on the beach for the latter and Bebe and Ben are already planning that.

Bebe, Inc., owns a Rolls Royce and two Ford cars. The first for show when necessary and for long trips and for premiers, the Fords for general use. Bebe, Inc., has found that it saves fifty dollars a month on each Ford against heavier and more expensive cars.

The hospitality of Bebe and Ben is not hampered by Bebe, Inc. The house is a gathering place for the many members of the picture colony who live all or a part of the year on the Santa Monica beach. There is a kind of continuous open house, particularly while the two are not working, but there is little if any formal entertaining.

Bebe intends to keep turning (Continued on page 42)

Bebe in "Ex-Mistress"



TRUE LOVE

By Leila Hyams; M-G-M Featured Player

LOVE is complete companionship. And by that I mean true love!

There are many phases and degrees of companionship. But no one of them, in itself, is love. Real love, I believe, is a combination of the highest degrees of all phases.

Real love is a very rare, and therefore a very precious thing. People are so willing to accept substitutes for it. This is a practical, earthy age in which we are living and love, like all idealistic, emotional factors, necessarily feels the spirit of the times. We sometimes, I am sorry to state, fail to recognize it when it really comes.

Men and women, boys and girls, are rushing madly through life. There is no leisure. Somewhere along the way they find some phase of companionship, mental, moral or physical, and call it love. Then they wonder why this love proves unsatisfactory. Now and then, the one phase develops and matures until it encompasses all elements and becomes love.

I really believe that love may be born "at first sight" or that it may be developed gradually. Its origin has no importance. The fullness and depth of its maturing is the thing which matters. And to effect this maturity no factor in the companionship must be minimized or neglected. They must all be nurtured like a rare and precious flower.

People smile tolerantly and kindly at "young love," the unformed, nebulous emotional companionship of boys and girls. But that very emotion is as essential a part of real love as is any other element. If that romance can be kept and fostered through the years, there is a firm and lasting foundation for real and faithful love.

Love should really begin with youth. Of course, age plays no essentially vital part in the perfect companionship, but love cannot be completely rounded unless it includes this young emotion.

The three elements of companionship, the mental, the moral and the physical, share an equal importance in the complete whole, I believe. At various phases in the development of love, one or the other of these factors may assume a greater importance but, in the final analysis, they share and share alike.

It seems to me that love plays as vital a part in the life of a man as in the life of a woman. In another age love might have been "to a man's life a thing apart and woman's whole existence." But not today. Love, marriage, homes, children will always be the foundation of civilization, no matter what the age or the time. Perhaps, because they no longer necessarily constitute a woman's whole existence, they have become more vitally necessary to her fundamental happiness.

Love should be treated neither lightly nor too seriously. Either way is its own undoing. If treated lightly, it dies of neglect. If taken too

seriously, it becomes so intense that it destroys itself by its own force. Real love is a wholly natural thing, as necessary and vital as is breathing. If you stopped breathing, you would end life. If you breathed always in deep, physically taxing breaths, you'd wear out your body. It's the same way with love.

Another and most important factor in this companionship is mutuality. Love means both giving and receiving. Of course, there can be an emotion which knows no reciprocation, but that is not love. There can be passion without love; but hardly a great love without a great and tender passion; at least between those of the opposite sex and mating age. All of this must come within the understanding of those who love and feel they are mated.

Love and understanding are always hand in hand.

We should not live to love, but should love in order to live, fully, completely, perfectly. As the oriental teaches us—in this fullest development of love we find our greatest happiness—our greatest peace; and the apex of our contentment. In this splendid, unselfish expression of true love we may adapt everything else in our earthly lives to the end that supreme happiness comes to us all . . . As it surely does. Am I right?



Leila



FRANCES DEE
and
RICHARD ARLEN
in "Caught"



ARLEN, *the Artist*

All-Around Amateur Athlete, Aviator and Actor

By Dr. Abbuh Randlaw

WHEN Richard Arlen's name is mentioned, your mind instantly conjures up a picture of a real "He-man"—masculine to the nth degree. Dick is one of Paramount's most popular male stars. Moreover he is popular with men because of his rugged personality and his prowess in the world of amateur sport.

He was born in Charlottesville, Virginia in 1899. His parents sent him to St. Thomas Preparatory School, St. Paul, Minn. Although only a youngster at the time the World War started in Europe, Dick left school and joined the Royal Flying Corps. By the end of the war, he had gained a few wound stripes and a commission as a second lieutenant. It was this experience that later enabled him to fly his own plane in "Wings".

At the University of Pennsylvania where he spent sometime, he was a champion swimmer and skater. Later on, he stroked with the California eight which won the Olympic title. In this connection they tell a funny story, at least the fellows expected it to be funny. Thinking that Dick was just a "sissy actor" the others in the crew thought they'd play a trick on him. As they finished a three mile jaunt one day, they pushed the stroke up to around 47. The laugh was on them, however, for he stayed right with them. Of course, they hadn't known that as a stripling he had rowed with the Duluth Boat Club. They congratulated him heartily when it was over, but it took days, not praise, to heal his sore and aching muscles.

Like many other returned heroes he found jobs to be very scarce after the war, so he drifted down to the Oklahoma and Texas oil fields. From there he headed west and landed in Los Angeles. Here he got a job driving a motorcycle delivering films from the laboratories to the studios. His war experience with motors and mechanics had helped him get the place, but as he says himself, he must have

forgotten something important, for one bright morning he started out and couldn't find the gadget to stop the motor. An obliging truck did the trick and when he got out of the hospital he was also out of work.

Having been around the studios, and become acquainted with many of the extras on the different lots, his mind naturally turned to that as a means of

*With
Peggy
Shannon*



*The
Aero-
nautical
Arlen*

gaining a livelihood.

His first chance came because of his ability to swim, proving that it's the little things that so often decide our future course of life. Arlen was awake to his opportunity, however.

Sooner or later we all seem to gravitate to the job we can do best. Dick says he is no exception. Acting to him is a job—a hard one perhaps, but after eight years at it, he feels he knows something about it. His directors subscribe to this, adding that this attitude of mind is the main reason for his naturalness before the camera.

Many people will try to tell you that all those thrilling scenes where Dick has rescued lovely ladies, ridden roughshod in those "westerns" to avenge a wrong are all done by a double. Well, this is one case where they're dead wrong. True the studio has had one handy, but no one substitutes for Richard Arlen—not while he's conscious.

Ever since his first break, which as we told you, he got because the part called for an excellent swimmer, and he filled the bill, he seems to have drawn some of the toughest assignments possible to get. His first picture for Paramount was "In the Name of Love". This was followed by "Behind the Front" and "Padlocked". Then came a really memorable film called "Wings" directed by Lucien Hubbard who is credited with developing Arlen and helping him to attain his screen success. Having been a pilot in the World War, Arlen handled his own planes when this picture was made at Kelly Field. Several men lost their lives while this picture was in production and Dick had plenty of opportunity to lose his too, but this boy moves fast in or out of a plane, and he was always some place else when the Grim Reaper came around.

Both Clara Bow and Jobyna Ralston played in this picture with Arlen in "Wings". It was to Jobyna, moreover, that Arlen made love, sitting in a swing, and for once an actor meant what he said. Jobyna is the sister of Esther, who married George Webb, the director. Their father will be remembered as the Judge who presided in the famous

"Scopes-monkey" trial in Tennessee some years ago.

Because he can ride a horse superbly, Arlen has probably been cast in more so-called horse

operas than some of the chaps who can do nothing else but ride. He was supported by Mary Brian in "Burning Up", "Gun Smoke", and "Light of the Western Stars". In "Border Legion", "Sea God", "Conquering Horde" and "The Lawyer's Secret", Fay Wray was his leading woman. He has also made love to Jean Arthur, Frances Dee in "Caught", to Peggy Shannon in "The Secret Call", the picture Clara Bow was to have done.

In the last picture he did, his face was almost blown off when his horse shied at the reflectors, swerved directly in front of a blank cartridge that had just been exploded by Gene Pallette. It was found impossible to give him an anesthetic for the operation that followed, so they gave him a few stiff drinks and went to work, patching up his face. Now you cannot tell he ever had an accident, but if you felt his skin, you can tell where the old and the new meet.

By the time that Paramount bought "Touchdown", or "Stadium" as it was formerly called, Arlen was so fed up with horses that just to mention them was enough to raise his ire. The original script of this story called for Dick to act as coach. He had been aching to do a football part, so his disappointment can be imagined when he found out what his role was to be. It was decided to add a prologue, showing Dick in his last game at college, so he has a chance to mix it up with some of the huskies on the squad.

Speaking of huskies, do you remember the fist fight he had in one of his pictures? Well, the lad he was to fight had been an enemy of his for years and was also just about fifty pounds heavier. Dick took himself off to a well-known gym and started training. He hammered it out with professional pugs until he developed some of the killer instinct so necessary to fights. After working all day and night on the film, the scene where the fight was to take place was reached about three o'clock in the morning. Dick emerged from the melee with bones broken in both hands, but it was a sure fire hit of a scene.

From this short resume of Richard Arlen's career on and off the stage one can readily appreciate the reason for his popularity with men. Far from being a

Richard and
Fay Wray

Continued
page 42



Reading the STARS of the STARS

By Roberta Deer

LEWIS AYRES made his first bow to an adoring public on the twenty-eighth of December. This date we find is governed by the constellation Capricornus. Astrology, a study known to the ancient Egyptians and followed down through the ages, has at last been accepted as an exact science. Through its study we may avoid many of the pitfalls of life. It is said that by knowing the periods that are favorable for certain of our activities, the days and in some cases weeks we must be careful to avoid accidents, changes, etc., we are in a position to make the most of our lives.

The position of Jupiter at this time insures him a tremendous amount of energy and perseverance. Despite his sudden rise to fame and stardom after his first assignment, Lew spent many weary months going from studio to studio looking for work as an extra. Strange as it may sound he never did get a job as an extra. Having had a lot of experience in orchestras, he finally joined one in Culver City so that he could be near the gates he hoped to crash. Finally he left the orchestra in order to devote all his time to finding an opening. Before he finally landed his first job he had been forced to sell his collection of banjos and mandolins, in order to eat. If this isn't proof of perseverance, what is?

The stars show a decided appreciation for the fine and beautiful. His natural inclination toward things musical bear this out. Lew is a very talented musician. When he first left home he played the banjo, guitar and mandolin in various orchestras with which he was associated here and abroad. He has practically discarded these instruments now for the organ, which he plays most beautifully.

In accordance with the position of the stars at his birth, he has a strong, vigorous constitution which has proven an asset in his persistence to acquire wealth and position. In temperament he is quiet and retiring—almost to the point of being stolid. This trait has been interpreted by many who think him "high-hat" whereas in reality he is shy.

The position of Venus endows him with wisdom, loyalty and fitness for domestic life. His recent marriage to Lola Lane and their happy idea for a honeymoon far from crowds, augers well for their happiness. The stars also forecast con-

tinued good health and an unusual sense of justice and firmness in dealing with children. This in turn should result in good living children and for a happy old age.

Just as the Moon governs the changing tides, so does it seem to affect our own lives. It is from her that Lew gets the changefulness, the caprice and nervous tendencies which caused him to live away from his own family the past few years.

An imperious will, the mark of Aries, coupled with his physical organization, a fine body, strongly fortified for life's struggle will no doubt be more noticeable as time goes on.

The stars show that he will be the subject of hate and jealousy. This is bound to happen, due to his almost unprecedented success. There is also the danger of a very serious accident.

After all, we must remember that Lewis Ayres, whose initials incidentally are those of the great California movie metropolis—Los Angeles—is still a very young man, barely twenty-one with all of life before him to fulfill his destiny as revealed by the stars.

His most recent success as Bucky in "The Spirit of Notre Dame" would seem to indicate that his remarkable versatility will lead him to new heights. Here is a picture containing characters that are true to any walk of life. How often we see people pushed, one might say, into positions of prominence, forgetting the reason of their being there. The insufferable airs and foibles of such people are seen in the part taken by William Bakewell in this picture. Despite the fact that "Bucky" has passed up his chance to be named for the "All-American" in order that his room-mate be

pushed into the more prominent place in the squad for the glory of the school, we soon see a bad case of swelled head develop. A few newspaper write-ups and he has lost all sense of proportion. On the other hand, Ayres' part as Bucky, who puts the best interests of the school above his own personal gain or glory, is a role that we feel sure is true to life.

Other well-known stars born under the same constellation as Lewis Ayres are Ruth Chatterton, Marion Davies, Vilma Banky, Loretta Young, Peggy Shannon, Kay Francis, Helen Twelvetrees, Virginia (Continued on page 44)



Lewis Ayres

Consider the LILIES

BOND, Dagover, Damita, Gish, Roth, Tashman, Walker; Part III

ENGLAND sent us a real flower when Lillian Bond came across the water. When Hammerstein opened "Luana" on Broadway, the show, for some strange and unaccountable reason that amounts to nothing short of gambler's luck, did not last long. But it did have sufficient run to give the public and producers a chance to see what a splendid dancer and singer, as well as an actress, Lillian was . . . And her fame was made in that show, as far as America was concerned.

Writing up this Hawaiian musical comedy, long before Miss Bond was signed up for pictures, the critic of this magazine said:

"Lillian Bond is a star if there ever was one—youthful, alluring, an excellent dancer, and an all-around good entertainer. In her scant costumes she's about the best advertisement we know for the Honolulu-bound steamers."

That night our critic knew another star was in the making, and predicted to other critics her entry into the movies. Just as he did at the time he first saw Greta Nissen in "The Beggar on Horseback"; Peggy Shannon on the stage; Elissa Landi in "A Farewell to Arms"; and others. The Bond girl was destined for fame, and she is doubtless en route to stardom.

Lillian Bond was born in London, England, January 18th. Her parents are William Bond, a caterer, and Harriett Hooper Bond, once a child actress.

She is five feet four and one half inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, has red hair and hazel eyes. Has the famous dimples of Lillian Walker.

The English Lily



She was educated at St. Vincent's convent, London; and Brompton Oratory School, London. And hasn't forgotten what she learned!

First appearance on stage was at 14, in a pantomime, "Dick Whittington." Made a real hit, and was remarkably pretty at that time. As a result of this won place in chorus, "Picadilly Revels."

Was with C. B. Cochrane's 126 Revue and Still Dancing, both London. Rehearsed for London production, "Sunny" but got married and came to America. Had married an American who professed to be a big Broadway producer. She was to learn that he was naught but an out-of-work press agent, to her sorrow. She left him. Off stage in 1927.

Returned to stage 1928 in Earl Carroll's "Fioretta," then "Stepping Out." Earl Carroll likes her shapely figure and her beautiful red hair. She answered the call for chorus girls for the seventh edition of the "Vanities."

While waiting, and watching all the other beauties Mr. Carroll is so famous for, she stood on one side and said: "I've got to make this show! . . . I'm all alone here." She was determined to succeed and get ahead; though fearing she wouldn't be able to make the chorus being recruited in, this strange country, that "Vanities," which had numerous beauty contest winners. Dorothy Knapp had her name in lights in that revue, billed as "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World."

Lillian made the chorus. On the opening night, a little over three years later, Lillian Bond and Dorothy Knapp were together again. They were both in "Free for All"—only Lillian is no longer a chorine but a featured player with her name in lights. See-saw.

She had the lead in "Follow Through" which Nancy Carroll did for the movies, and won applause for a solid year. Played leads in "Luana", "The Wife's Away", with Elliott Nugent of stage and screen fame, and "Under Control."

Did a few short singing and dancing subjects with Paramount and then was signed to do leads with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her first assignment was in "Stepping Out". Made a hit with William Haines in his gigolo picture.

Her hobby is writing short stories, and she has ability in that line. She dislikes sports of any kind but swims and dives wonderfully well.

She sings soprano and is a stellar dancer. Keeps well, tries not to worry. She is an (Continued on page 44)

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S SCREEN SUCCESS

Two Pictures of the Month

By A. R. Roberts

A GAIN we find ourselves unable to decide between two releases for our Picture of the Month. On one hand there is Joseph von Sternberg's masterly direction of Theodore Dreiser's much discussed novel, "An American Tragedy". True, according to the newspapers, Mr. Dreiser tried to get an injunction against Paramount to prevent their exhibiting or distributing the film. Just what he found wrong is impossible to say, for it is hard to conceive of a finer, more sympathetic treatment for this sordid tale.

Sylvia Sidney, who so recently came to stardom, is our main reason for reviewing these two pictures together. In both films she gives restrained and intelligent interpretations of her roles.

The theme of "An American Tragedy" is as old as the ages. The eternal story of youth, blinded by love and desire—on one hand beloved by one who sacrifices good name and honor and on the other, reaching for another alliance that will mean position and luxury in place of the mediocre existence he knows. Phillips Holmes plays the role of Clyde Griffiths who after breaking down the moral resistance of the little factory hand in whose company he spends all his free time until he discovers a more alluring playmate.

Sylvia Sidney, as Roberta Alden is the small town girl who gets a job in a factory and subsequently falls in love with the young man in charge. Due to the rule that department heads shall not be seen with their help, the young people are forced to seek secluded spots. Finally in order to hold him, the girl permits him to come to her room although both realize the danger of his being seen.

Months of this pass, you feel her increasing fear as the situation gets beyond them and Roberta finally realizes her condition and begs Clyde to marry her. Of course by now his ardor has cooled and he turns a deaf ear. Clyde has fallen in love with one of the town's social lights who seems to return his interest. He is faced with the knowledge that



his earlier affair stands between him and possible happiness. Being essentially weak, Clyde hasn't the moral courage to do the right thing. He broods over the situation and a scare headline gives him the ghastly idea of doing away with her.

Clyde under pretense of acceding to her wish for an early marriage, takes Roberta on a trip thru the lake region where they hire a canoe one day. Out some distance from shore, the girl sees the expression of his face change and cries out in terror. She tries to reach him and as she does, he strikes her with a camera. She topples over, the boat capsizes and she calls to him to save her as she cannot swim. He turns once, watches her useless struggles then makes for the shore where he has his bag ready for the getaway.

The police track him to the country estate of Sondra, (Frances Dee) arrest him and eventually bring him to trial for the murder. His wealthy relatives engage the best counsel obtainable in their effort to save him.

The trial scene is the high spot of the picture. Seldom is one treated to a display of talent such as Irving Pichel gives us in the role of District Attorney. As the trial progresses, the boy's guilt seems to engulf him and fear and despair are written on his face. He protests his innocence, although later he admits to his mother that he might have saved the girl from drowning. Lucille La Verne as Clyde's gospel quoting mother gives a good performance as does Frances Dee, who is very charming.

In "Street Scene" which King Vidor produced for Samuel Goldwyn is the Pulitzer Prize drama by Elmer Rice. Here again, we see the fine thread of destiny unraveling in the lives of several families. The locale of "Street Scene" is one of those run-down, brownstone fronts of New York's former generation. In it we see a cross section of our cosmopolitan population.

The Maurrants—the father earning good money, but indifferent to the welfare of his two children and callous to the interests of his wife. Then there is the Jones family—common, drab morons, whose children are already on the down grade. There are the Kaplans, orthodox Jews, the father a socialist, dependent on his daughter, Shirley, who is a school teacher. Besides managing the house, she is also paying her brother Sam's way through law school. The rest can be quickly summed up: the jolly Italian family, the Fiorentinos, the Hildebrands who persist in going to the movies although they are facing eviction, the Buchanan's awaiting the stork's visit and finally the Swedish janitor.

Sylvia Sidney has the role of Rose Maurrant who tries to get her father to move away from the neighborhood. She fears that the dull routine is wearing down her mother's (Estelle Taylor) moral fibre. She is aware that the frequent visits of the milk collector, Sankey (Russel Hopton), are causing the neighbors to gossip. Rose tells the Kaplan boy (William Collier, Jr.) of her fears for her mother's safety. They both feel weighed down by the intolerable suffering and poverty around them.

Onto this scene comes Vincent Jones, a born bully who proceeds to shove Sam around when he tries to pro-

tect Rose from the unwelcome advances young Jones is making. Then Mae Jones staggers home from a drunken party. And at last the doctor comes to deliver the Buchanan's baby!

Just the sort of thing that goes on in any city street you'll say. Certainly the possibilities for drama are always there. Life becomes intolerable and we seek a way out. For some it is drink, others music, still others study as a means of escape, while most of us feel the need for the companionship and friendship of our fellow man. Here we have the case of Mrs. Maurrant, starved for a little loving attention, welcoming the clandestine visits of Sankey, not because she is bad, but because she is neglected.

The next day as Sam is sitting out on the steps trying to study after most of the tenants have gone to work, he is shocked to see Maurrant lurching up the street. He knows that Sankey has come to see Mrs. Maurrant again, and this knowledge seems to be shared by Maurrant who judges from the drawn shades that his suspicions are well founded. He rushes in, shots ring out and he is next seen at the door, threatening to kill any one who tries to interfere with his escape.

Rose, hurrying home, sees the crowd and senses the cause. She goes to the hospital with her mother who dies there. Returning to the house for some necessary clothes she sees her mother's name in the screaming headlines. Shirley Kaplan, overcoming her natural prejudice against Rose, offers to help, and they discuss the tragedy and the impossibility of Sam's marriage to her.

Suddenly, between two policemen, Maurrant is seen coming down the street. He says good-bye to Rose, begs her forgiveness and is led away. Only an occasional straggler passes now to see the scene of the crime. Rose bids farewell to the tragic street and in a touching scene with Sam in which they confess their deep love for one another, she wisely counsels him to wait awhile and spurs him on to carve a career for himself, while she takes up the thread of life again and tries to give her little brother the right kind of a start.

The picture is essentially the same as produced on the stage where it enjoyed a record run in New York. Some of the original cast on the stage production were employed in the movie. As with "An American Tragedy" it is difficult to see how it could be improved. The photography is excellent and the lines in both instances closely follow the original. On the whole, well worth seeing.



Estelle Taylor, the unfaithful wife in "Street Scene"

AUCTION BRIDGE

With Ramon Novarro, David Scott, and Herbert Clark

By JONATHAN K. HOWELL

MY recent trip to the movie metropolis resulted in getting much more material for a series of articles than even my fond hopes envisaged.

This was no doubt due partly at least to the fact that my friends in the East had furnished me with enough letters of introductions to keep me busy for days calling upon members of the movie colony.

This afforded me a real opportunity to study some of the stars at close range, so to speak. It must be evident to all thinking people that the old adage about never knowing a person till you live with them is just as true of movie folk as it is of the rest of us. I have always considered that working with people is just as good a test and next to that comes playing. If ever you get to know a person at play it is in a game of some sort such as bridge.

Not all the screen stars have deserted bridge for backgammon or puzzles as some people would have you believe. I remember one very enjoyable evening spent playing with Ramon Novarro, David Scott and Herbert Clark. Ramon was hard at work on his forthcoming picture "Mati-Hari" in which he plays with the glamorous Greta Garbo cast as the spy whose charms make men forget duty and honor. Ramon Novarro is one of the finest personalities on the screen today. He is far cleverer than you might imagine from meeting him casually as so many do. His knowledge of foreign languages insure him an important berth in the production of films for other lands. Perhaps at some other time I shall be able to tell you more about him. For the present my task is to tell you about one of our little bridge games.

David dealt the hands I have outlined below. As you can see from a glance, he might have bid either one Heart or one No Trump. Either bid would be eminently sound; but with every suit stopped (quite a possibility that all will prove to be stopped twice) and the Heart holding only five to a King, No Trump seems to be the wiser bid. I passed,

and Herbert also passed, as his hand was not strong enough to bid three and too strong to put in a two-bid, showing weakness. If there were any way for Clark to show five cards of each minor and give Scott a choice between the two, it might have been well to do so; but no such showing would be possible unless Herbert should bid two Diamonds and David follow with two No Trumps. Clark, in that event, could bid three Clubs to give the choice; but Scott might accept the two-Diamond bid as a weakness showing and pass.

However, the hand was played at Auction. David obtained the bid for one No Trump.

In the play I, much to Ramon's surprise, as he told me later, picked the Deuce of Spades as my opening lead, selecting that suit in preference to Diamonds or Clubs because it was a shade stronger and also because it was a major. David won Novarro's Queen, and then looked the situation over. He decided to establish first his five-card Heart suit, since he held all the high Hearts except the Queen; whereas in both minors, although he had a combined holding of eight cards instead of seven as in Hearts, the Ace and Jack were missing. With only a single stopper left of the adverse suit, he was in serious difficulty. If he could establish his Hearts without losing a trick, he would be going a long way toward extricating himself. However, when he led the Deuce of Hearts, I played the Queen and Dummy won with the Ace, the situation cleared up.

It was evident that my Queen was a singleton. It could not possibly have been played under any other conditions; and I, having led from a four-card Spade suit, must have held originally four Spades, one Heart, four Diamonds and four Clubs. Also, with four cards in each minor in my hand, five in the dummy and three in the bidder's, only one card of each minor could be held by Novarro; and in each case, *that one card must be the Ace*. Had I held the Ace of either minor, I would have led from a (Continued on page 42)

♠ Q 9 6 5 4 3
♥ 7 6 5 4 8

♦ A
♣ A Ramon Novarro

David Scott; Dealer

♠ A K
♥ K 10 9 8 2
♦ K 10 8
♣ K 10 9

♠ 10
♥ A J
♦ Q 9 7 4 3
♣ Q 8 7 5 3

Jonathan
K. Howell

♠ J 8 7 2
♥ Q
♦ J 6 5 2
♣ J 6 4 2





SIDE SHOW.—Warner Brothers. Winnie Lightner, Charles Butterworth, Evelyn Knapp, Donald Cook, Edward Morgan and others labor through a much too involved story for the screen; yet one possessing many very powerful situations. The cast is excellent; but for the complex theme, the picture would properly have found the same classification, for it is good.

THE BELOVED BACHELOR.—Paramount. Paul Lukas as the Bachelor, with Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles and Vivienne Osborne command the deepest interest in this charming modern sketch, wherein Lukas achieves stellar proportions. The story, cast, treatment, staging, all have a strong appeal for me, and we feel the audience reaction will be much the same as ours.



RACKET CHEERS.—Mack Sennett Farce Comedy, bristling with the Sennett touch, replete with action, thrills, and compelling humor, done in a manner we like to think is only possible to Sennett. Every inch of the way is the Sennett way, worth my time and yours, too. Andy Clyde, Daphney Pollard, Charles Irwin and Marjorie Beebe jointly conspire to entertain you.



HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE.—A reasonably good western, produced by Big 4. Bob Custer, Betty Mack, Andy Shuford, Bob Walker, Jack Harvey, John Ince and Duke Lee appear in a fairly good cast. Story concerns cheating at cards, cheating at branding, and a hero who's a cowboy detective. Action is fairly fast and everything ends happily for hero and heroine.



THE RUNAROUND.—Almost saccharine-like in its sweetness; just one of those "he and she" things which have gutted the market for so very long. The stills we received weren't even marked on the back as to who produced them, but the picture appears to have certain elements of interest in spite of everything. See it at your own risk and don't say we didn't advise you.



SECRET SERVICE.—R.K.O. Radio. Production. From William Gillette's dramatic stage sensation. Radio Pictures with Richard Dix as Captain Thorne, Shirley Grey as Edith Varney and a strong cast, create a still greater sensation. It is a story of tender romance, which buds in the poison of the deepest tragic threat. It carries natural blood ties, for every American heart. A masterpiece.

24 HOURS.—A Paramount-Publix success in every sense of the word. Clive Brooks, Kay Francis, Chas. Trowbridge, Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey. A bang-up good story, creditably directed, in which the villain gets his, the blonde mistress is strangled, the cheating wife reforms, and all ends happily. Fast moving and a credit to the author of "Five Star Final."



WEST OF BROADWAY.—Lois Moran John Gilbert, El Brendel, Madge Evans, Paul Bellamy, and others, in a worthy Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer production. From Park Avenue to the "great open spaces" in an interesting and entertaining talkie; not quite as peppy as we'd have liked to have seen it—but nevertheless, good. John Gilbert's voice is considerably improved.



ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?—R.K.O. Production. Wesley Ruggles, author and director, with Eric Linden, Rochell Hudson, Beryl Mercer, Ben Alexander, Roberta Gale, Robert Quirk, Arlene Judge and Mary Kornman. A wholesome study of a compelling modern theme is here unfolded with tense dramatic touches. The director has availed himself of license and uses it effectively.



THE CHEAT.—Paramount presents Tallulah Bankhead in the stellar role, with Harney Stephens, Jay Fasset and Irving Pichel. Any artist may count herself fortunate to be given the lead in this highly dramatic social study and successful stage play; also it may be stated that Miss Bankhead makes a notable contribution to the screen, with her work in this.

CHILDREN OF DREAMS.—Warner Bros. The title is suggestive of a fantasy holding promise of a treat, which unfortunately is not realized in the picture. Marian Schilling, Paul Gregory, Tom Patricolo and Marian Byron however, are well cast, and lend pleasing color to the production, which somehow only threatens to become a convincing touch of life. More imagination needed!



FAINTING LOVER.—Educational "Short". Mack Sennett, Director, featuring Andy Clyde, Wade Boteler, Vernon Dent, Addie McPhail and Anna Hernandez. One wonders whether the "talkies" have taken the laughs out of Comedy, and if we should not rely upon script writers capable of producing Farce. A "Gag" should be born of situation and not be thrust out of the "Blue".



THE CISCO KID.—Fox Film. An O'Henry tale with all the fire and dash conceived by him in painting the romance of a Border Bandit; revealing that admixture of the good and bad, so typical of O'Henry. Warner Baxter as the Kid, Edmund Lowe as Sergeant Dunn and Conchita Montenegro as Carmenita have brought to life all the fervor the author injects into the roles.

STREET SCENE.—A King Vidor production of the Pulitzer Prize Drama by Elmer Rice—presented by Samuel Goldwyn. Sylvia Sidney, Wm. Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor in the leading roles; supported by Max Montor, David Landau, Russell Hopton, Louis Natheau, Greta Granstedt, Buelah Bondi, T. H. Manning, Matthew McHugh, Adele Watson, and others. Really wonderful.



SCARFACE.—A film masterpiece produced by Howard Hughes, young producer and director of "Hell's Angels" and "Front Page" fame. The Caddo unit is now connected with the United Artists. Amazingly daring. Cast includes Paul Muni in the "Capone" role—Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and others of note. From the original story of Fred Pasley. Hughes has no use for racketeers!



MOVIE TOWN.—Educational "Short". Done in Natural Color. A novelty featuring Mack Sennett, also directed by him. Built around an idea which abounds with situations, which provides a logical flow of humor; proving the old hand still retains its art. We love Comedy; we love Sennett comedy, but we love him best when he is hitting on all six. Two reels of novelty and mirth.

EXPENSIVE WOMEN.—Warner Bros. With Dolores Costello, Anthony Bushell, Joe Donahue and Warren Williams make up a strong cast in an interesting and modern study, holding an important theme. Not the most compelling doctrine, yet a vital essay on the ways of Ye Moderns. A picture conforming to the idea of a mission, not a preachment, but an episode of life.



THIS MODERN AGE.—M.G.M.'s Production. With Joan Crawford, Neil Hamilton, Pauline Frederick, Emma Dunn, Hobart Bosworth and Albert Conti. A sophisticated modern drama, wherein Joan Crawford and Pauline Frederick render fine portrayals of types. The situations are not new, but the treatment is distinctive. The problem presented is handled with conviction.

DOROTHY GEE,
Columbia
featured
player





ANNA SMALINSKA,
recently "deported"
from America;
formerly with
First National
Pictures



NADINE DORE
("Miss North
America") in
"Palmy Days"



THE YELLOW TICKET.—Fox Film. Raoul Walsh directing Elissa Landi and Lionell Barrymore. The story is filled with sweeping dramatic situations, and the two above bring to you the highest in the art, in their respective roles. It is a picture out of Russia of the Czars, a tragic epic of gripping force. A drama of stark terror and compelling beauty, and the terrible brand of prostitution.

LARCENY LANE.—Warner Bros. An interesting social treatise, with interesting high lights and somber shadows. Thru it all a pulsating human note, which should excite vibrations in every human heart. Staged with proper recognition of all the elements involved. James Cagney and Joan Blondell are both delightful in this moving human document. Convincing, entertaining and excellent.



HELL DIVERS.—M.G.M. Production. A Box Office title and Box Office picture. Nothing escaped the producer in this presentation. The director exhausts every possibility in each situation in the story. Wallace Berry, Clarke Gable, Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan, Conrad Nagle, Marie Prevost and Cliff Edwards, all persons of outstanding importance, cause you to live the drama.



LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD.—First National. There is a dearth of good dramatic comedy, wherefore we welcome this very wholesome and artful effort, which abounds in charm of persons, thought and action. Joe E. Brown, Ruth Hall and Dorothy Lee are certainly a team endowed with everything you are looking for in a portrayal of this character. Snappy and enjoyable.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE.—Radio Production, with Irene Dunn, Myrna Loy, Matt Moore, John Halliday and Lester Vail. A very charming picture of Life, with all the sweets of unseasoned youth, the clouds of Fate, and the mellowed gift of Time. Pulsating with realism; badly named, but beautifully done. Everyone connected with it deserves credit. Paul Slone, director.



HEARTBREAK.—Fox Film. With Charles Farrell, Hardie Albright, Madge Evans, Paul Cavanaugh, John Arledge and Claude King. Screen play by William Conselman. A vivid yet difficult theme, handled with great skill. Packed with emotion which burns its way through a series of dramatic turns to a sweeping climax. Madge Evans never was more winsome.



RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE.—Fox Film. Adapted from Zane Grey's novel. A splendid sincere and successful portrayal, yielding much of the charm you find in Grey's best work. It fairly sparkles with fire and characterization, a convincing picture of the Old West. Done as Grey would wish, in the hills of Arizona. Sure fire and thrilling, a film sensation.

THE RECKLESS HOUR.—First National Production, with Dorothy MacKaill, Joe Donohue, Joan Blondell, Conrad Nagel, Walter Byron and H. B. Warner. We delight in modern themes, so this picture appeals to us. The work of the individuals of the cast in outstanding direction is satisfying, with dialogue well tuned to the theme. The light touch of humor is quite skillfully introduced.



ONCE A LADY.—Paramount presents Ruth Chatterton with Ivor Novello, Geoffrey Kerras and Jimmy Fenwick in this sterling drama. The exhibitor and the public clamor for pictures of this type. A drama with that deep human note, keyed to a pitch which stirs emotions in the hearts of every audience. You must see her in this to better understand Ruth Chatterton.



KISSES BY COMMAND.—Another one of those "diplomacy" things, eh? Betty Compson and Ivan Lebedeff in the usual sort of society "necking", without any particular reason for it all. It may be liked very well in some quarters of the country, however, but we couldn't go into a purple passion over it! Mark it "fair" and let it go at that! Betty's spending a lot of money for clothes.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN.—Paramount. Look around in any audience, any place, any time, you can always find the prototypes director Cukor paints with Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman, Joel McCrea, Anerson Lawler and Eugene Pallette. A splendid bit of delineation; not overwhelmingly dramatic, but intensely human and intensely satisfying, with the fine penciling in every phase.



THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD.—E. W. Hammons presents this Ideal Talking Comedy, a short subject, by way of a burlesque on what happens when you're Hollywood bound! Our old friend, George MacFarlane appears with the shapely blonde, Virginia Brooks, Phyllis Crane, Rita Flynn, Geo. Chandler, Wilbur Mack, Bryant Washburn, and Ethel Davis. Educational knows how!



DR. JECKYLE AND MR. HYDE.—Paramount. Adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's complex study of life; immortalized for stage by Richard Mansfield; interpreted for the screen by Fredrick March, a veritable trinity of notables. An extremely difficult drama, demanding the highest art in conveying to screen the implications of the theme. Excellent cast with Miriam Hopkins.



THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE.—William Powell in his first starring vehicle with Warner Bros., and a good job he does of it, too. Very ably supported by Marian Marsh, Doris Kenyon and others. A sex drama, pure and simple in which the non-sinning husband is "walked out on" by his blonde wife who loves "the handsome stranger." Excellent drama.

GUILTY HANDS.—In which Lionel Barrymore scores such a tremendous success. Kay Francis, under M-G-M direction, gives one of the best performances of her career; both are ably supported by Wm. Bakewell and Alan Mowbray. Kay plays the sordid role of the murdered man's mistress, and does a good job of it, too. Entertaining and really gripping. Good direction.



FOLLOW THE LADIES.—Radio Pictures here offer a highly dramatic and extremely colorful production, well-directed with an able cast. Genevieve Tobin gives a delightful performance. Ivan Lebedeff, Betty Compson, Rita LaRoy, Colin Campbell, Ilka Chase, Arthur Edmund Carew and Purnell Pratt all deserve special mention. Director Richard Boleslavsky, our congratulations.



MURDER AT MIDNIGHT.—Tiffany Studios has produced one of those rare mystery thrillers that has you guessing right up to the last few minutes of the film. Aileen Pringle has the feminine lead. Hale Hamilton, Robert Elliott, Leslie Fenton, Brandon Hurst, William Humphrey, Kenneth Thompson, Robert Ellis, Tyrell Davis, Alice White and Clara Blandick comprise the all-star cast.

CHANCES.—First National, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rose Hobart, Anthony Bushell, Mary Forbes, Wm. Austin, Edwin Breon, in a story of deep sympathy and understanding—well done, yes, very well done. Full of interest. Excellent direction by Alan Dwan, who has correctly appraised his vehicle. It is seldom an author is so well treated as in this picture. See it by all means.

Motion Pictures NEVER Overcrowded!

THERE seems to be a general opinion, on the part of some people, that the stage and screen are "filled up"; no more room for anyone. If that were so then all we would have to do would be to fold our hands and wait for someone to die or resign. And did you ever hear of a featured player, leading lady, soubrette or star resigning just to make room for someone else?

A young man wanted to study law; another wanted to enter the accounting business. Both of them were told by fond relatives and so-called friends that the law business and the accounting "game" were overcrowded. . . . As far as that goes—that rule is true for every trade or profession one can think of, especially in these times of business depression.

Frank Wallace
Naggin

Gene
Stoneman
Broadhead
and
Hazel
Ryder



Mary Mario of Baltimore

isn't worrying about the business slack; he's still trying to get into pictures, and we wish this Topeka, Kansas lad suc-

cess . . . Mary Martin, of Winthrop, Mass., thinks she resembles Marlene Dietrich or Vivienne Segal. She's 22 years of age, has a fine, well-rounded figure, and is as healthy as they make 'em. Rides horseback . . . Renee Whitney, an artist's model, is getting into pictures. She's qualified and the studios are now in possession of good photos of her, especially a good looking pose in a bathing suit. They say she screens perfectly and she's to appear in a Constance Bennett picture.

How would YOU, dear reader, like to be in a film with Constance Bennett, or with Eddie Quillan? Hollywood's certainly a lucky place for pretty Phyllis Frazer, a cousin of Ginger Rogers of stage and screen fame. The film colony is always on the lookout for such types as Phyllis. It's interesting to note that on her second visit to a motion picture studio, she was given a small role in support of Eddie Quillan in the latter's untitled starring production now being filmed at the Culver City studios of RKO Pathe.

Here to visit Ginger and her mother, the seventeen year old Oklahoma City girl was taken on a tour of inspection of the RKO Pathe studio and when Director Ralph Murphy spotted her he immediately cast her for one of the minor roles in the production. She joins a cast which to date includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Mary Nolan, Roscoe Ates, Belle Bennett, Harvey Clark, Louis John Bartels, William Eugene, Otis Harlan, Frank Darien and Arthur Stone.

And so it goes; in spite of the gag about being filled up—new faces and new figures are constantly in demand at Culver City, Hollywood and Universal City, Calif., and at Astoria, L. I., New York; and wherever pictures are made . . . Would you be willing to go abroad, for example, in case a job were secured for you to appear in one or two English, French, Scandinavian or German films? Are you vitally and earnestly interested in scoring a success on the stage or screen?

If you are, we might be able to help you. We don't make any wild promises of overnight success, we have no courses or supplies to sell; no make-up kits. If a make-up outfit is needed you may find one advertised in this magazine. (Certainly no inferior products will be allowed to use our columns.) We have no axe to grind.

But we do insist that if you're interested enough to want us to aid you—simply fill out the blank in the last or this issue of the magazine, and send it with a clear, uncolored photo of yourself. We can't always publish the Qualifications Filing Blank,





Above: Valerie Reznak.

but you can copy it out of any back number; they may be examined at the Public Libraries.

The blank must be filled out clearly and neatly; neatness counts. And don't send any photos you may want later; for under no circumstances are pictures ever returned. They are to be filed and made available for motion picture and theatrical executives, casting directors, booking offices, stage managers, and art

directors. The file will be retained in our N.Y.C. offices.

To call attention to your qualifications, a paragraph or sentence or two will positively be published in the magazine concerning your residence and qualifications, or a picture of you will be published in a future edition of the magazine; or both. (We usually do both where the photograph is clear enough to engrave.)

Suggestion is made that a head and a figure study in shorts, tights or bathing suit be sent in with your card; photos to be marked on the back "Released for publication." . . . For instance, Hazel Ryder, an attractive blonde, from Oklahoma City, Okla., sends in a nice, clear picture. She looks like Genevieve Tobin, and has blue eyes and a winning smile. Many systems are used by the studios in the selection of candidates for film honors.

The "sketch" system of testing applicants has proved so successful at the Fox Films' New York office that it will be put in effect at the company's studios in Hollywood and Beverly Hills. It was adopted in the East several months ago to further the Fox policy of bringing out young talent.

The outstanding product of the system to date is James Dunn, who was made a star in "Bad Girl" and is considered to have one of the brightest futures in Hollywood. Before Dunn made his "sketch" test for Fox, it is revealed, he had been tested by four other major companies by the old "front view, side view, now say a line or two" method and had been passed up in each case.

Under the "sketch" system several prospective players make a test at the same time. They are rehearsed in a dramatic sketch which will run for about 800 or 1,000 feet of film. The sketch is finally recorded as a regular motion picture production.

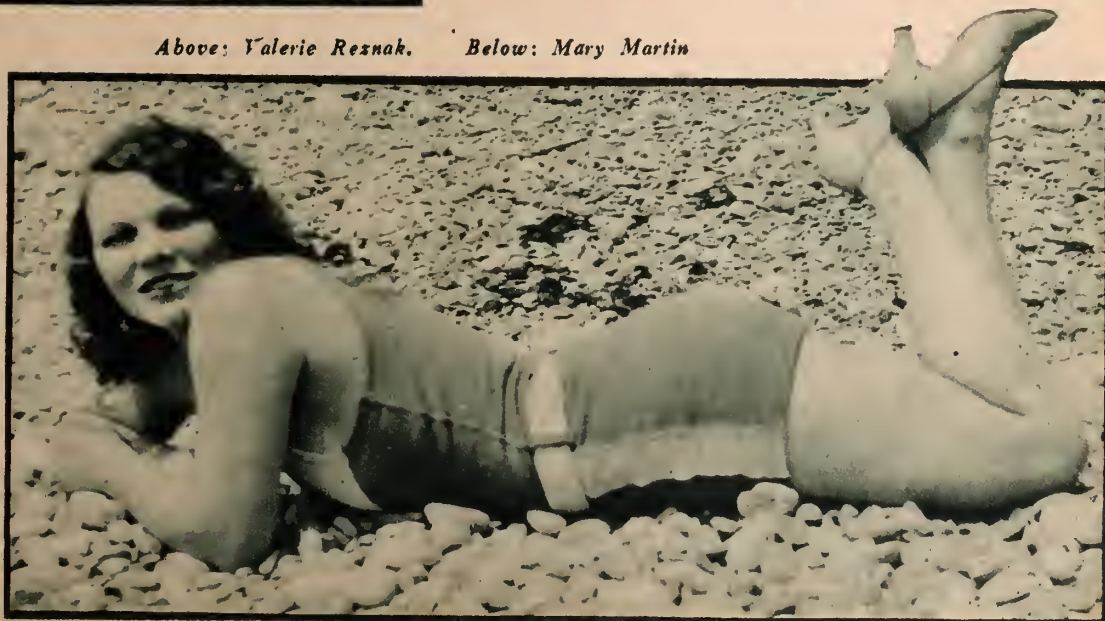
The system also provides tests for new writers. It is they who submit the sketches.

From the standpoint of young players of talent the system is highly advantageous. It provides a much more accurate gauge of ability than the old system. It minimizes self consciousness in the candidates, and weeds out those who may have a good appearance but little talent.

Another "sketch" test product besides Dunn is Helen Mack, one of the Fox Debutante Stars of 1931. She will make her first appearance under her new Fox contract in the leading feminine role with Victor McLaglen in "While Paris Sleeps." And another young lady we'd like to see win a place by this "sketch system" would be Mary Marino, of Baltimore, Md. She's five feet two inches tall, Latin type, yet has a certain resemblance to Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo or Eleanor Boardman—the first two M-G-M stars and the latter an ex-Metro player.

Valerie (Continued on page 44)

Below: Mary Martin





STATION — BHM

OWNED AND OPERATED BY
BROADWAY & HOLLYWOOD MOVIES
Under the direction of DeWard Franklin Jones
NATIONAL NETWORK
BWY. TO HOLLYWOOD
KEY STATION AT
101 W. 31 ST. N. Y. C.

NEARLY everyone is content with radio, as it is today. No wonder as we receive the best in entertainment and education. Yet the Passage of the Fess Bill would set aside fifteen percent of all wave channels for educational institutions. This "wave grab" would be a terrific blow to the splendid American plan of broadcasting!

We hopped over to the Radio Show in N.Y.C. and found too many technical exhibitions and not enough entertainment. Television as demonstrated there, has a long way to go before it reaches the public, but it eventually will. We predicted that in this column, some time ago.

Radio Revues

Ray Knight and his Cuckoos, humorous burlesques over NBC that are convulsing.

Ben Alley and Helen Nugent, two individual stars in a perfect setting on CBS.

Nick Lucas formerly of the movies, croons and plays his guitar via the NBC route.

Enric Madriguera's Cubans play rumbas, tangos and boleros over CBS in hot style.



Jessica Dragonette of NBC, a beautiful soprano and perhaps the highest paid voice on the air.

Our good friend Russ Columbo is being built up nicely by NBC, we think. CBS ought to put Bing Crosby on fewer times, then they'd save his popularity and his voice.

Songs from the Radio Plug

"Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries", a novelty by Lew Brown, best treated in the schottische tempo, sung by Rudy Vallee in the "Scandals" and on the air over NBC.

"The Night I Met You", lyrics and melody by our pal Wally Kaye whose orchestra plays over WMCA. It's a remarkable number, having clear beauty in words and music.

"You Call It Madness; I Call It Love" is rapidly sweeping the country due to Russ Columbo's rendition of it.



Some of the morn programs would go over if given eve spots. There is no doubt now, that better material is furnished for the early hour programs. The reason being the housewives are the potential buyers.

Leo Reisman puts his boys thru rehearsals "sitting down"—must be that tired feelin' . . . we hear that Smith Ballew and Paul Tremaine are plenty popular—they are with us . . . B. A. Rolfe has never heard his unit on the air . . . Vaughn de Leath is six foot and weighs 200—and is happy . . . Eddie Cantor goes to work seriously when he gets his radio cue . . . Elliot Jaffee of CBS sings from illuminated music-sheets when on television—singing in the dark . . . and Little Jack Little has "mikes" embroidered on his shirts, handkerchiefs, and even "shorts"!

The radio reporter of this pillar wishes to thank all those who wrote and 'phoned in saying they enjoyed the Broadway and Hollywood Movies programs. Mrs. Jones' little boy, De Ward Franklin, (that's us), besides his duties as illustrator and writer of this dept., put on a show for our patrons over WOV. Also thanks to the artists for making it a success.



From a Study of Irving Lane

Wears brite blue suits—long collars—smokes a lot—feels out of place if not near a "mike"—sends out finger prints instead of photos, because of the depression—smokes a lot—tries to play piano—and is one of the best tenors on the Eastern Coast.

Here's a good gag of Ted Weems, he's the NB Corch. pilot. He tells of a young lady who refused to drink from a common flask "on account of germs".

"Don't bacille," retorted her host.

Radio Gossip

Lee Morse has made more than 240 platters . . . Guy Lombardo carries his fiddle to remind himself to get a new "G" . . . Barbara Kroll isn't as powerful as her voice, because she's tiny . . . Harry Reser of NBC plays six string instruments . . . a check for \$7.20 was given to wordcaster Gibbons for fighting a fire; Floyd scored a knockout . . . and Bing Crosby's better half is Dixie Lee of "sinema" fame.



Bobby Godet, that fine tenor and Julio Leboe that great "little" maestro turn out the best melodies on their Canadian Fur Trappers—Bobby has had 250 photos made for 250 lucky fans—it won't be long before both of these boys will CBS it or NBC it . . . those glorified hall girls, we mean the NBC and CBS hostesses of course, are nice to us at all times . . . the public suffered a real loss when Columbia and Ida Bailey Allen dropped the splendid Travel Talks being given by the N. Y. Automobile Club of the A.A.A. They were proving a real treat to the fans. . . Cab Calloway now has the distinction of havin' the hottest band in the country—you should see him at the Cotton Club . . . Alan Kent does that May's program excellently . . . and Dan Russell's readings should sooth the most ardent lover of poetry—he does Nick Kenny's poems . . . They're good!

De Ward Franklin Jones armed with pen, pad and easel, takes himself to a corner of the NBC control room to sketch Nathaniel Shilkret and Gladys Rice, who appear on the Mobiloil Concert.



The Broadcast of the Month

A RADIO REVUE OF THE MOBILOIL CONCERT

*Written and Illustrated by
De Ward Franklin Jones*

RADIO has at last given to its millions of listeners a perfect commercial program in the form of the Mobiloil Concert over WEA and thirty-three NBC stations, on a nation-wide hook-up every Wednesday evening at 8:30 P.M., Eastern Standard Time.

Mobiloil is exceedingly wise in giving this feature the much sought for "variety". The orchestra is under the direction of one of the ablest baton-wielders in the land, Nathaniel Shilkret, who is a favorite of the layman and professional alike. Mr. Shilkret can handle any type of music and give it "class", whether it be classics, modern pieces, or show tunes. This wide range gives you the great maestro at his best.

In addition there is Gladys Rice, that sweet voiced soprano who has endeared herself to the hearts of her innumerable admirers of the "invisible audience". Miss Rice is "neatly balanced" by Douglas Stanbury who has been a guest artist in the past, but who now acts as master of ceremonies.

Stanbury possesses a remarkable baritone and has attained prominence together with Gladys Rice as the two outstanding stars of "Roxy's Gang". Perhaps you have heard Mr. Stanbury sing "Marching Home to You", or "Hiking Down the Highway", two of his big hits. Both of these artists have done such wonderful work on this program that their contracts have been lengthened to include fall and winter services. Mr. Stan-

bury, only recently returned from a highly successful national tour of the larger motion-picture houses.

John Holbrook of the "custom tailored voice" handles the advertising ethics and Douglas Stanbury takes care of the musical part of the announcing—besides singing.

Miss Rice is known from coast-to-coast for her "character" songs such as "Little Yaller Dog," etc. Quite lately she received an actual "little yaller dog" from an anonymous enthusiast of hers.

Smooth and untensed, this broadcast gives no evidence of the unusual amount of painstaking preparatory work behind it. There are few sustained or sponsored units on the air today that can compete with this feature in that respect. This program is not an overnight affair. It is thoroughly rehearsed the day before it goes on the "air" and two hours are devoted for changes, timing for precision and accuracy, and rehearsals of the numbers, of course.

During the week, Mr. Stanbury and Miss Rice rehearse their numbers separately and later on Mr. Shilkret puts them through duet practise. So you see that announcer, conductor, continuity writer, artist, actor, narrator, technician and program director have to do their bit to make this "hour" a complete aesthetic whole.

Del Staigers that famous cornetist is sometimes a guest artist, although he is a permanent member of the orchestra. Percy Grainger

the most outstanding pianist America has yet produced, has lent his talent to the Mobiloil Concert in the past. Last year we became very much enthused over a string choir directed by Mr. Shilkret. The selection played was Schaumann's Traumeri (Reverie). The machine-like precision of the violinists awed every spectator in the studio. You can hear them if you dial for them some Wednesday night.

Miss Rice and Mr. Stanbury have the advantage of being under a "spotlight" which helps them work up the proper atmosphere. Gladys's lilting voice gives her lovely song choices added charm.

In the past we have commended these artists in previous reviews in BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES. This program receives considerable praise by the leading radio editors of the country. Thousands of letters are received each week and this fan mail is gone over minutely so that constructive comment and requests can be attended to.

We maintain that if the wills of the artists and the sponsors are "strong," it surely shows up in the finished performance. The best example of this that we can cite is the aforementioned "air vehicle" which has already received its quota of the critic's plaudits. Mobiloil and NBC can be justly proud of this milestone in an age of radio entertainment and communication!

A program really worth while!



Grace Moore; Married

Walter Huston; Divorced

MANY of us will be a bit saddened by the story of Walter Huston's unsuccessful marriage. It's an old tale, and not all of Walter's fault. He's been an idol of ours a long time, but the "dirt" had to come out sometime. He's divorced!

The stage and screen star who recently came into big money in the talkies, has deserted his wife who for fifteen years before his success was his vaudeville partner three times a day in the sticks, according to the pathetic information in her suit for divorce filed in Reno recently.

Mrs. Bayonne Wipple Huston, whom Huston married in Little Rock, Ark., has now turned to dramatic coaching for a livelihood, it was disclosed.

Just when the couple, who were married a score of years ago, became estranged could not be learned. But friends recalled that for some time Huston has maintained bachelor quarters in Sutton Place, New York City.

The wife with whom he appeared behind the footlights all over the United States and Canada slipped out of the picture when Huston, known as Eugene O'Neil's favorite actor, won stardom.

Recently, however, Huston's son, John, a young man with literary as well as histrionic talent, appeared in a movie with his father . . . But not his mother!

Twice we've received confidential request to hush up certain divorce proceedings; not this one. But ever since Mr. Hays instituted the "morals" clause, the actions and habits of the stars and featured players, regardless of whether they're foreigners or Americans, must come under public scrutiny. Other magazines may suppress this and that, but not this one! We're not "hog-tied" by any advertising appropriations yet!

To return to the divorce story! Walter was finally divorced at Reno by Bayonne Wipple Huston on the grounds of desertion. The case was heard in secret because of Mrs. Huston's physical condition. She was assisted to the courtroom by two nurses.

Huston, who created the role of Lincoln in the talkies, is probably best known on Broad-

way for his leading role in "The Barker." He also appeared in several of O'Neil's plays including "Desire Under the Elms." He is now in Hollywood.

Lew Ayres and his bride, Lola Lane, are returning from a motoring trip northward in a big roadster. After their wedding at Las Vegas, Nev., recently, Mr. and Mrs. Ayres, left on a wedding trip that took them to Wyoming and the Jackson Hole country. They later visited central Canada. Ayres did some hunting. Before returning to Universal City, he stopped for a while at Minneapolis, his home town.

This whole trip did not take more than a month, as Lew Ayres' next talkie, "Gallows," is to be started early in November. Roland Brown will direct this as his first Universal production. Rose Hobart is already assigned a principal role.

Lieut. Homer D. Bernard of the Army Air Corps and Miss Kathryn Putnam, Hollywood screen actress and motion picture set designer, filed notice of intention to wed, culminating a romance which began at the University of Southern California.

The wedding took place in Hollywood. Miss Putnam is the daughter of A. A. Putnam, Los Angeles oil company executive.

Yola d'Avrill, motion picture actress, has filed a counter action seeking a divorce from Edward Ward, composer, charging he nagged her and abused her in the presence of friends.

Ward sued for divorce several months ago, alleging Miss d'Avrill had attended gay parties, later telling him she had been at work at a studio. They were married at Noah Beery's trout ranch October 15, 1930.

The former Grace Moore, American opera and concert singer, and her husband, Valentine Parara arrived in N. Y. City recently on the Ile de France. Parara is one of Spain's most popular movies stars. They were wed in Riviera about three months ago.

[Must have been a red hot, boilingly-passionate kiss to be worth that much! And "sweet-sixteen-never-been-kissed" lost out! Or was it just a kiss? Anyhow, the price of kissing reached a new high recently when pretty Margaret Maypes, 18 years old, asked \$48,000 for the single soul-shattering smack she says Hal Kemp, orchestra leader and radio entertainer exacted without her consent two years ago. Hal's kiss was so dev-

astating that Margaret's comely mother, Mrs. Winfred Maypes, claims to have suffered by it, too.

The mother is asking for \$23,000 for loss of her daughter's services.

Kemp's lawyer, former Magistrate Hyman Bushel, of Bushel and Gottlieb, 270 Broadway, characterized the suit as "Kemp's badge of success."

Ann Harding recently got a \$35,000 gymnasium in her home as a birthday surprise from friend hubby. She likes it! Birthday's on August 8th.

Rural folk up Saratoga way have had a neighbor, a screen star of other days, for several years without knowing it.

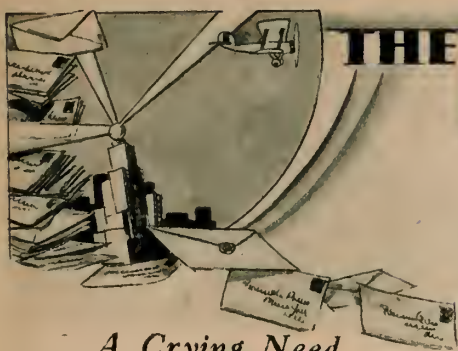
Lillian Walker, a film headliner when many of the present Hollywood crop were babes, has been raising cows and chickens on a modern farm east of Fortsville, north-eastern Saratoga county.

The neighborhood did not know who she was—few persons knew it. Then came her recent suit for divorce from a man she married when she was earning \$750 a week with her comedies. The suit revealed she was farming in Saratoga county—nothing more. But the hunt was on. So well was her identity hidden it took several weeks to find her.

She asks the divorce from Charles E. Hanson, whom she married secretly in 1910, when she was famous and he was struggling to get along. They separated a week after the wedding, which was revealed in 1929, when Miss Walker sued for separation and won \$250 monthly alimony.

A well known film player whose name we won't mention in this issue for fear he might change his mind, was recently seen with an intelligent looking, slender and shapely blonde—apparently caring a lot for her although he's married. He's talking the old stuff about his wife not understanding him, and seems to be willing to divorce her . . . From what we hear, she *should* be divorced.

(Continued on page 44)



THE MONTH'S MAIL

This issue
edited by: **BETTY MACK**



A Crying Need

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—I have just returned from a trip to Culver City and Hollywood in southern California, and noted with pleasure the splendid display your magazine is getting there. A crying need among film companies is for more truth; don't be afraid to fight gangs in your pictures, don't be afraid to fight the horrible evils of prohibition, and don't be afraid to have stories as they are originally written for plays or books.

There's also a crying need for magazines which tell the whole truth like yours does, and I wish you every success in your work. Keep up the good fight against shams, advertising in the movies, and hypocrisy.

—William V. Brown.

Gangsters In Films

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Much criticism has lately been launched against the gangster films. Being somewhat of a "movie" fan, the writer has doubtless seen most of these. However, without exception, the racketeers, bootleggers and so forth have been shown in no light which would tend to inspire emulation on the part of the beholder. The "bad man" is invariably indicated as the product of a sordid and evil background, and his immediate associates as all of like caliber. The denouement pictures him meeting a horrible death or securely held by the strong arm of the law, with long years in prison his deserved fate.

From the writer's point of observation there is but one fair criticism to be made against the producers of these underworld films; they are not true to life. The "bad man," should—in the name of truth and the facts as daily enacted in our courts—be depicted in the final close-up as a free man, admired and cheered by the onlooking sober citizens who apparently joy in his escape from punishment. Among the well wishers there should be a few "sweet young things" seeking the arch crook's distinguished autograph and perhaps a few "sweet old things" with flowers, handclaps and sympathetic tears!

There can be no doubt the picture producer makes the gangster a thing of evil, one to be scorned and despised. Any alert observer must realize that in such presentation the facts are ignored.—Annabel Dennis

Enjoyed Editorial

HYDE PARK, MASS.—I think your magazine is very interesting and different from the general run of movie magazines. I particularly enjoyed your editorial on "Spring Housecleaning" as I lived in New York for some ten years and can thoroughly appreciate your point of view on this subject.—Katherine Davis Flaherty.



Hollywood Mosquitoes

FRESNO, CAL.—Your magazine, which carries humor from time to time, may be interested in this story from Hollywood. If so, let me tell you how they catch mosquitoes in Los Angeles, or used to a few years ago, and perhaps you can make use of the yarn.

The mosquito which inhabits the mud flats around the Los Angeles harbor is, like all other things Southern Californian, the biggest in the world. It is so big that it has been known to carry off small children, though it is more fond of young pigs. Also it has all the pertinacity of a real-estate salesman. Probably it is the climate.

Well, down in Los Angeles they catch mosquitoes thusly: Between midnight and dawn they gumshoe into the mosquito country, carrying a couple of dozen well-greased young pigs, four dozen heavy stakes sharpened at one end, and as much log chain as is necessary. They stake the pigs down fifty yards or so apart along the edges of the harbor and get out of the country as fast as they can.

When the sun comes up the mosquitoes awake and, of course, they are hungry. They smell pig; they see pig. What do they do? Well, you would think they would immediately start to eat pig. But you would be wrong. These are Los Angeles mosquitoes, and they are so accustomed to cafeterias that they cannot eat anything without first having carried it a considerable distance. So they try to carry away the pigs. But the pigs being greased and staked down with log chain, can't be carried away. So the mosquitoes, whose pertinacity has already been noted, simply wear themselves out trying to carry them and after two or three days are easily killed with crowbars. The bills of the mosquitoes are then salvaged and sold to a manufacturer of ice picks.

—William Foster Elliot.

All Right, Soldier

CAMP DIX, N. J.—The copies of your magazine which we have been able to buy in this vicinity have been eagerly read by half of the men in my company. If the blonde beauties and shapely sirens of last month's, and this month's issue are any indication of what's to come next month, enclosed find my subscription for the two years' offer.

—Sgt. James J. Brennan; Inf.

Boosting Bebe

DETROIT, MICH.—This is a very important and personal letter to you from the "Girls-Get-Together-Club." Being the secretary of the club I was chosen as spokes man for the group. If necessary each one will write but it is so much easier for you and for us to have one letter written than over 300.

This is not a Movie Fan Club, but might as well be for every one is for that wonderful star, "Miss Bebe Daniels." 100%! That sure is a record and shows just how much Miss Bebe is loved. You use to give her lots of pictures and nice write-ups in your magazines but for a long while you have not played fair with her and we will have to stop buying your magazine if she's not in it. I know it won't make any difference if we stop or not, to you, but just the same we think it might. In the write-up of the picture-previews you said Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels were featured in it—it's not true—Bebe Daniels is the star and Ricardo Cortez is featured. Here is a great actress and is not getting the right publicity! She has been in the movies for a long while and is still a young woman, 29 years being far from old. Loved by everyone in Hollywood and all over the world and that is some record. She is not a bit "high hat" and is so regular and even more beautiful off the screen than on.

We are not trying to be rude; just want Bebe to get the true credit she deserves. Norma Shearer is getting more publicity than she deserves. We have heard so many people say that they are tired of seeing pictures and write-ups in magazines about her. Bebe is so human, not high hat like she is. But this is not against Norma for we like her too. All we want is for you to give us lots of pictures and write ups of Bebe Daniels.

Miss Daniels does not know about this letter for none of the girls know her—what we would give for that genuine pleasure! Only one has had the great honor to meet her and she was even more wonderful than Ruth thought if that is possible. So all we ask is to be most fair to the greatest actress in the world.

I want to say up to now every girl in the club has bought your magazine; a good record don't you think? And in return all we ask is to let us read and see lots of Bebe Daniels!

—Virginia Hitchcock.



PPRICE cutting still seems to be the vogue. Now it's Shuberts, and their "\$3.00 top" for "Everybody's Welcome" is a stunning low price for a corking good show such as is appearing at the 44th St. Theatre, N. Y. City, as we went to press. We'd like to review it soon for our readers, as this is the ONLY movie magazine which takes care of radio and dramatic criticisms; and shall await word from the Shubert offices.

The musical revue features Ascar Shaw, who belongs to the same club our critic does in Brooklyn—Frances Williams, Ann Pennington, Albertina Rasch's Ballet, and others who are noteworthy. The settings and music are colorful.

EARL CARROLL'S "VANITIES"—There is so much that is new and novel in Earl Carroll's latest production that it is difficult to do it credit in this small space. To begin with, the new Vanities is housed in the new Carroll Theatre, the largest "legit" one near Broadway. Its foyer is a new page in theatre architecture and construction, being finished in black and silver. Instead of the usual hole in the wall for a ticket booth, one goes to a long counter manned by several attendants to care for the public.

The interior beggars description, but we want to go on record as stating that the seats are the most comfortable and afford more leg-room than any other theatre we have been in. And speaking of seats, each one is furnished with a small light which enables one to study the program without disturbing your neighbor.

Between the acts ginger ale is served to the public and when finished the management plans to have a restaurant and dance floor for the patrons.

The show itself, is one of the best that Carroll has produced. Lillian Roth has the most important songs, Will Mahoney has some new stunts, and is funnier than ever. The girls are really beautiful as you can see from the picture of Agatha Hoff.

GOOD COMPANIONS.—One that'll put a lump in your throat, and that will give you a laugh as well; indeed, it will do more than that! Now at the 44th Street Theatre, New York City. We'll review it in detail as soon as we're given the chance to cover it thoroughly.

NIKKI.—A musical war drama, written by John Monk Saunders, whose wife, the Canadian movie star, Fay Wray, has the

leading feminine role. Playing at the George M. Cohan Theatre in Times Square at Broadway. Starring with her is another film luminary—Douglass Montgomery. The story concerns Nikki and her "war birds", which appeared in Liberty magazine in serial form.

LADIES OF CREATION.—One of Chrystal Herne's best; a laughing, rollicking

Helen
Grant

Silver Slipper
Club



comedy concerning sex and art, which will make you forget the depression, the "blues". or what have you! Now running, as we go to press, at the Cort Theatre, New York City, and due to go on the road when it's closed here.

REVIEWING THE SHOWS. Watch these pages every month; we're not afraid to tell the truth about the dramas and musical comedies along Broadway; we've no axe to grind. Sometimes the managers are stingy, but we try not to miss reviewing the performances anyhow. Two companies recently went into bankruptcy. If they'd been a bit more courteous with their press tickets, for review purposes, they'd probably be out of bankruptcy court today—and that's no lie!

EAST WIND.—A corking good drama put to musical comedy; presented at the Manhattan Theatre, New York City. Excellent music by Sigmund Romberg. Concerns a singing soldier quartered in Saigon, French Indo-China, and a cafe keeper's daughter who marries his brother and loses him to the village "sex and flesh" dancer, played by a Chinese dancer named Ahi.

But it furnishes not enough on which to hang a Romberg score. There is too little inspiration in it, and not too much sense. The background is interesting and colorful.

To match the background Romberg has composed and built up in rehearsal a lusty number carrying the title of the play, "East Wind," and an even lustier one called "Wonderful World." These numbers are superb!

He gets into the love scenes and decorates them with a pleading "I Saw Your Eyes" and a declarative ballad entitled "You Are My Woman," which the heroine sought to deny when J. Harold Murray sang it, but couldn't. Few girls could.

The cast and setting of "East Wind" match the score. The heroine is Charlotte Lansing, a clear-voiced prima donna who was one of the good singers who sang the superior "Blossom Time" melodies out through the West.

Murray, the good brother, is in robust voice this season, having had a considerable rest. Greek Evans has enough of a part to permit him to unlimber his best baritone tones and join in the ensembles to their advantage and William Williams is the bad brother who goes cooch. The comedy did as well as it could; not bad at all. Much of it is in the hands of a young man named Joe Penner.

AGATHA HOFF,
in Earl Carroll's
"Vanies"



FAY WRAY,
in circle, in the musical
show "Nikki"





Ruth Alyce Townsend Talks As

WOMAN to WOMAN



GRETA GARBO

Fitch fur, giving it a rich combination, as can be seen on the photograph reproduced on this page. Underneath she wears a brown, tan-trimmed dress; and brown accessories.

Girls, have you gotten the Clark Gable habit? Do you want his picture on a cover? Do you yearn to meet him? Do you get the "palps" as I sometimes do, when he makes that virile kind of love-making on the screen. He's no amateur, for he's been married, you know.

I know you're going to get a "kick", girls, out of the new picture which is coming. Hold tight! Remember the two charming sweethearts of "The Love Parade"? Well, Jeanette MacDonald, red-headed, musical comedy favorite of stage and screen, is coming back from Paris, where she's been on a concert tour, having been signed by Paramount-Publix for leading roles opposite Maurice Chevalier in two pictures. The first of them is entitled "One Hour With You", and it goes into production early in November.

The management wishes me to talk to the ladies long enough to ask them what class of articles they wish for the publication. One

girl wrote in she couldn't do without the dramatic review department since *Theatre Magazine* died. Another said she liked the radio department; another objected to the frank way we treated the Marlene Dietrich scandal in the September issue; and still another wants an article on Ramon Novarro, who, by the way, is being co-starred in "Mata Hari." What is your idea?

Peggy Shannon, Paramount's recent "discovery" has been too busy to go to a California beach this summer, but she has acquired a coat of tan which rivals that of Miriam Hopkins who spends two hours a day in the water.

Miss Shannon acquired the burn by sitting in the sun in her bathing suit between scenes of "The Road to Reno", exteriors of which were taken at the Paramount ranch, forty miles from Hollywood. The scenes had to be shot in their actual sequence to account for her steadily darkening skin. I note the shapely P. S. was "written up" in the September issue of this magazine.

Girls, don't get all worked up over this war in China; the news reels at your local theatres can't tell half of the truth about the horrors of conflict—but if men insist on killing each other for money, one of the best ways to cure it is to let them keep it up until they're tired out . . . Anyhow, the U. S. A. has no business interfering into the matter at all.

Did you know that Western Union charges twenty per cent more for sending a telegram to Brooklyn than does Postal Telegraph. If the same proportion applies all over the country—well, use your own judgment!

"Devotion," Ann Harding's latest picture for the RKO-Pathé, is one that appeals to women particularly. In it the charming heroine, tired of being a sort of maid-of-all-work in her home of artistic but careless parents and sisters, decides to do something different. She does, including covering her beautiful hair with a wig to disguise her youth, wearing glasses and a uniform that could best be described as aging. Her very real affection for her employers' little boy, and her maternal interest in the father, (Leslie Howard) furnish us with both smiles and tears. Alison Skipworth also deserves mention.

MATA HARI, the new M-G-M film now in process of manufacture, is to star the gorgeous Greta Garbo. Seems to me that Lil Dagover would have been better in that role as she's a dancer, of Dutch-German descent, and hails from Java where the voluptuous and sinful spy was born. Mata Hari, so the story goes, opened her fur coat so it would not be pierced by the bullets as she was shot—and it was discovered her body was totally nude underneath.

There are three types of fine feathers to select from this season, according to Ruth Chatterton, starring in Paramount's "Once A Lady". The deviations are: Quills in bright colors for tailored bowler hats; pheasant feathers for afternoon toques, and curled and uncurled ostrich feathers for formal evening hats. Watch your hats, girls, the Empress Eugenie style's gone!

The frock of 1931 is only as smart as its collar, according to Lilyan Tashman, appearing in Paramount's picture "Girls About Town". Miss Tashman's screen and private wardrobes display collars of unique design. Lei scarves, knotted stock scarves, and tri-colored bands that wrap intricately about the shoulders are among the suggestions gleaned from the Tashman collection. Mrs. Edmund Lowe is one of the screen colony's best dressed women.

For the women who travel, heavy satin pajamas are the answer to the question of what to wear during long days on the train. For her role in Paramount's "The Road to Reno", Lilyan Tashman displays the new mode in pajamas of dark brown satin, that fit loosely to permit a maximum of comfort.

Polka Dots are appearing on the gloves this Fall and Winter season, according to Anita Page, one of Hollywood's smartly dressed young women who hails, incidentally, from New York. She appropriately matches her beige sports gloves, which are trimmed with brown spots, with a leopard spotted coat. Her coat is bordered with

Anita

Page,





SALLY O'NEIL, hale and hearty after a vacation following her last picture, "The Brat," has been assigned to a major role in "First Cabin," based on a mystery story by Louis Joseph Vance.

William Bakewell, who was borrowed for one picture, remains on the Fox lot to play a featured part in "First Cabin." Bakewell was borrowed to play opposite Helen Mack in "While Paris Sleeps." Ferdinand Munier, recently signed character actor, and H. B. Warner, have prominent roles. Alfred Werker directs.

There's magic in a name—if the name happens to be Irene Dunne.

Alfonso Alberti, floriculturist, named his favorite species of dahlias after Irene Dunne, queenly Radio Pictures star. He entered the flowers in the Dahlia Show for amateurs at the Biltmore Hotel in New York recently. And won first prize.

Nils Asther and Jimmy Durante appear in the cast of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's dialogue adaptation of "Her Cardboard Lover," which is a Buster Keaton vehicle. This is Asther's first role at the Culver City studio since his recent signing of a long-term contract with M-G-M, while it is Durante's third part under his present contract. The Broadway comedian appeared in support of William Haines in "New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," and has just completed a new part in Lawrence Tibbett's "The Cuban Love Song." Asther, incidentally, played in the silent version of "Her Cardboard Lover" made some years ago.

Jocelyn Lee, whom the largest newspaper in America said was living for a space of time at the Plaza Hotel, N. Y. C., with Luther K. Reed, her husband and former director, before they were married, was in court again recently. Twelve middle-aged women jurors none acquainted prior to the trial with any film actress, listened with amazed shock as Ivan ("Oke") St. John, editor of a film magazine testified to an attack launched upon his premises, himself, and a policeman by Jocelyn Lee, red-headed, 115-pound actress.

"She broke sixteen windows in my house last May 24, when I wouldn't let her in where her divorced husband, Luther Reed, was dining, as my guest at a Sunday evening dinner party," St. John said.

"Your honor, I'm 40 years old and been most of that time a newspaper man around newspaper offices and jails and really, I never heard most of the words she used. I gathered she was trying to tell me I was no gentleman."

The judge ordered St. John to repeat some of Miss Lee's words and with some reluctance the witness did so. It was at this point the jury women gasped in astonishment.



Sally O'Neil

"Next she took off her high heeled slippers and smashed all my windows." She also slapped him and scratched his neck, St. John said.

It's good news to "movie doubles" fans in Onondaga County, N. Y., that James Barnard, photographer, will make no charges whatever for a photograph which is to be mailed directly to **BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIES** magazine for those desirous of entering the lists for possible jobs in the movies. The photograph must be marked on the back, and signed by those who submit it, "Released for publication," and will be sent directly here by photographer Barnard from his studios at 204 East Jefferson St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Those desirous of giving this magazine as a Christmas present to a friend may, if they wish, have an Xmas gift card sent from here to the recipient of the present, with your name as the giver, on it.

Alfred Santell, Fox director, with two successive hits to his credit in "Daddy Long Legs," and "Sob Sister," arrived in New York recently for a vacation. He will see some of the new plays.

Out of the many hundreds of motion pictures produced in the last year the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences recently announced its selection of the five best performances by actors, actresses, directors, technicians and producing companies.

From the five named in each group one will be selected November 10 to receive the final award. The nominees:—

BEST PERFORMANCE ACTRESSES: Marlene Dietrich, in "Morocco"; Marie Dressler, in "Min and Bill"; Irene Dunne, in "Cimarron"; Ann Harding, in "Holiday"; and Norma Shearer, in "A Free Soul."

BEST PERFORMANCE ACTORS: Lionel Barrymore, in "A Free Soul"; Jackie Cooper, in "Skippy"; Richard Dix, in "Cimarron"; Frederic March, in "The Royal Family"; and Adolphe Menjou, in "The Front Page."

BEST DIRECTION: Clarence Brown, "A Free Soul"; Lewis Milestone, "The Front Page"; Wesley Ruggles, "Cimarron";

Josef von Sternberg, "Morocco"; and Norma Taurog, "Skippy."

BEST PHOTOGRAPHY: "Cimarron," "Morocco," "The Right to Love," "Svengali," and "Tabu."

BEST ART DIRECTION: "Cimarron," largely done by Sydney M. Ullman, "Just Imagine," "Morocco," "Svengali," and "Whoopie."

BEST SOUND PRODUCTION: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount-Publix, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, and Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.

When extras were called to appear in a scene of Samuel Goldwyn's production of "Tonight or Never," in which Gloria Swanson is starred as an opera singer, one of the "bit" players proved to be a relative of one of the greatest operatic stars of all time. The extra is Nick Caruso, cousin of the late Enrico Caruso. He has been working in motion pictures for two years. "Tonight or Never," which is a picturization of the late David Belasco's last stage success, has its setting in Venice and Budapest. It is being directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

The first location scenes in India for Paramount's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer", will be made near Delhi, according to a cable received from Ernest B. Shoedsack who has just landed at Calcutta, India, with the motion picture expedition which left Hollywood, July 10. Schoedsack now is making preparations to transport his party and equipment 850 miles to the Delhi territory, where camera work will be begun as soon as government and military arrangements can be completed.

It is estimated the company will travel 20,000 miles before its return to Hollywood in January. The purpose of the present trek is to film a bengal tiger hunt. Mr. Schoedsack formerly served in the A.E.F. as a photographer with Col. Walter W. Hubbard, vice-president of this magazine.

Maurice Chevalier's next film role will be as a struggling song-writer in Paramount's "One Hour with You." Raymond Griffith, former film star is preparing the story. No director has been assigned. The French star is expected back from a vacation in his native country about September 15.

James Gleason selected a nice quiet spot the other day to rehearse scenes for his comedy, "Doomed to Win," at the RKO-Pathe studio. After seating everyone comfortably on sound stage number ten the rehearsal started only to be interrupted by much hammering, crashing of timber and other noises. An investigation revealed that the stage was being overhauled. "That sign that said 'sound stage' out front wasn't far

BROADWAY AND

wrong," remarked Jimmy as he went in quest of a new rehearsal spot.

While on location at the Tanforan race-track in California, Marion Nixon, who played opposite Eddie Quillan in the RKO Pathe success, "Sweepstakes," was made guest of honor at the A. B. Spreckels course on the day of the big Tanforan Derby, one of the principal events of the spring racing season.

Rose Hobart, well-known on the Broadway stage and in pictures, has been borrowed from Universal by Paramount to appear with Frederic March and Miriam Hopkins in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Miss Hobart has been assigned the role of Muriel in the screen version of the Robert Louis Stevenson story.

Will Rogers has adopted a new mode of travel for his next picture, "Business and Pleasure."

He has gone to sea. Fox Films chartered a Pacific liner for the filming of some of the scenes in the pictures, and Rogers, with Jetta Goudal, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Peterson and Peggy Ross, spent several days on board ship, being directed by David Butler.

Janipa Smolinsky, sometimes called Janina Smalinska, Polish film actress, who overstayed her passport limit while in Hollywood has applied for permission to return voluntarily to Poland within six weeks.

Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe returned to Hollywood from an eventful location trip to Tucson, Arizona, with the avowed purpose of making up four nights sleep. Most of the filming of "The Cisco Kid," in which they are co-featured, was done at night, the company working from sunset until dawn. Filming continued at the Fox studios. Frederick Burt, Nora Lane, and Conchita Montenegro also appear in the cast.

Ilse Vigdor, shapely and slender young German dancer, may be brought to America by our European-travelling mayor, the Hon. James J. Walker. Jimmy, who seeks a U. S. senatorial toga, thinks she has "it" and wants to help the little girl get a job in a Noo Yawk revue.

Suit for \$60,548 damages from Laura L. Plante, blonde screen actress, as a result of an automobile accident, was on file in Los Angeles not long ago. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Dowell filed the suit, charging Mrs. Dowell was permanently injured when their automobile was struck by one driven by the actress.

"Once a Lady" has become the final title of Ruth Chatterton's next Paramount starring picture, tentatively known as "Notoriety," a picturization of the play, "The Second Life." Production has started under the direction of Guthrie McClintic, former stage producer and director. Zoe Akins wrote the adaptation.

With Edwin Burke and Frank Borzage signed to new contracts, Fox Films is assured of the continued cooperation of this successful writer-director team. Burke wrote the continuity and dialog for "Bad Girl," which Borzage directed. He also adapted "Young



PEGGY BECK, Columbia featured player

HOLLYWOOD MOVIES

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As You Feel" for Borzage. *Liberty* magazine gave "Bad Girl" a four-star rating.

"Salomy Jane" will be their next cooperative effort. This will be the third Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell picture of the season. "Merely Mary Ann" was the first and "Delicious" will be the second.

✱ We want drawings and caricatures of the screen stars from artists, but don't waste your time on pale, pencil sketches for we can't use 'em. If you honestly feel your artistic contribution doesn't have real merit—do not try to mail it in to your editorial board. This is the ONLY magazine in the world which is written and edited, entirely by the stars, producers, directors, and the dramatic critics; and they've lots to keep 'em busy.

The music department of the RKO-Pathe studios, under the direction of Arthur Lange and Ernest Klapholz, has been moved to larger quarters. They're now in the building formerly used by the Sound Service department. We'd like to print one or two of their musical numbers if they'd ever unloosen and get generous. This special building has been remodeled to meet the space requirements of the extensive RKO-Pathe music library of over 7,000 different musical compositions and orchestrations; nucleus of a library which Arthur Lange, head of the music department, expects eventually to contain 50,000 different compositions.

The Golden Pheasant Restaurant, 17 West 35th St., New York City, is getting to be quite a "hangout" for those who wish a good meal in a quiet way—served by a gentleman of royalty. Better pies were never made, screen fans! And this is NOT an advertisement.

Sid Rogell has been appointed Studio Manager of the RKO-Pathe plant in Culver City, according to an announcement from Charles R. Rogers, production head.

Rogell has been associated with Rogers for some time, having been his production manager when Rogers was an independent producer. When Rogers assumed charge of RKO-Pathe production, Rogell came with him as his executive assistant.

Paul Cavanagh, Fox Film actor, is now in England, spending a five weeks vacation at his country home at Seaview, on the Isle of Wight. Before leaving, Mr. Cavanagh completed an important role in the Charles Farrell picture, "Heartbreak." While abroad he will attend the Schneider Cup air races.

Columbia Pictures Corporation made a clear, net profit of \$560,869 last fiscal year; a profit equal to \$3.09 per share. The year previous they earned a net of \$1,029,958. Not bad for depression, eh? Time to do a little advertising in magazines, boys!

Emilie Sannon, film actress and flier, was killed recently when a parachute in which she dropped from a plane failed to open. She fell 1,500 feet.

Edward Crandall appears as an American newspaper correspondent in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox film starring Elissa Landi.

The picture has been adapted to the screen by Jules Furthman from the stage play by Michael Morton.

(Continued next month)



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Bebe Daniels, Inc.

(Continued from page 10)

over the salary paid her by Warner Brothers to her corporation. It has demonstrated its value to her and at the same time has not hampered her in her style of living and in the working out of her hobbies.

Bebe, Inc., is interested in municipal politics and in local questions involving taxes in Los Angeles and Santa Monica. She is reported to be a student and no mean authority on realty values, even though she has not always guessed right.

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He will tell you that Bebe Daniels, Inc., is still one of the richest women in motion pictures--at least as long as she makes salary enough to pay her taxes. By the way she was born in Dallas, Texas, where her art director in "Dixiana", Sydney M. Ullman, also interested in real estate on the coast, spent a part of his life.

The young woman, recently the mother of a baby girl, who dabbles in lots and subdivisions like a lot of other Los Angeles salesmen, is a descendant of a royal Spanish family. Miss Daniels' mother is Spanish and her father is Scotch. Her maternal great-grandfather was Governor of Colombia, and her grandfather was the American consul at Buenos Aires for a number of years.

True to her Spanish descent she has very black hair and eyes. She appeared in a repertoire company Belasco stock company and was later starred in "The Prince Chap." Miss Daniels' screen career began at the age of eight when she appeared in child parts for Selig. After returning to the stage she again appeared in motion pictures in a series of comedies for Rolin-Pathe.

Cecil B. DeMille saw her in these comedies and immediately selected her for leading parts in his productions. He gave her the role of the court favorite in "Male and Female," and also appeared as "Vice" in the Paramount production "Everywoman." Mr. DeMille featured her in "Why Change Your Wife" and she was also a member of the all-star cast in "The Affairs of Anatol." She became a Paramount star shortly after and has made for that company "Nice People," "Pink Gods," "Singed Wings," "Miss Bluebeard," "The Crowded Hour," "The Manicure Girl," "Wild, Wild Susan," "Lovers in Quarantine," "The Splendid Crime," "The Palm Beach Girl," "The Campus Flirt," and "A Kiss In A Taxi." She also appeared in "Rio Rita," "Alias French Gertie," "Dixiana," "Ex-Mistress", and several other films. She's now with Warner-First National. Miss Daniels is five feet, five inches tall and weighs about 120 pounds. She is very athletic, an exceptionally good rider and loves to drive a high powered motor car

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HOLLYWOOD MOVIES Auction Bridge

(Continued from page 23)

a four-card Ace suit in preference to a four-card Jack suit. From these deductions, the play became simple.

I held the Ace of either minor, I would have led from a four-card Ace suit in preference to a four-card Jack suit. From these deductions the play became simple.

To trick 3 a small Diamond was led from dummy, and Ramon won with the Ace--as it was marked that he would have to do. He of course now returned a Spade, and Scott took his last spade trick. Then, having been careful to play the Ten of Diamonds, not the Eight, on the first round, he now led the King, which won, and then followed with the Eight, taking the trick in the dummy hand with the Nine, then being in position to drop my Jack with the queen. This was followed by a lead of the thirteenth Diamond from the dummy hand. David's two discards on the fourth and fifth Diamonds were somewhat canny; first he let go of the Ten of Clubs, and next the King of Clubs. His next play was the Jack of Hearts from dummy which he overtook in his own hand, and then ran the three good Hearts, leaving his closed hand with the Nine of Clubs and dummy with the Queen of Clubs. Ramon, however, was not to be cajoled into discarding the Ace of Clubs. I was marked with the Jack of Spades and therefore Ramon let all his Spades and Hearts go and took the thirteenth trick with the Club Ace, Declarer making five-odd.

Arlen the Artist

(Continued from page 16)

"sissy-actor" he is one of the gamest sports the cinema world can boast. His only concession to the usual superstitions of the acting fraternity, is his belief in what he calls his "lucky year".

Asked to explain, he smiled and said it was 1927. Prodded further, he admitted that the reason he thinks its his "lucky year" is because Jobyna Ralston became his wife on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1927. One has only to hear him speak of her to know how deep his affection for her is and to know without anyone telling you that they are very, very happy. They both have our best wishes for continued good luck and success.

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The News Reel

(Continued from page 33)

H. B. Warner appears in the cast of Pola Negri's new RKO-Pathé starring picture "A Woman Commands."

Warner's success as the Major with Helen Twelvetrees in "A Woman of Experience," which also had a European background, was so outstanding that Charles R. Rogers called upon him for the important role of an army officer in Miss Negri's cast. "H. B." appears with two other important players, Laurence Olivier and Roland Young. Paul L. Stein directed the screen play of this Thilde Forster story. Horace Jackson did the adaptation and dialogue.

Molly O'Day replaced Sally O'Neil in the Fox Film production, "Sob Sister." Other roles are being considered for Miss O'Neil. She has been under contract to Fox Films since she played the title role in "The Brat." Sally's real name is Noonan, and she hails from Bayonne, N. J.

Reading the Stars

(Continued from page 17)

Valli, Pauline Starke, William Haines, Tom Mix, Kenneth Thompson, Otis Harlan, Kane Richmond and Francis X. Bushman.

Joseph Schenck, Carl Laemmle and Morris Gest's birth dates also fall within the same period. Space does not permit me to enlarge upon this subject, but I shall try to plan a series of horoscopes of the screen stars for my readers in the very near future.

Splits and Splices

(Continued from page 34)

From what we hear, she should be divorced.

Mary Astor, screen star, has been married since last June to Dr. Franklin Thorpe, friends learned, when the actress appeared in court to ask damages from the plane accident which cost the life of her first husband.

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BROADWAY AND Movies Not Overcrowded

(Continued from page 31)

Reznak's a beautiful creature and a shapely one at that. She might make good in Mack Sennett pictures if nothing else. Give her a chance! Maybe she'd do for Samuel Goldwyn's office which is now, as we go to press, on a search which is nation-wide, for 100 Latin types to appear in Eddie Cantor's next picture, "The Kid From Spain." Even the casting director himself is busy. They must all be beauties. And, if the young ladies in Cantor's "Palmy Days" are a criterion, the new bevy will have to be pulchritudinous.

Tests will be made in New York, Chicago, New Orleans and Texas. And another bit of news concerning this picture is that Willy Pogany, who'll design the sets, will take a Winter trip to Spain in search of authentic production details.

Did you know that blonde Lili Damita will be Eddie's leading lady? It's so. And did you know that the story is that the actress' real name, Lili Carre, was changed to Lili Damita by the King of Spain when she danced for him at the age of fifteen? Strange, we haven't received many "doubles" for Mlle. Damita in this movie registration.

Miss Brodhead, Gene by name—really should be called Miss Redhead—is a winsome, good looking youngster who'd grace any motion picture production as an extra or a featured player. Theatrical experience, and a New York model . . . A young man who's been called to our attention is Al L. Lepore, of Providence, R. I. Tells us he resembles Rudolph Valentino, Chas. Farrell, Sherman, Jack Mulhall, etc. Is 22 years of age, and almost five feet seven inches tall . . . Clark Crenshaw of Aberdeen, Miss., was automatically disqualified when he sent in one of those red, photographer's rapid-fading proofs. The picture went dark before we could even find out what he looked like . . . Another one disqualified was Lloyd Amundson, of Waukesha, Wis., who failed to send in a photograph. Thinks he looks like Ben Lyon.

Otis Womack, while handicapped slightly with education, has a face that photographs marvelously well; plenty of character and "color." Is five feet 2 inches tall and is actually a cross between Gary Cooper, William Haines and Walter Huston. So say we—not him! Excellent type for sea-going characters, steel workers or mine foreman . . . A handsome young lad of 17 with plenty of promise is Jas. A. Keane, of Noo Yawk. Thinks he resembles Walter Huston and David Manners. Sings, swims, dances, and is fond of all athletics. Youthful, unsophisticated and yet strong, manly face.

"Dick" H. Burkhart, of Louisville, Ky., Gov. Sampson's state, is five feet 10 inches tall and weighs 172 pounds. Has had amateur theatrical experience and resembles George O'Brien. Good dancer, too . . . Tony Deleo of Cohocton, N. Y., is disqualified so far because we have no photos of him. Says he looks a little like Paul Bellamy.

Jack Krovick sends us a few more; looking more like John Gilbert than ever. We hope his voice is better than the famous Jack's for "screening." Mr. Krovick comes from Naperville, Ill. . . . Renato Caminati, of Essex, Conn., is 18 years of age and somewhat resembles Clarke Gable. Weighs 165 pounds and has done amateur theatricals.

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